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December 11, 1937

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Collier's

ATIONAL WEEKLY

16

jorj harris

FRANK CONDON
ERNEST HAYCOX
QUENTIN REYNOLDS
JONATHAN LATIMER
FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

Dec. 11, 1937

ONCE AGAIN...IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF Merry Christmas!

ꞮFECT EGG-NOG—Beat separately
l whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add ½ cup of
·olks while beating, and ¼ cup of sugar
after they have been beaten very stiff.
vhites with the yolks. Stir in 1 pint of
ıd 1 pint of milk. Then add 1 pint of
/hiskey and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum.
y, and serve very cold with grated nut-
;lass. (Makes 5 pints of Egg-nog.)

ıg—be mighty sure that you make your
;-nog with Four Roses. For Four Roses is *the* whiskey that makes an Egg-nog a gloriously heart-warming Bowl of Merry Christmas. Because, while Four Roses is *ALL* whiskey, it's more than just *one* straight whiskey. It's a superb combination of *several* great whiskies, each outstanding for some particular quality. Blended together, these whiskies unite *all* their noble virtues in *one* truly magnificent whiskey —*Four Roses!*

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—and that means ALL whiskey—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.

FOUR
ROSES
FOUR ROSES

Often the best man—never the groom

EVERY year he watched another of his closest friends get married. He envied them. It was bitter medicine to realize that he was still a bachelor; more than all else he wanted to "settle down." But one by one the girls who had attracted him, quickly dropped him to marry men with far less to offer. Arnold never knew why. That's the insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath): You yourself never know when you have it and the subject is so delicate that even your best friend won't tell you.

No Laughing Matter

People no longer laugh about halitosis. Research has established this offensive condition as being so real, such an everyday threat, that only the ignorant and careless fail to take precautions against it. The fastidious, realizing it is the fault unforgivable, are continually on guard.

A Notable Deodorant

There has always been one *safe* product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use.

Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they did not meet standard requirements for an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, or too bitter to be tolerated.

Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine's speedy action and efficiency.

For more than 50 years, Listerine has been used in hospital work because of its marked deodorant and antiseptic properties. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic here is what happens.

Four Benefits

(1). Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.

(2). Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.

(3). Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.

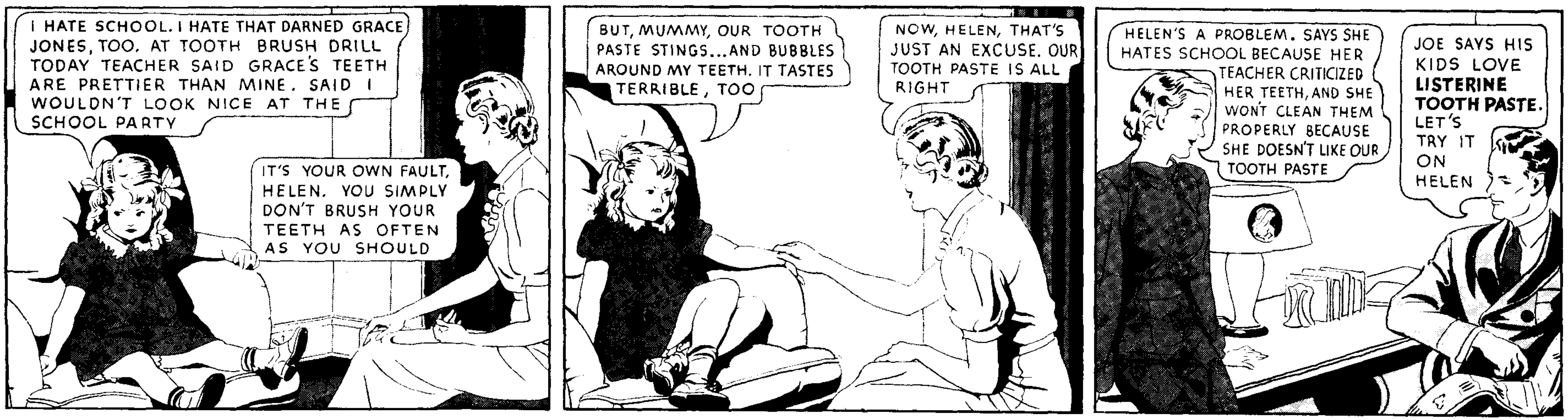
(4). The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

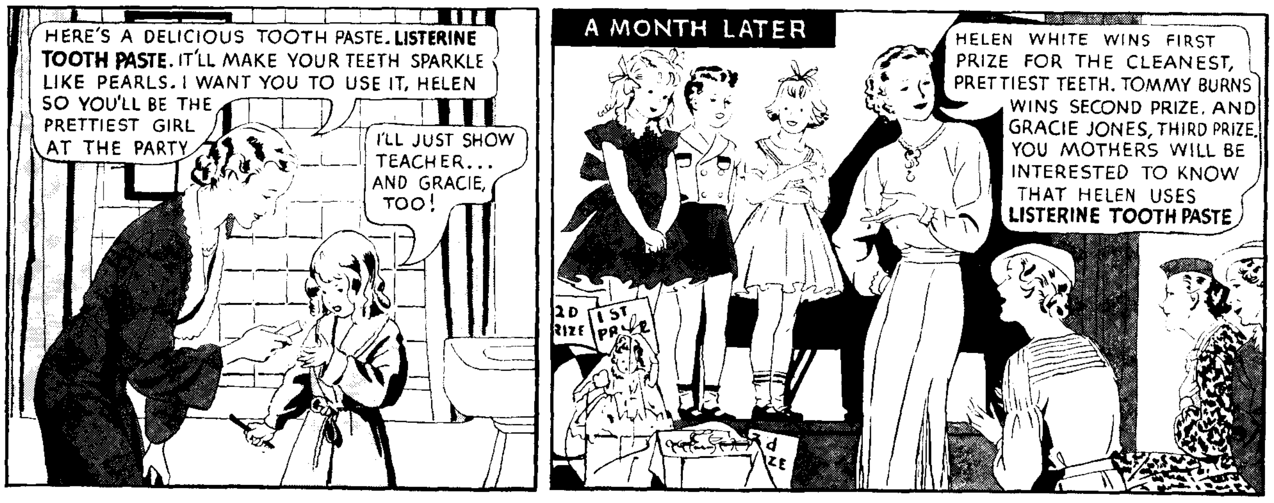
Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine Antiseptic. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

HELEN HATED SCHOOL until...


I HATE SCHOOL. I HATE THAT DARNED GRACE JONES, TOO. AT TOOTH BRUSH DRILL TODAY TEACHER SAID GRACE'S TEETH ARE PRETTIER THAN MINE. SAID I WOULDN'T LOOK NICE AT THE SCHOOL PARTY
IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT, HELEN. YOU SIMPLY DON'T BRUSH YOUR TEETH AS OFTEN AS YOU SHOULD
BUT, MUMMY, OUR TOOTH PASTE STINGS...AND BUBBLES AROUND MY TEETH. IT TASTES TERRIBLE, TOO
NOW, HELEN, THAT'S JUST AN EXCUSE. OUR TOOTH PASTE IS ALL RIGHT
HELEN'S A PROBLEM. SAYS SHE HATES SCHOOL BECAUSE HER TEACHER CRITICIZED HER TEETH, AND SHE WON'T CLEAN THEM PROPERLY BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T LIKE OUR TOOTH PASTE
JOE SAYS HIS KIDS LOVE LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE. LET'S TRY IT ON HELEN


HERE'S A DELICIOUS TOOTH PASTE. LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE. IT'LL MAKE YOUR TEETH SPARKLE LIKE PEARLS. I WANT YOU TO USE IT, HELEN SO YOU'LL BE THE PRETTIEST GIRL AT THE PARTY
I'LL JUST SHOW TEACHER... AND GRACIE, TOO!
A MONTH LATER
HELEN WHITE WINS FIRST PRIZE FOR THE CLEANEST, PRETTIEST TEETH. TOMMY BURNS WINS SECOND PRIZE, AND GRACIE JONES, THIRD PRIZE. YOU MOTHERS WILL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT HELEN USES LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
2D PRIZE
1ST PRIZE
3d PRIZE

TOOTH POWDER IN A TUBE!

Who ever heard of such a thing?

That's what Listerine Tooth Paste really is—fine dental powders "creamed" into a paste. You get the cleansing power of powder in the convenient form of dental cream. It's easy to put on the brush . . . no waste . . . no mess.

And how it makes your teeth gleam! Delicate cleansers and high-lustre polishing agents quickly remove dingy film from your teeth and restore their natural, dazzling brilliance. Listerine Tooth Paste is available at all drug counters. Get a tube today.

Double Size
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau
DOUBLE SIZE 1/4 POUND
REGULAR SIZE 25¢ FOR 40¢

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

December 11, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
WALTER DURANTY Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

THE rumor has already reached you that the football season is rising to its superb climax. Next week you will have the All-America. Since early September Grantland Rice and his corps of experts have been diligently attending games, comparing notes and compiling card indexes. Out of the thousands of promising possibilities the eleven ultimate heroes have been chosen. Now the arguments begin. We are bracing ourselves.

AUGUSTA KNUBEL was doing very well for herself when she got married. Her family said so. So did all the neighbors. Her husband, Arthur Perry, the dentist, didn't actually say it, but *he thought she was* doing very well too. He counted on her to be grateful. She wouldn't be a social asset, of course, but a man couldn't expect everything. In "Monday's Child," Frances Park and Harrison Dowd show you what happened to this man who didn't expect enough.

HAVE you ever known anyone whose throat gets thick and whose heart beats fast at the sound of an airplane engine? Chuck Thomas was like that and so was Mary McCarthy. But Chuck couldn't fly. That is, he could usually get a plane off the ground and bring it back—but usually not in one piece. But *could you get Mary to understand* how bad he was? You could not. She thought he was a hero. And maybe she was right about it, after all. You can decide after reading "Keep Your Nose Down," by Alvah C. Bessie.

THERE never was a less promising-looking emperor than Christian Priber. He was small, plump and ugly. He had never been in the land he meant to rule. In fact, he had nothing—except an idea. The story of how he crossed the Atlantic and made his dream come true is one of the great romances of history. It is told by Herbert Ravenel Sass in "American Emperor."

SOME people take steak too lightly. Its selection, preparation and consumption is serious business, a lifework really. For those who haven't a spare lifetime to devote to it Dorothy Ducas and Adele Brown have compressed the essential information into a single article called "Make Mine Steak."

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM, Henry Anton Steig, George F. Worts, Katharine Roberts, Jonathan Latimer, Thomas Walsh, Freling Foster and others crash through the line. For substantial gains.

This Week

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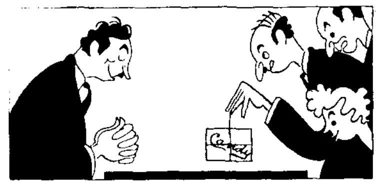
COVER JORJ HARRIS

Any Week

YOU *have, of course, heard of the* unemployment census the government is taking. A great many people consider it like a dog chasing a railroad train. Wonder what he'd do with it if he caught it. They're conducting this census by post card. However, if you haven't heard of it don't be ashamed. The bureau which handles this interesting activity received a telegram from one of our most important postmasters the other day. Wired he: "I am getting hundreds of mail sacks full of cards for some kind of a census I never heard of stop what is it all about stop I am a pretty busy man stop."

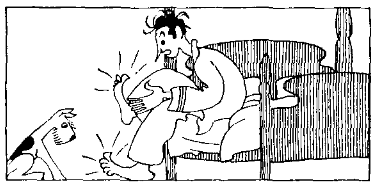
ANOTHER "*significant movement*" is under way in one of the manufacturing plants in Rochester, New York. We are informed of its presence by Mr. Frank Mitrano of that coats and pants metropolis. Says he: "The members of our factory group became conscious that we were heckling our boss too much. So we set aside one day each week when the boss' opinion should not be questioned. On this day no employee may defame, degrade, deride or dispute our boss. Anyone found guilty of violating the pact is fined. The money is used to buy a gift. Thus the boss may receive a pack of cigarettes or some pipe tobacco or even a bag of candy. The beauty of it is that the boss knows nothing whatsoever about it. We call it our Be Kind to the Boss Day. We call ourselves the Jolly Red Apple Gang."



YET, there are people who are comfortably satisfied with what life has thrown into their laps. They support no innovations and lend no aid to new movements, significant or otherwise. Such a one is reported to us by Dr. Robert H. Foster of Kansas City, Missouri. Dr. Foster, surgeon to a CCC camp, informs us that one of the enrollees deserted not long ago. "He was about eighteen," says the doctor. "He came from Dallas, Texas. He had never been away from home before. He could neither read nor write and did not want to learn. Being bullied into a few lessons, he suffered three nights of culture under the camp's educational adviser. The adviser had gone a little too far. He had coached the fellow into writing a three-line letter to his mother. It *broke the boy's spirit and he de*serted. The E. A. reasoned with him. He said he was satisfied with what he had at home—nothing. Just wanted to mind his own business and hoped everybody else would follow suit."

AND Miss M. Striplett of Columbus, Ohio, thinks this column would be incomplete without the information that on North High Street there is an establishment proclaiming itself as the Tourists' Garage, where one may have "Flats fixed at will."

AND here's a bit of warning from Mr. Henry O. Paster of New Bern, North *Carolina. "I have read a lot* of nonsense about signs of senility or approaching senility. Maybe hardening arteries and loss of memory are warning signals. I wouldn't know. But there's one sure sign that anyone can recognize. When your dogs hurt upon arising after a good night's sleep you are getting old. And don't kid yourself."



WE'VE *had quite a number of stern* reprimands for our editorial No Place for Fanatics. Of course you recall that therein we questioned the wisdom of Mr. Justice Black's presence in the Supreme Court. With one exception the writers of these chastising letters assured us that they sought only "Fair Play" and that personally they were not members of the Klan and would never, never be. However, the single exception is the one we like best. It is from a Mr. Joseph K. Fanicher of Fort Worth, Texas. "I am," says he, "a Klansman. My father was a member of the original K. K. K. in the sixties. I have been a member ever since its rebirth. I shall continue to be a member. I am proud of it. I dare you, Mr. Editor, to speak as honestly as I do. It would be good for your soiled soul."

WE HAVE here a promise from a Captain Ben Towle Cayne of Los Angeles, California, that he will send us a book for twenty-five cents. It is a very helpful book too. It is called how to become cash conscious. We quit this chore at once that we may communicate with Captain Cayne. And, Cap, we'll study it. We've been in a nasty fix for a long time. Cash unconscious.

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Just Look at This for a Big, Beautiful Car

AGAIN COMPARE "ALL THREE" LOW-PRICED CARS ON ACTUAL VALUE!

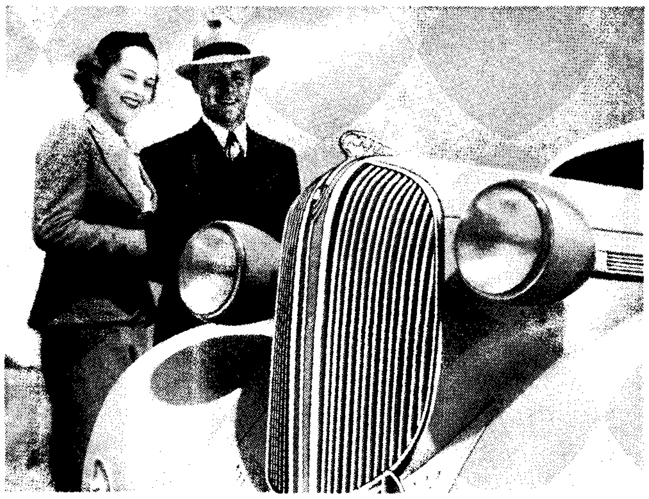
AMAZINGLY LOW PRICE

Don't be fooled by the size, luxury and beauty of the big, new 1938 Plymouth.

It is actually one of the lowest-priced cars you can buy today! Compare it with other low-priced cars—check the values.

Learn about Plymouth's remarkable new ride... its faster steering, easier handling... its greater luxury. Go see Plymouth—be sure to drive it—today!

YOU'LL LIKE THE PRICE—The 1938 Plymouth is one of the lowest-priced cars on the market. And the Commercial Credit Company offers convenient payment terms through Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealers. You'll find these low payments will easily fit your budget. Make it a habit—tune in Major Bowes' Amateur Hour...Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S.T.

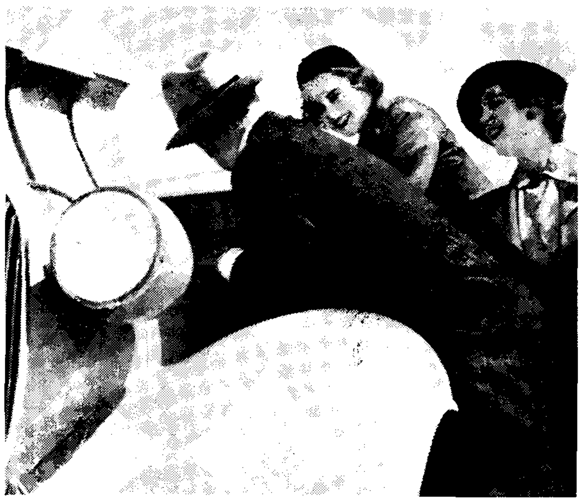


1 **Eye-Taking Personality.** Look at the beautiful radiator grille. Fenders now sweep clear around it. Headlights are larger and more efficient. The whole car looks bigger. People call the new 1938 Plymouth's body a masterpiece of pleasing style.

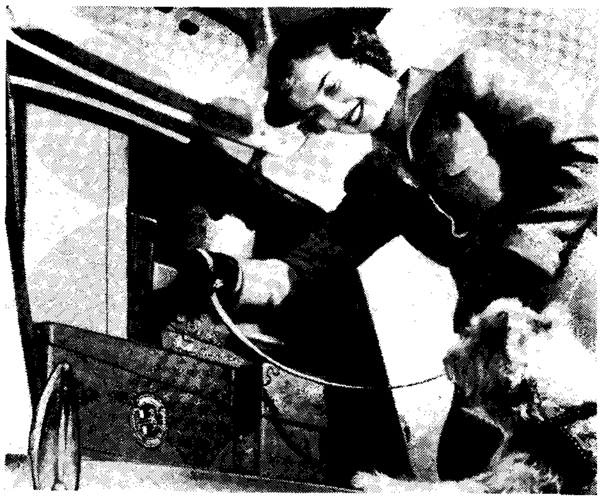
2 **It's Easy to Get Out** of the roomy 1938 Plymouth. Doors are wide...seats are deep-cushioned; "chair-height." And the body is a rigid, *all-steel unit.*

3 **Clutch Pressure Eased 15%**... and this big Plymouth's steering is *faster*... handling is *easier.* The new handbrake is out of the floor...out of knees' way.

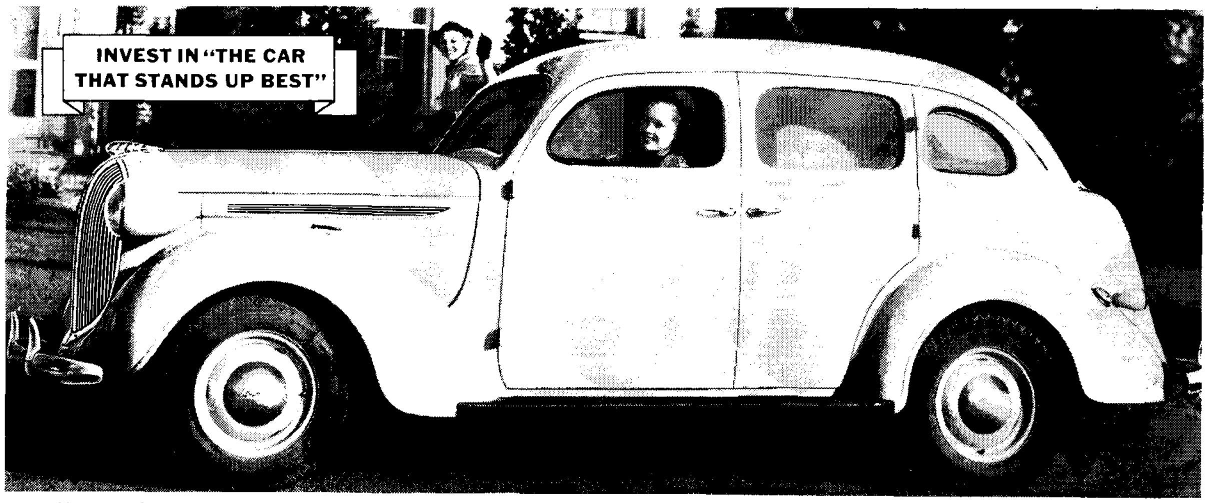
4 **Lots of Room.** Seats are wide...the cushions are soft and restful. And there's plenty of leg room, elbow room and head room. The new Plymouth's delightful comfort is also due to airplane-type shock-absorbers... "live" rubber body mountings...radio studio sound-proofing.



5 **The Gentleman's Looking** at the big 82-h.p. engine. He can count on it for reliability—and for *big savings* in gas and oil. And Plymouth's Floating Power engine mountings are still further improved.



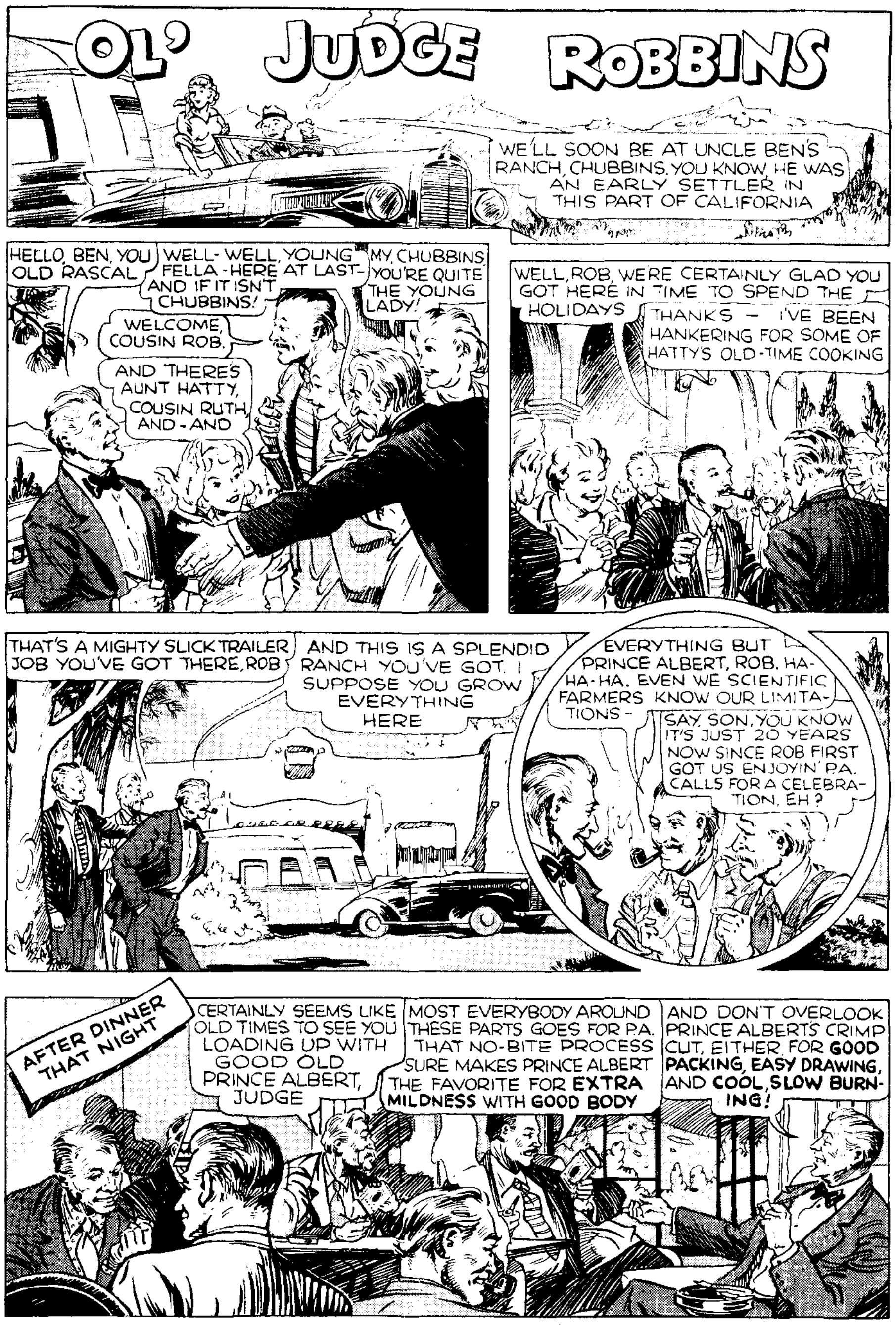
6 **Gee, Those Engineers Have Thought of Everything!** See the bigger baggage space you have. The floor is covered—so your luggage is protected. And, in this big trunk, there's no sill at the bottom to lift luggage over!

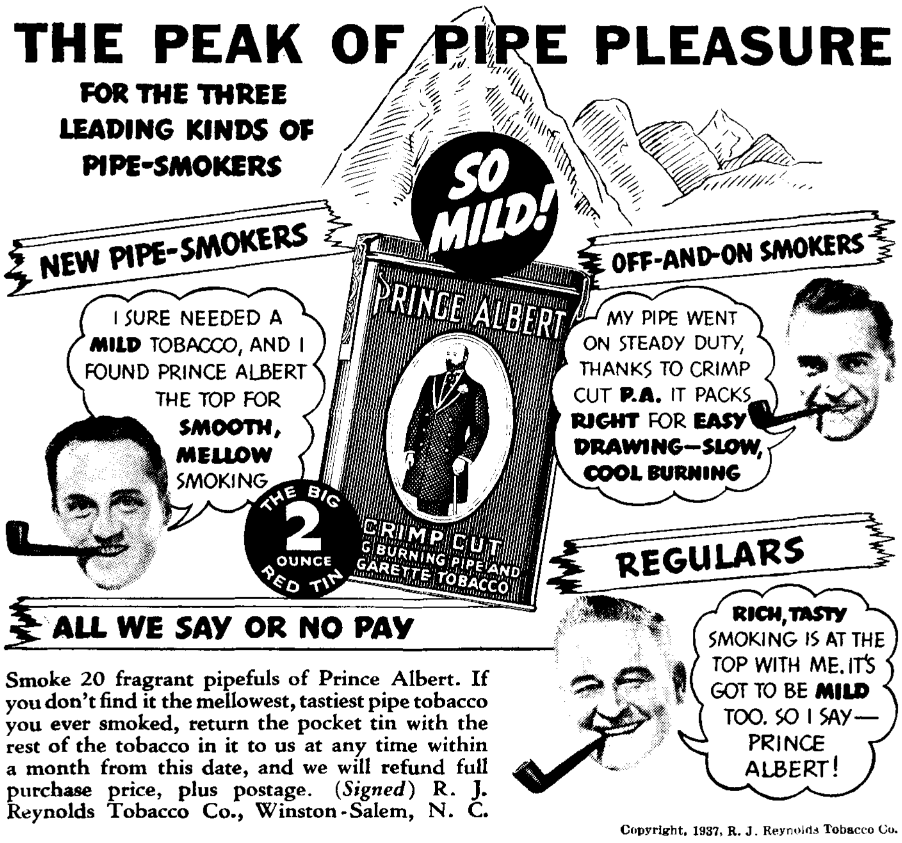


7 **Here's the Whole Car**—It's by far the handsomest car Plymouth has ever built. And the safest, the most comfortable, as well. Drive it... enjoy the smooth, safe feeling of *double-action* hydraulic brakes...of full-powered performance...of a relaxed, "floating ride"! Find out all the reasons why Plymouth is known everywhere as *"the car that stands up best!"* Go see it today! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

See the 1938 Plymouth


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
WE'LL SOON BE AT UNCLE BEN'S RANCH, CHUBBINS. YOU KNOW HE WAS AN EARLY SETTLER IN THIS PART OF CALIFORNIA
HELLO, BEN, YOU OLD RASCAL
WELL-WELL, YOUNG FELLA-HERE AT LAST-AND IF IT ISN'T CHUBBINS!
MY, CHUBBINS, YOU'RE QUITE THE YOUNG LADY!
WELCOME, COUSIN ROB.
AND THERE'S AUNT HATTY, COUSIN RUTH, AND-AND
WELL, ROB, WE'RE CERTAINLY GLAD YOU GOT HERE IN TIME TO SPEND THE HOLIDAYS
THANKS - I'VE BEEN HANKERING FOR SOME OF HATTY'S OLD-TIME COOKING
THAT'S A MIGHTY SLICK TRAILER JOB YOU'VE GOT THERE, ROB
AND THIS IS A SPLENDID RANCH YOU'VE GOT. I SUPPOSE YOU GROW EVERYTHING HERE
EVERYTHING BUT PRINCE ALBERT, ROB. HA-HA-HA. EVEN WE SCIENTIFIC FARMERS KNOW OUR LIMITATIONS -
SAY, SON, YOU KNOW IT'S JUST 20 YEARS NOW SINCE ROB FIRST GOT US ENJOYIN' P.A. CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION, EH?
AFTER DINNER THAT NIGHT
CERTAINLY SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES TO SEE YOU LOADING UP WITH GOOD OLD PRINCE ALBERT, JUDGE
MOST EVERYBODY AROUND THESE PARTS GOES FOR P.A. THAT NO-BITE PROCESS SURE MAKES PRINCE ALBERT THE FAVORITE FOR **EXTRA MILDNESS** WITH **GOOD BODY**
AND DON'T OVERLOOK PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT, EITHER, FOR **GOOD PACKING, EASY DRAWING,** AND **COOL, SLOW BURNING!**


SO MILD!
NEW PIPE-SMOKERS
I SURE NEEDED A **MILD** TOBACCO, AND I FOUND PRINCE ALBERT THE TOP FOR **SMOOTH, MELLOW** SMOKING
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
OFF-AND-ON SMOKERS
MY PIPE WENT ON STEADY DUTY, THANKS TO CRIMP CUT **P.A.** IT PACKS **RIGHT** FOR **EASY DRAWING—SLOW, COOL BURNING**
REGULARS
RICH, TASTY SMOKING IS AT THE TOP WITH ME. IT'S GOT TO BE **MILD** TOO. SO I SAY—PRINCE ALBERT!

THE PEAK OF PIPE PLEASURE

FOR THE THREE LEADING KINDS OF PIPE-SMOKERS

ALL WE SAY OR NO PAY

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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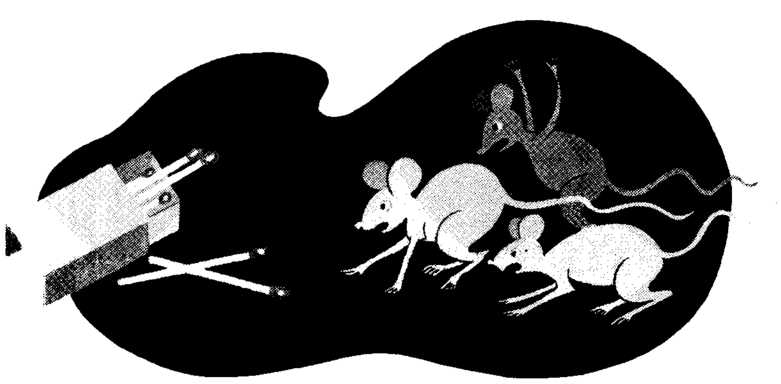
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Rats and mice are often blamed for starting fires by gnawing the heads of matches. Yet experiments have proved that these rodents will not touch the combustible substance of a match, even when dying of starvation.

Several species of succulent plants, such as the silvery-white *Gibbeum album,* so completely simulate the shape, color and even the texture of surrounding stones that they are almost indiscernible.

Black diamonds are so hard that the dust of ordinary or colorless diamonds makes no impression on them. When they are ground and polished, their own dust is required for the purpose.

No American Indian has been honored more than Sequoyah (about 1770-1842), who invented the Cherokee alphabet. Not only has a bust of him been placed in the Capitol in Washington but the giant Sequoia trees in Sequoia National Park bear his name as does Sequoyah County in Oklahoma, where his cabin is preserved within the walls of a stone building.—*By Mrs. Harry Weaver, Sallisaw, Oklahoma.*

Among the foods that are polished with oil to enhance their appearance are currants, raisins and Parmesan cheese.

Countless individuals in various parts of the world believe that they see their soul, not their reflection, in a mirror, a shiny object or a body of water.

Although more than six years have passed since Japan took Manchuria from China, no country in the world, except little El Salvador, has yet recognized the existence of "Manchukuo." — *By Carl Kuesthardt, New York City.*

In memory of the 1,513 persons who went down with the Titanic, the crew of a cutter of the International Ice Patrol annually fires a salute over the place, off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, where the great liner struck an iceberg and sank on April 15, 1912.

The heaviest single piece of cargo that a ship ever lifted to its deck, by means of its own derricks, was the 200-ton hopper barge which the S. S. Belpareil of Oslo—the "Samson of the Sea"—took aboard in the port of Schiedam, Holland, in 1931.

In 18th-century England, prison warders and guards, being unsalaried, were obliged to live on the fees and fines they imposed on the inmates. Largest and most imperative was the "delivery fee," demanded on release. One paid—or stayed. Persons found not guilty by court trial and even those who were never tried for lack of evidence were likewise held, sometimes for months, until they could make this payment.

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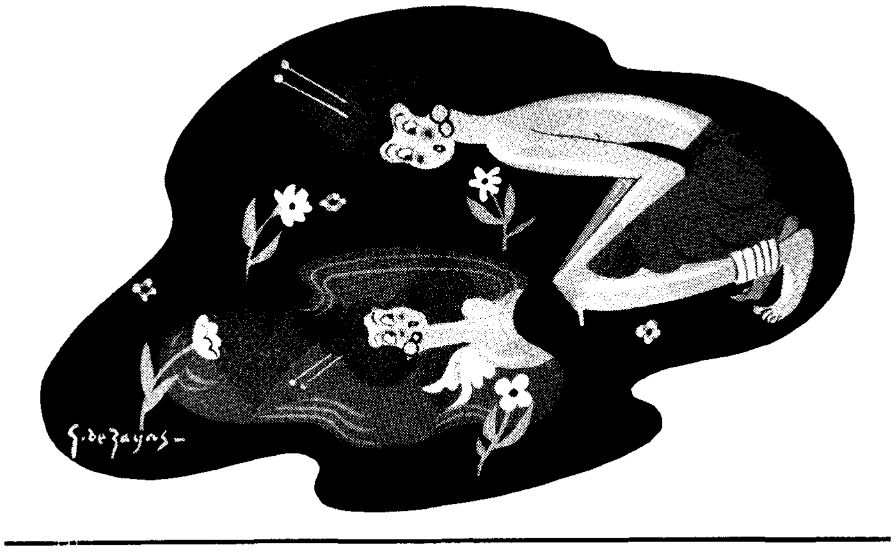

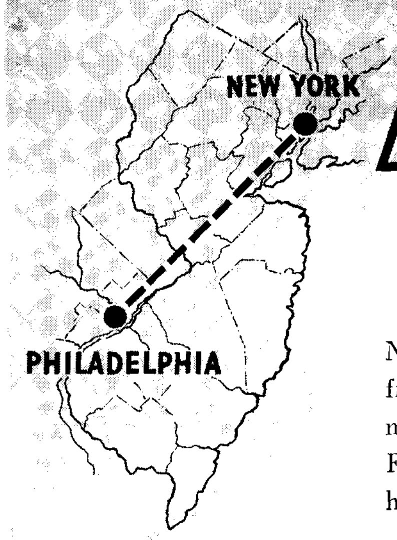

LINKING THE TWO GREATEST CITIES OF THE EAST...

WITH LIGHT-WEIGHT, STREAMLINED SERVICE

NINETY MILES separate Philadelphia from New York. Not far, as we moderns measure distance. But young Ben Franklin, trudging southward to seek his fortune, took a week for the journey.

Footsore soldiers . . . saddle-weary patriots . . . founders of the new nation, jolting across Jersey in their slow-wheeled coaches . . . how well they knew those ninety miles!

Travel between New York and Philadelphia has been improved many times through the years, but never more dramatically than today. *For a light-weight, streamlined, high-speed train now links the two great cities with a new kind of travel-comfort!*

The Reading Company can well be proud of this most modern of trains. Its five Budd-built, light-weight, stainless-steel cars are pulled by a streamlined steam locomotive. From headlight to observation lounge it is a thing of gleaming beauty . . . swift . . . smooth-riding . . . luxuriously appointed.

Styled by Paul Cret, the new Reading streamliner has all the innovations that are attracting travelers to other Budd-built trains on railroads from Maine to the Pacific. There is a separate smoking lounge in each of the four 56-passenger cars. The fifth is a dining-car containing both a 24-passenger dining-room and a 27-passenger cocktail lounge. The train operates on a fast schedule of two round trips daily.

For the first time the Middle Atlantic States can enjoy the advantages of Budd's truly light-weight train construction. Budd builds these cars of stainless steel, which has four times the elastic strength of ordinary steel — twice that of other alloys. Welded by the exclusive Budd SHOTWELD process, they weigh from forty to fifty per cent less than conventional equipment, yet they are fully as strong and safe.

Wherever Budd trains are in service, they have brought new pleasure and new comfort to rail travel . . . along with new revenue to railroad managements.

Originator of ALL STEEL bodies for automobiles, now used almost universally, the Edw. G. Budd Manufacturing Company has pioneered modern methods in the design and fabrication of steel products.

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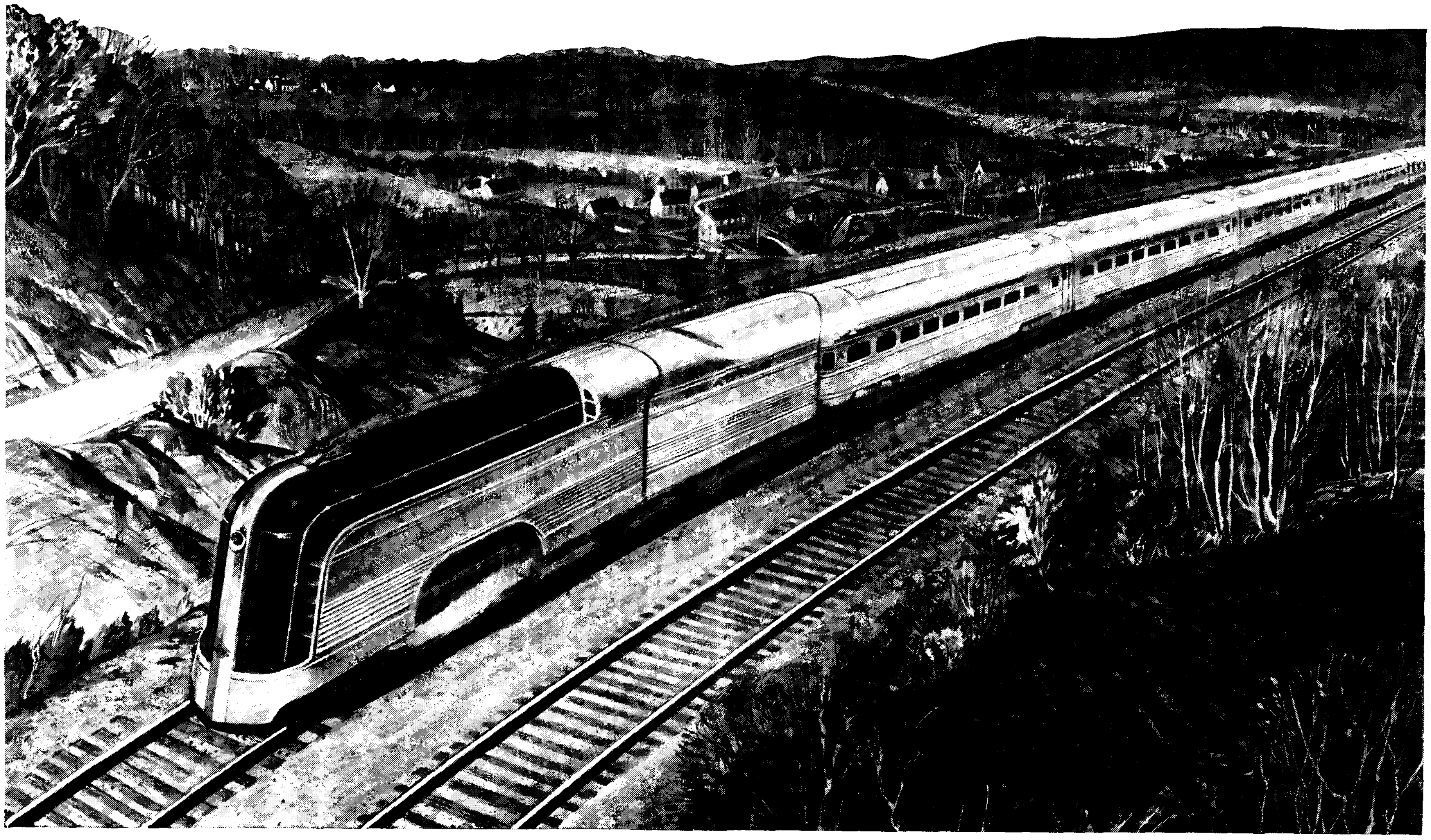

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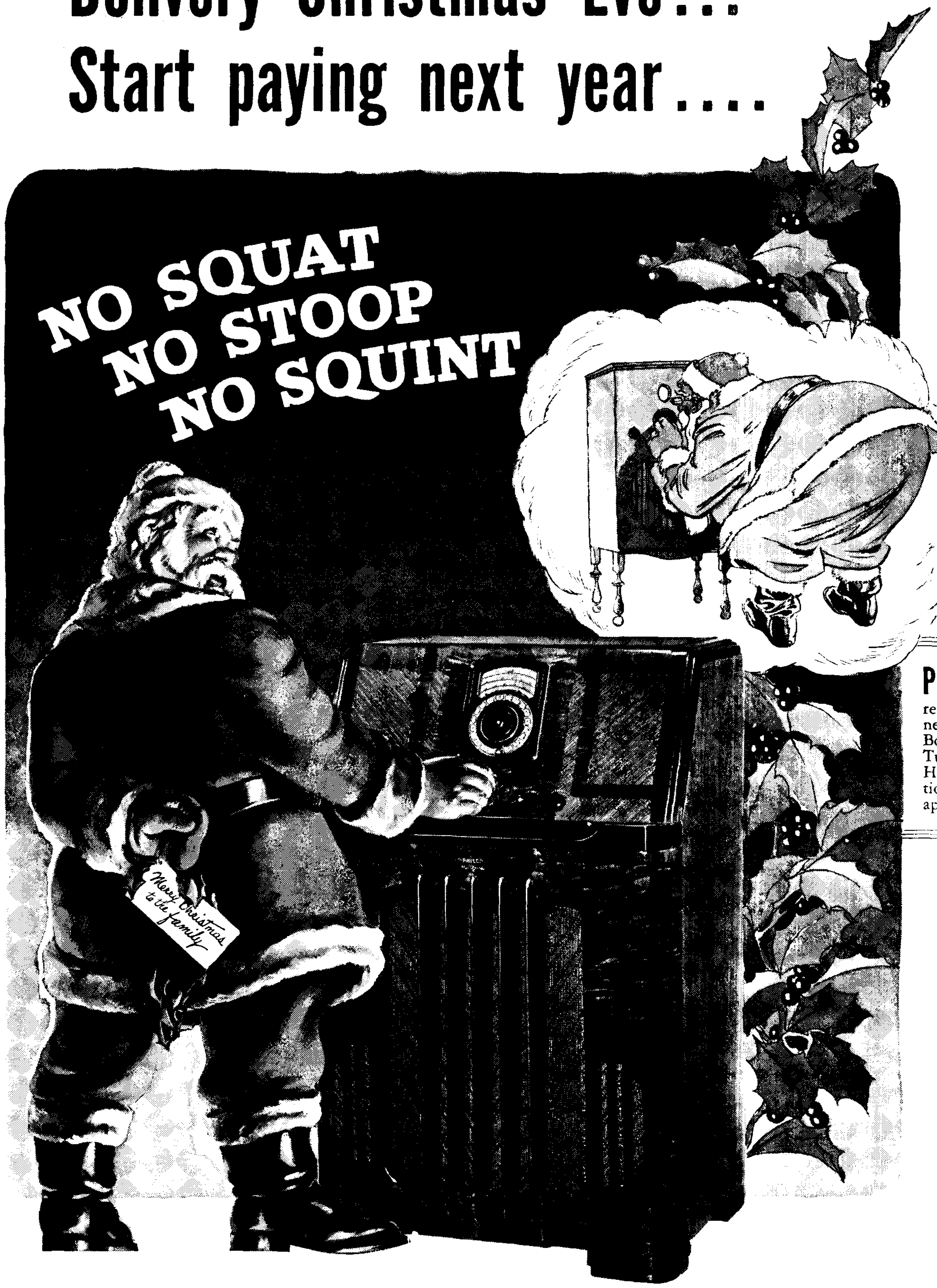
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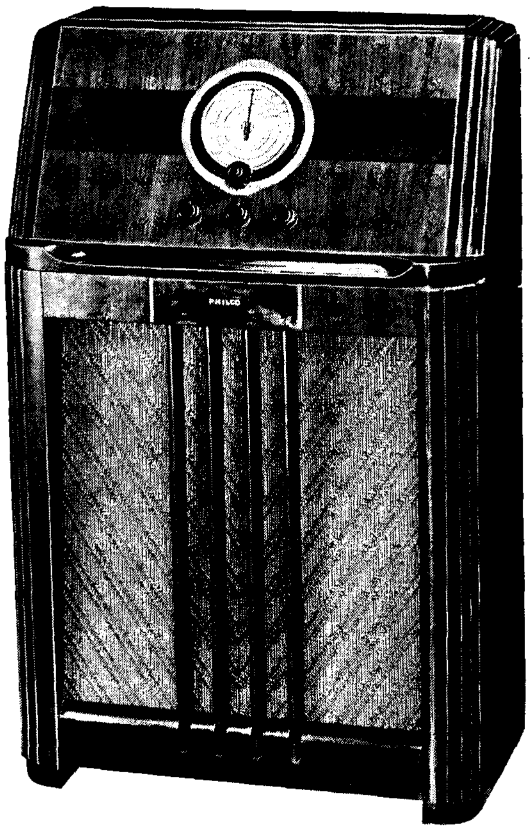

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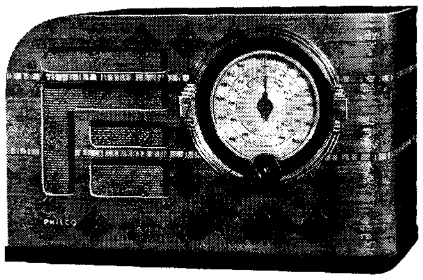

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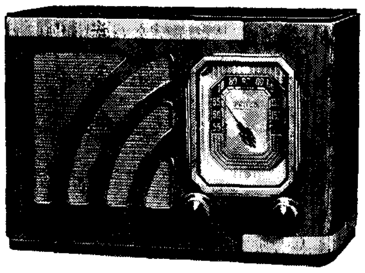

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Collier's The National Weekly for December 11, 1937

E PUBLIC
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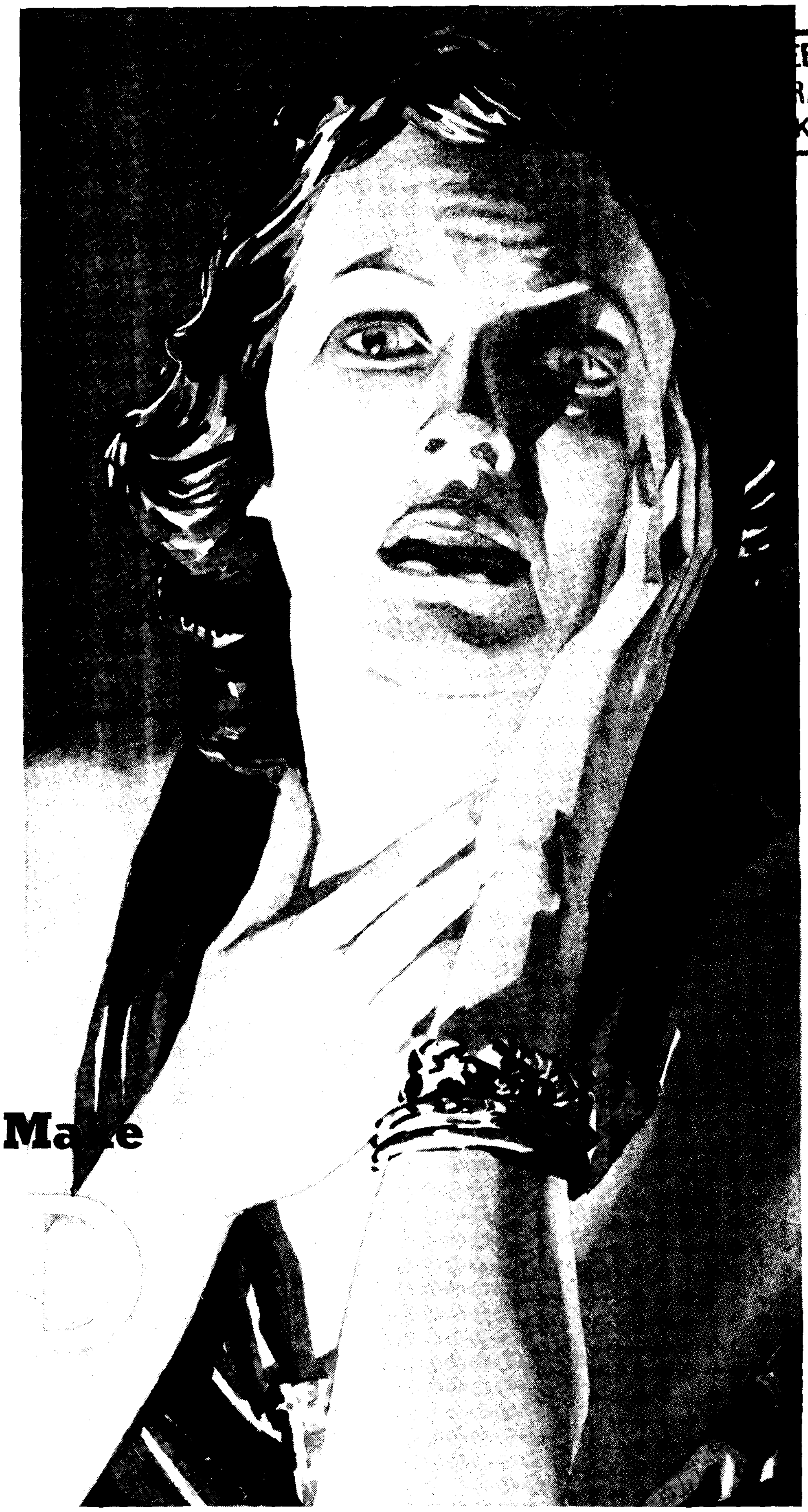
"Was? Was?" A strangled cry broke from Colette and, when I looked at her, her eyes were wide and staring



GEORGE HOWE

By Quentin Reynolds

Explaining the beautiful Colette Larue, and that dinner party that Baron von Genthner wished on his friend in Berlin. A fascinating story—weird, fantastic, and not for the police

The Man Who Could Make

THE fire was burning brightly and the flames threw dancing shadows on the ceiling. December in Berlin is cold, cold enough to justify the luxury of an open fire. We sat there, the three of us, looking into the flames and for a while no one said anything. Rather lazily I wondered just how this had happened; how it had come about that Baron von Genthner, Colette Larue and I were sitting here at three in the morning in front of my fireplace. We had finished dinner long ago and the others had left. Von Genthner had asked Colette to stay behind. Why, in fact, had I invited those people for dinner? I reconstructed the whole thing as we sat there quietly.

The afternoon before, von Genthner had dropped in, as he often did, and said casually, "I think it would be nice for us to have a dinner party tomorrow night."

"Where? At your house?" I brightened considerably, for von Genthner's dinners were famous.

"Oh, no," he said softly, "here at your lovely apartment. We will have perhaps six or eight people—that will be all. As a matter of fact," he added, "I have already invited a few guests."

"That's fine. Really now, von Genthner, that's fine. Am I invited, by the way?"

"Oh, yes, you're invited," he said. "You'll enjoy it, too. I am going to give you the privilege of meeting the most beautiful woman in Europe."

I made no comment.

"I HAVE invited Herr Minister Trauber of the Propaganda Ministry, General Franz von Hoelke of the General Staff, Ernest Ederle of the Secret Police and Frau Magda Roebling, who is in charge of German films, you know." He lit a cigarette casually, taking no notice of my amazement.

"But, Genthner . . . Genthner," I protested, "why not have all the heads of the Nazi party while you're about it?"

"Because," he said softly, "these are the only ones I need for my purpose. Now I must phone Colette Larue."

I stood there stunned while he dialed the number. He had invited probably the four dullest people in Germany to dinner. I'd met each one of them in the course of gathering news and as news sources they were important; as table companions impossible.

"Mademoiselle Larue," I heard von Genthner speaking. "Von Genthner here. Yes, Ludwig von Genthner. I would like you to have dinner with me tomorrow evening. Yes, just a small dinner party, Mademoiselle. You are not sure you can make it, Mademoiselle?" There was a note in the baron's voice that made me lift my head. "You can make it, I am sure. You see, there is nothing else for you to do. My car will call for you at seven-thirty."

He hung up.

I looked at him a little puzzled. "Why are you having those people to dinner? What is this all about?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all, my boy. We shall have a nice dinner. I mean, I trust we shall have a nice dinner. Then our guests will leave and I will tell you a bedtime story."

I chuckled. I knew he had something in mind. I smelled a story in this dinner party. Stories that can be printed are bread and butter to me.

"I will tell you the story of the man who could make gold," von Genthner said.

"Sure, sure. That will be lovely," I told him. "Then I'll tell you the one about Brian Boru, who could throw a stone as big as an ox from Ireland to England. I'll tell you the one . . ."

"By the way," von Genthner said, unsmiling, "I'm not fooling."

I looked at him and his face was grave. I looked at him and suddenly I didn't feel like clowning any more. I knew von Genthner. He was no fool—to me he was the most brilliant man in Germany. In his youth he had been torn between science and music. He had compromised by becoming more than a dilettante in both. During the war he had achieved fame second only to that of Richthofen. When the war had ended he had retired. He was wealthy and he could afford, henceforth, to be a spectator—he had been in the arena long enough. He would devote the rest of his life to music and science.

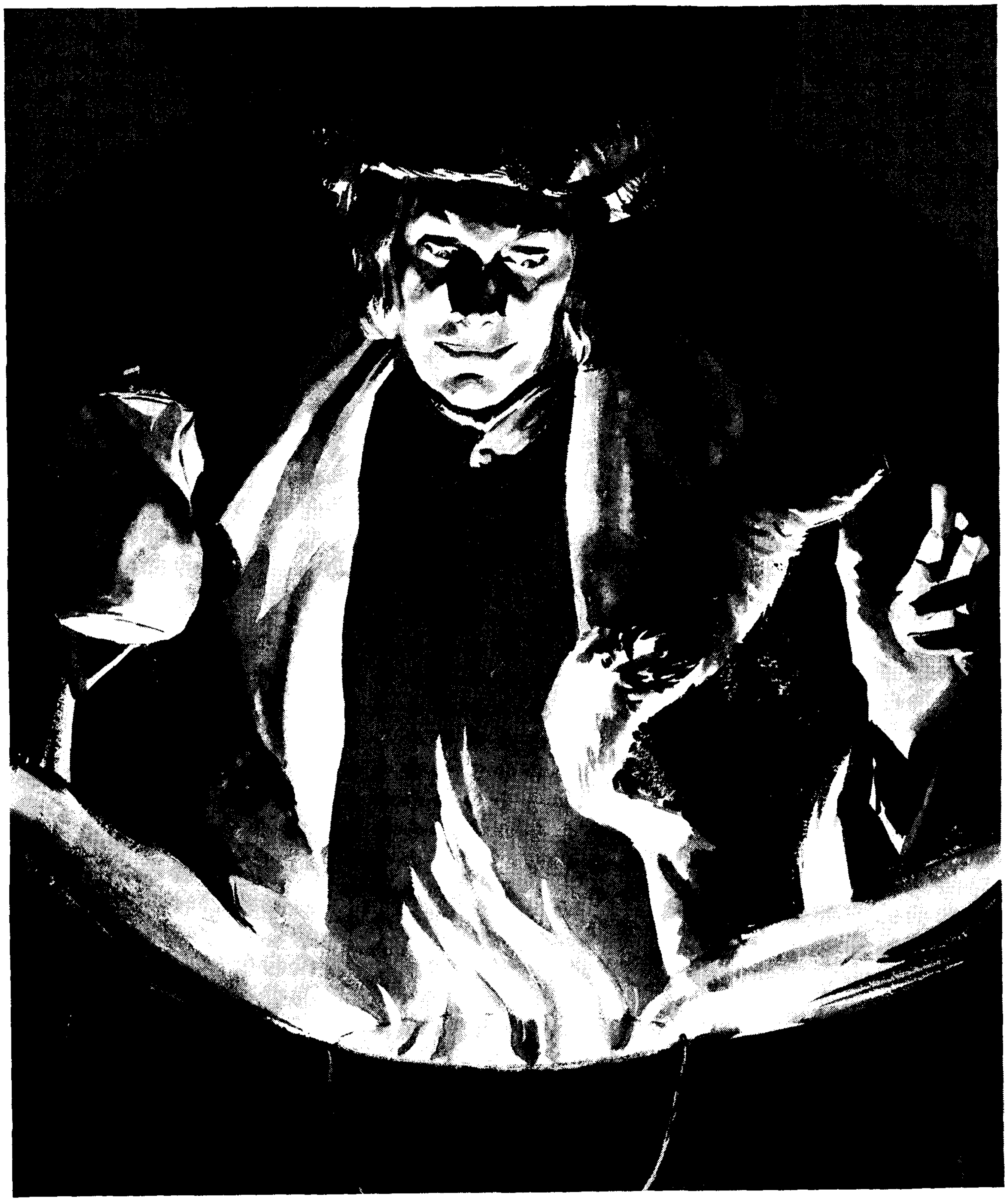
A YEAR before, Goering had persuaded him to take a unique post. He was put in charge of a group of men, all picked by himself. The duty of his department was, roughly, counterespionage. He worked in complete anonymity. Only official Germany and myself knew just what his position was.

To fashionable Berlin he was a handsome aristocrat, with graying hair at the temples, with the faint trace of a dueling scar on his cheek, adding distinction to an intelligent face. To Berlin he was a brilliant conversationalist, a fine host and a bon vivant. But I knew better.

And so the dinner had been served. Colette Larue was the last to arrive. We all stood there sipping sherry when my man announced her, and there was a momentary silence; no one present except von Genthner had ever heard her name before. Then she walked through the door.

Von Genthner smiled a welcome and hurried to take her ermine wrap. I stared open-mouthed for a moment—one is not accustomed to seeing beauty in Berlin, superlative beauty, I mean. Her head was high and there was a questioning light in her eyes. There was a faint smile on her lips, too, as her glance rested on the uniforms and medals of the men. Her hair was black; not dark, but black. It was parted on the side and a diamond clip held it, kept it from tumbling joyously about her ears. It looked like very rebellious hair. Her eyes were very large and very dark and her long eyelashes, which looked incredibly soft, half hid them. Her lips were amazingly red and her skin was even more amazingly white. Perhaps it was the contrast against the simple blackness of her evening dress.

We looked at her and there was admiration even in the eyes of grim Frau Magda Roebling.



The flames changed to blue and purple and the molten lead seemed to writhe and then bubble angrily

"It was nice of you to ask me, Baron," she said, with a quick smile.

English, of course, should only be spoken by foreigners. Americans and the English speak it so badly—so unmusically. An Englishman talks as though he were reciting a piece for which he expects to be applauded. An American talks as though he didn't like the words and is in a hurry to get rid of them. But Colette! She caressed each lucky word for a split second before letting it go reluctantly, and as it came out each word seemed to be slightly coated with honey.

WE ALL talked a little and sipped good sherry and then went in to dinner.

I seated Colette next to me and I caught a flicker of amusement in von Genthner's eyes. We talked, she and I, and we laughed and in between we ate good food and drank good wine. Well, pretty good wine.

I said to her, inanely enough, "We must see more of each other."

"When the spring comes we must go boating on the Wannsee," she mocked. "When the berries are ripe we must go to Wannsee and drink *Erdbeern Wein* and eat *Strudel*. We must float down the Rhine and . . ."

"You know that routine," I told her gloomily. "I'll try another one. But I sort of meant it. Really, I mean. You know, I've often wondered if it is possible to have fun in Berlin. We might find out."

"I often wonder," she said thoughtfully, "if it is possible to have fun anywhere."

I looked at her quickly. Her eyes, mirroring whatever it was she was thinking of, were solemn and just a little afraid. I looked down at her right hand and saw that she was clutching the stem of her wine glass tightly. Well, now, this was interesting. But nothing that she said, in the course of that dinner, gave me any inkling as to what was wrong, why she was nervous.

WHEN, later, we went into my drawing room, we had coffee and Spanish brandy. It was a cold night and I lit my open fire and Colette and I sat in front of it and I told her a lot of pretty lies and that was all right—she didn't believe any of them. I gave her all of the tried-and-true routines but she laughed them all off pleasantly and with amusement.

"Anyhow, we'll have lunch tomorrow. I know a place in Grunewald. The Rot Weis Club, and a lovely place." I looked at her questioningly.

"Tomorrow," she said tonelessly, "I lunch alone."

There was something in her voice that startled me. I was about to protest when I felt a hand on my shoulder, a hand that gripped me hard. It was some kind of a warning.

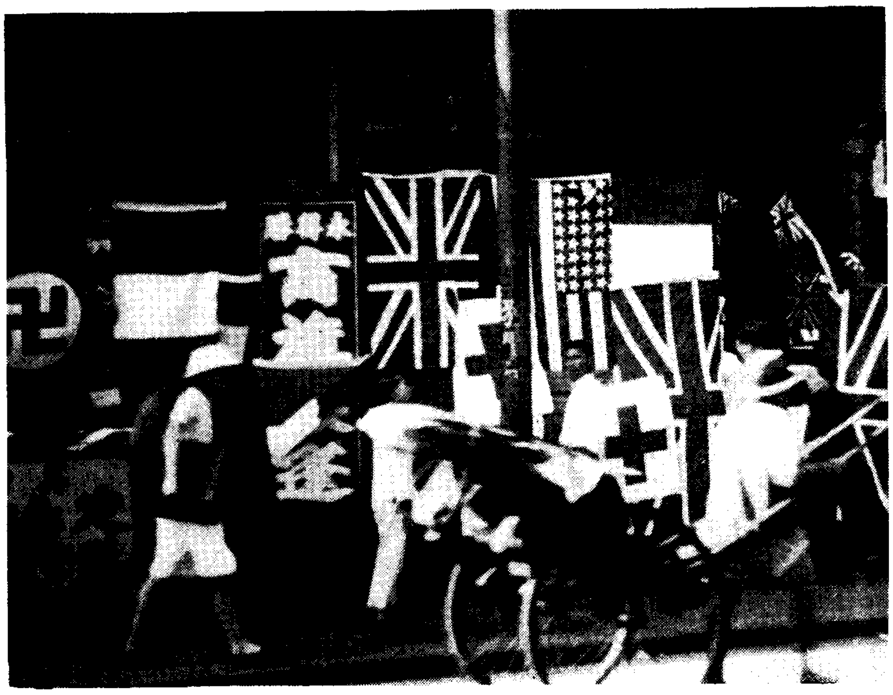
"Mademoiselle, won't you sing a song or two for us?" The baron smiled encouragingly at her, and without any coquetry or foolish modesty she said simply, "Of course."

She sang a few French songs, accompanying herself. Then she laughed. "If you will put up with my bad German I will sing one German song for you."

She sang the one which starts, "*Fuchs, du hast die Ganz gestolen, gib sie wieder her. . . .*" It's an old German folk song about the hunter chiding the fox for stealing a goose. The hunter makes friends with the fox, flatters him, and then finally ends up with both fox and goose in his bag. I wondered idly who would write the German folk songs of the next generation. While she sang, she kept her eyes on von Genthner and they were sparkling.

"You like that song, Baron?" she

(Continued on page 58)



WIDE WORLD

Vendors do a brisk business as optimists buy flags of every nation except China to display in the hope of immunity from air raids

IDE WORLD

New coffins are brought up wherever an air bomb lands

Last Days of Shanghai

By Jim Marshall

Bombs for breakfast. Blood running deep at noon. Death dropping in for dinner. Yet Shanghai was trying hard to be gay. Thus the vivid, brutal picture of China's metropolis when the Japanese were knocking at its door

FROM a darkened room, high up in a luxury hotel on Shanghai's deserted Bund, you look out across the curve of the Whangpoo toward black, silent Pootung Point. The Point is the inside of a great U in the river. Once it was crowded with life, jammed with warehouses, factories, mills, shipyards, its shores lined with junks, tugs, lighters and sampans. Tonight it is a place of death. The gaunt blackened ruins of factories are etched against the sky. The shore is lined with sunken craft. The occasional sound of a sniper's rifle tells that there's still life there, of a sort.

To your right, her lights blazing and her foremasthead flag streaming in a searchlight's beam, lies the great gray Augusta, symbol of America's power in the Oriental war zone. Her rails are draped with shrapnel mats and her guns are bared and ready. Farther to the right, tied up to buoys in midstream, lie the warships of France and England, Italy and Holland. Still farther up, a dark ragged line across the river shows where the Chinese have sunk junks and steel ships in a crazy muddle to form a barrier against the Japanese Third Fleet.

This fleet is to your left, its nearest ship half a mile from the Augusta. Not a light is showing. In the dim moonlight you can just make out the lean shapes of destroyers and river gunboats, the bigger bulk of the old cruiser Izumo, the flagship of Vice-Admiral Hasegawa. The Izumo is protected by nets and by a string of lighters intended to stop floating mines. Shanghai Americans call her "Izzy." The British have nicknamed her the "Eczema."

Over to the northeast a solitary light marks the Japanese landing field, whence come the droning bombers to drop their loads of death and destruction. Closer in, to your left, are Hongkew and Chapei and Yangtzepoo—great muddled blocks of tiled houses, concrete factories, warehouses, stores. Whole blocks have been blasted into heaps of rubble. Streets are choked with debris.

Here, a few yards apart, run the battle lines, marked by sandbag barricades. Street fighting, bloodier than anywhere on earth, goes on unceasingly with rifle, automatic, hand grenade and machine gun. A hundred lives are flung away to take a few scattered buildings; two hundred more sacrificed to regain the territory. Bombs thud down and shells crash—and in the lulls there is only a ghastly silence.

War at Close Range

So here you are, in a balcony seat, looking at a modern war—and if a chunk of shrapnel doesn't crash through the window or a tracer bullet sing by your ear, you'll be all right. Sometimes the boys get a little excited in a battle and whang away all over the compass.

There is the sharp crack of a rifle from Pootung Point, where a Chinese sniper is trying to pick off sailors on the warships in midstream. Now you'll see something—now you'll see a modern land, sea and air battle at close range, naval guns, fighting planes, field pieces, antiaircraft. . . .

Suddenly the night is a hell of vivid flashes and deafening sound. Flash and boom from the quick-firers on the destroyers. Flash and boom as the shells hit and explode. A Chinese field gun, concealed in a ruined factory, booms out. The shell plunges into the river, throwing up a geyser of spray. Machine guns chatter in sharp bursts. Far down the river, other flashes stab the darkness and

BLACK STAR

The staff of the Shanghai Voluntary Corps, whose job is to protect the International Settlement. The officer at the right is a Japanese

the dull boom comes seconds later. All Shanghai knows by now how far away any gun is. You count seconds. Five and a half seconds between flash and boom—the gun is a mile away. . . . But tonight, you're so close the flash and crash come almost together.

Suddenly a new rattle is added to the din. Flying through the night right across your window, the antiaircraft shells shriek. The blackness is crisscrossed with the white, red and blue trails of tracer bullets. Shrapnel bursts far overhead and comes smacking against the wall. In the morning, you will find a fresh nick in the stonework outside the window—and tell your friends how you missed death by two feet. But everyone in Shanghai has missed death by inches. . . .

The windows rattle and the building shivers after the detonations. From a dozen ships, cold searchlights play on the drifting clouds. Japanese listening devices have picked up the drone of Chinese warplanes, playing a desperate game of hide-and-seek six thousand feet overhead. The shrapnel patters down on the deserted, lamp-lit Bund. All over the settlement, hot steel is raining down. In the morning, the newspapers will record the toll of innocent lives.

Chinese guns are rumbling now, far to the north and west, where the blood-soaked North Station and shell-holed railway administration buildings still stand. The shells splash in the river. The destroyers let go with new salvos into Pootung — the Japanese momentarily mystified and firing blindly in the same direction as the attackers.

Somebody asks an American Navy commander, watching the show with a cynical, professional eye, what the Japanese are trying to do.

"They don't know, any more than we do," he says. He adds that, by actual count kept aboard the Augusta, at least forty out of every hundred Japanese shells are duds. The American Navy, having viewed the Japanese navy in action at close range, is not at all worried. The Augusta and the aircraft carrier Lexington, say the experts, could dispose of the entire war—both sides—in two days, with a ten per cent loss.

Shrapnel and tracer bullets, incendiary shells and machine-gun pellets are spraying every which way. You can hear the drone of the Chinese planes. The fury increases. The searchlights swing dizzily across the clouds, painting moving white circles in the sky. A tiny plane darts out from behind one cloud, shines momentarily in the light, and zips behind another cloud. New fountains of lead shoot toward it. You watch for the funnel of black smoke that will tell the story of another plane shot down. But instead, from the river, comes the red flame and booming explosion of a dropped bomb.

Score one for the Chinese.

A Tragedy That Never Ends

From the Japanese airfield, down the river, four lights shoot upward in a long slant into the blackness—Japanese pursuit planes. They circle away. A few minutes later there come red flashes and the heavy thudding roar of bomb explosions. The Chinese planes have got through, and soldiers will be filling craters on the airfield tomorrow.

The firing on the river dies away. From Pootung comes a last sharp rattle of machine guns. The gray smoke drifts across the Bund, blotting out the Augusta, and the night wind brings in the acrid smell of high explosive through the open window. The Izumo flings a last shell into the night. Then all is silent and black again. On the farther shore a huge cigarette advertising sign, flimsiest thing in the midst of the battle, still shows dimly white, its torn surface still urging the Chinese to smoke fags.

The battle-watchers pull down the blinds and light cigarettes—it is dangerous to show a light because the nervous Japanese have spy-mania and regard any momentary light in a Bundside window as a signal to Chinese gunners across the river. The American newsreel men, veterans of many wars, pocket their cans of film, hoping the tracers and the shell flashes will register.

The show is over—over for everyone including the dead and the dying, somewhere out there in the darkness. . . .

At the top of a tall Bundside tower in the town's toniest night club, four couples are dancing to the thin jazz of a three-piece orchestra. The girls' frocks are a little out of date, because no fashion magazines have come to town for weeks. One or two men wear evening dress, looking strangely out of place amid the lounge suits. For some reason, it's fashionable not to dress. After all, the war. . . . And didn't shrapnel shower down on the roof not ten minutes ago? You never can tell. . . .

Not a mile away, men are being blown into bloody messes. Tragic-eyed women and scared kids are cowering in stone and mat huts, just outside the soldier-guarded perimeter of the settlement, listening to the thump and roar of falling bombs. In a few hours, at the Japanese press conference, the suave spokesman will announce "the successful bombing of military objectives." By the rules, any bomb that hits within half a mile of its objective is a success. Villagers, blasted into some vague Confucian hell, are "unfortunate."

Of the scores left to die in the ruins of their homes, nothing much is ever said. The monotony of tragedy has dulled everyone's senses.

An End to Gaiety

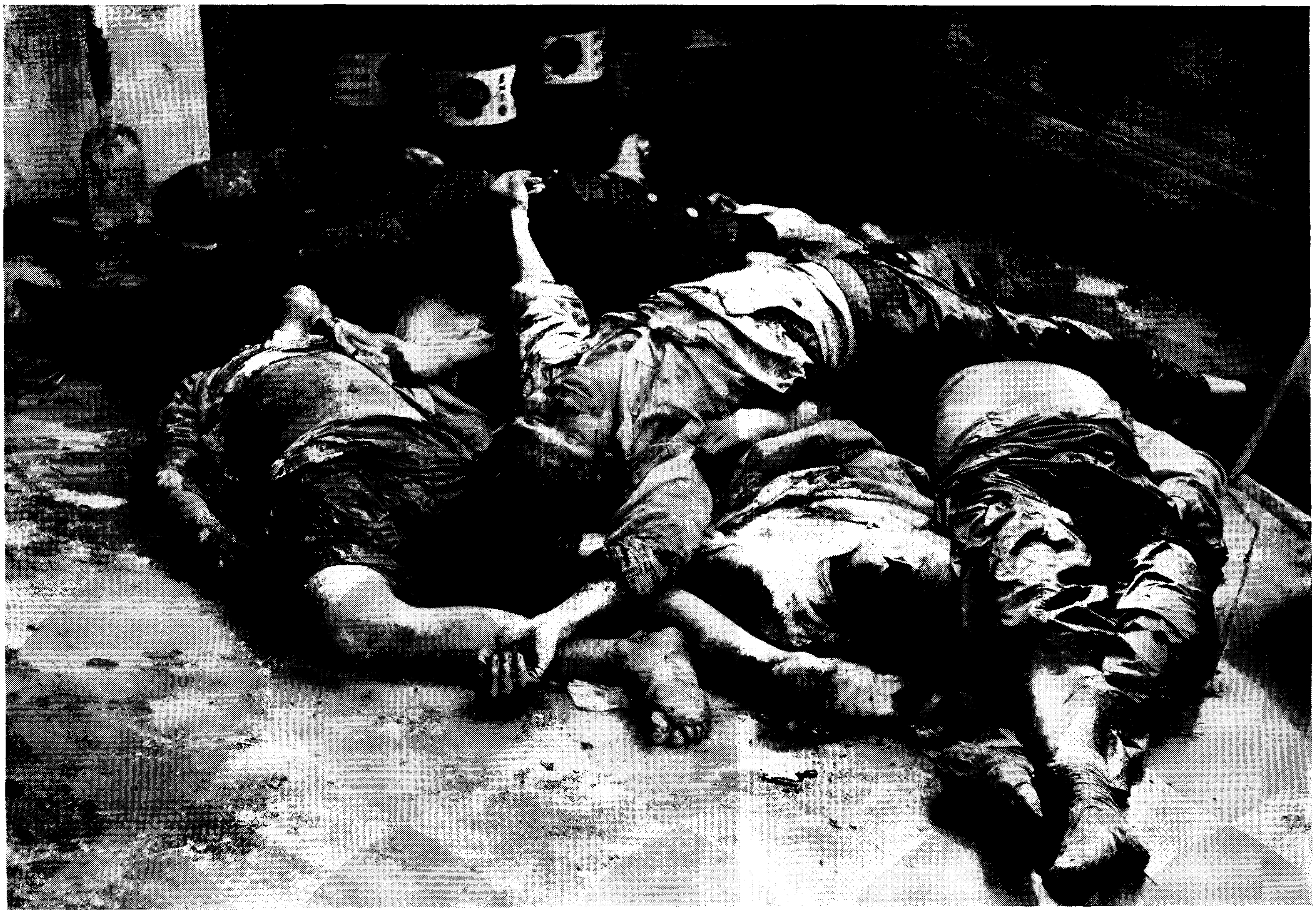
The violinist saws away and the pianist tinkles out the dance tunes of yesteryear. The girls in last season's frocks glide around over the polished floor under the crimson Chinese lanterns. You think about the silken security of the sky-high night club, with its drifting cigarette smoke and filled wine glasses and laughter pitched just a note too high—and about the blue-clad peasants and tattered soldiery of the Kuomintang dying out there in the mud, so close . . . so close.

The latest war stories circulate. The Chinese could easily have stopped the invasion, says an American importer, tired and ragged-nerved from a week's tussle with two dozen officials to get some goods through customs.

"If Nanking would just slap a ten per cent tariff on Japanese soldiers, the customs service would see to it that not one ever landed," he says.

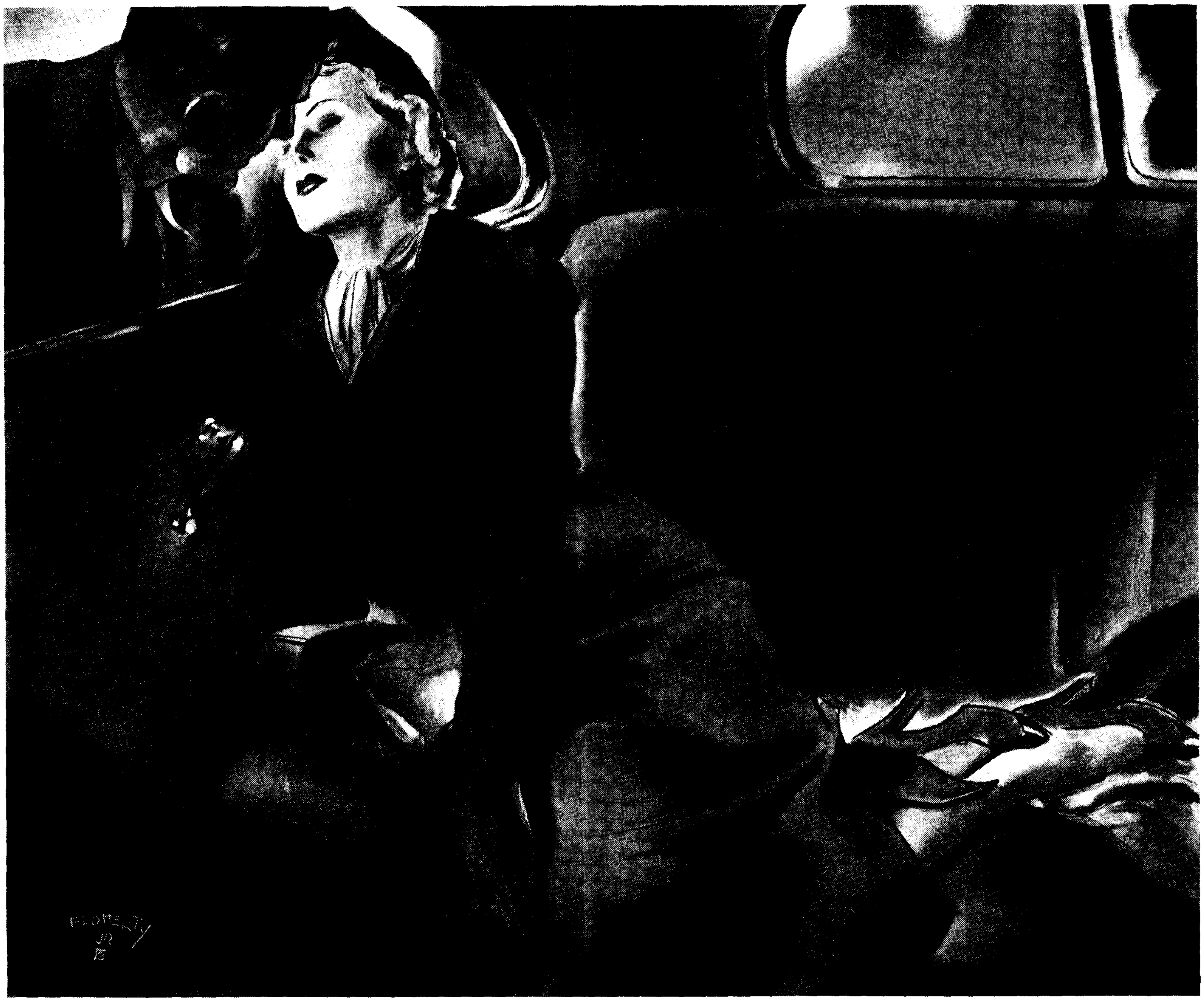
Eleven o'clock comes and the bar closes. Most of the crowd drifts away, for curfew is at 11:30 and if you're

(Continued on page 80)



BLACK STAR

The injured get first attention after an air raid; the dead are laid aside



The girl on the back seat moved and kissed Heddon full on the lips as he leaned through the car window. Heddon was confused

Passing Brave

By Harry Sylvester

Heroes merely dash over the goal line in the last quarter. Anyone could be a hero, Ben thought. The trick was to have courage and speed. And—he forgot—a girl

OUTSIDE it was November but the fire in the grate allowed a window to be open and the air felt almost soft. The clock pointed to ten and Heddon knew he should go to bed, but the verse held him. He went on with *Tamburlane*. He had denied himself a lot of things for the sake of a game—girls, drinking, the theater—but not this. He supposed Bat Thomas would be properly scornful of any player who read verse. But in a little while Thomas wouldn't matter. Meanwhile this was Heddon's secret and a sustaining one.

Is it not passing brave to be a king
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

Heddon closed the book automatically. The old thoughts of glory had suddenly a bitter taste in his mouth.

Outside, a car was drifting over the gravel, its motor off, and Heddon wished it would stop. When it did stop, he wished it hadn't. In the silence of that part of the campus, someone was calling him in a low voice. Heddon went to the window and in the thin moonlight saw his cousin's car. "Come on down, Ben," the youngster said, still speaking softly.

"I'm just going to bed," Heddon told him. "Had a hard scrimmage today."

"Just for a minute, Ben. I brought these people over to see you. Honest."

"All right," Heddon said. Pausing as he left the room, Heddon picked up a topcoat, not quite knowing why, but knowing that the room had grown bitter: he had been tired in it too often.

The air outside was cold and the smell of the afternoon's burned leaves still hung in it. There were two girls with Carl Bell. Heddon didn't catch their names although he supposed they were sophomores like Carl. They were very pretty, Heddon admitted. One of them was more than that, he knew, but in thought turned away. She sat in the back seat alone and looked at Heddon, smiling faintly at him out of shadow while the girl in the front seat talked.

"But you've got a build like a fire hydrant," that girl was saying. "I don't see why you're not a regular on the varsity."

"He doesn't lead a good life," Carl said and they laughed.

"Now, children," said Heddon, "it's time you were all home and asleep."

"Want to go for a drive?" Carl asked.

"I'm pretty tired. Anyhow, I think I'm going to make the trip East tomorrow with the varsity."

"What the hell," Carl said. "You won't play if you do."

"Probably not."

"I thought old Thomas might send you back to the home town with the B-team to play against the local talent at Trent."

"I don't want to make that trip," Heddon said. "Anyway, Thomas is taking me East as a reward for my long and faithful years of service as a scrub." Heddon's tone changed as he spoke. In the half-light his face was sardonic.

"What the hell," Carl said aimlessly and looked away. Then, "You're not going to get into the game no matter what happens. You don't have to train. Come on along."

Heddon felt embarrassed by the silence after Carl's remarks. The girl on the back seat moved and kissed Heddon full on the lips as he leaned through the car window. Carl and the other girl laughed. Heddon was confused and could not remember when last he had kissed anyone. Now it was difficult to refuse when they pressed him to ride. After they had been driving a while the girl said: "I'm sorry. That was pretty brazen."

"No," Heddon said. Obscurely he knew that she had kissed him because she felt sorry for him; that she herself hardly knew this. But his anger was with himself. He looked at her and finally could see her face in the dim light, young and quite grave now and touched with a beauty yet to come. Heddon kissed her. From the feel of her lips she had not been kissed much.

They sat apart, not speaking. The smell of the leaves had gone from the air and the wind coming down from Michigan had the taste of snow in it. They stopped at an inn to warm themselves, drinking chocolate while Carl had a brandy. As they were leaving, the door swung open and Bat Thomas came into the place, followed by two other men Heddon recognized as reporters.

Thomas was a stocky man with a strong, sly and intelligent face. "Huh," he said. "What the hell you doing here this time of night?"

"Just taking a ride with some friends, Bat."

"Couldn't wait until the season was over, huh?"

THERE were several answers to this but Heddon knew none of them would matter. Neither he nor Thomas spoke and finally the coach moved on past him, followed by the newspapermen.

"And that, boys and girls, is that," Carl said when they were outside. "I'm sorry, Ben."

"I'll only lose the trip East," Heddon said. "That's not so tragic." The words were brave but he didn't really feel that way. For four years now, football, its glory and its movements, had been more important to him than anything else. The savage contact, the thinking on your feet in the midst of intricate, furious action, the subtle sequence of plays as you drew the other team out of position; these, and the long journeys to play other teams who, because all of you were young, you felt were the enemy; the crowds, the shouting and the sirens screaming as you rode from the stadium a victor. Some of these he had had, Heddon knew; but he had never made one of the long journeys; tomorrow would have been his first as well as his last. Now he would never have that, just as he had never known fame.

"I'm sorry," the girl next to him was saying. "You're sure he'll keep you from making the trip?"

"Nothing else he could do with the newspapermen as witnesses to my vile deed. Bat has a rep as a disciplinarian and he has to live up to it whether he likes it or not. It might have been embarrassing for him, though, if I'd been one of his good players. He wouldn't have known what to do. Probably would have made some excuse for me such as being stale and needing a little relaxation."

"It's only a game," the girl said, "but it seems important now." When Heddon said nothing, she went on: "I'm sorry, though. I feel it's somewhat my fault."

"The ride with you has been worth it," Heddon said. This remark was new to him, also, as had been his attempts at sarcasm during the evening. But he saw that what he said pleased her and he felt a good deal older than she, older than any of them. When he said good night, he still didn't know her name, although later he remembered everything she said and even her most casual words seemed to have their own weight and fragrance.

BAT THOMAS disregarded Heddon in practice the next day. Al Barstow, the young backfield coach, called Heddon to work with the B-squad and Heddon spoke signals mechanically for the sophomores who principally composed the squad. Heddon still felt depressed but he gained some satisfaction out of working with the B-squad as he always did from controlling others, from sending them through the intricate pattern of the plays. It was, Heddon knew, the last time he would wear a uniform. He had thought often of that last time, endowing it with glory or sadness in his mind, but now he felt only disappointed and a little weary. Then, as dusk came fast over the shouting, moving figures, Heddon moved alone toward the field house, its lighted windows yellow in the dark. At the players' entrance he turned his back against the wall and, through habit, banged his cleats against the wall to knock the clay from them.

In the warm locker room, with steam drifting up into the electric light, Heddon's uniform came off him like some discarded, worn-out skin, and his body, heavily muscled but finely drawn, showed white, a bruise or two dark against it. After his shower, still moving in the pattern of old habit, Heddon stepped on the scales, knowing his weight written on the chart would today be more pointless than ever. The marker stopped at 169 and Heddon thought once more that he was drawn too fine. Then he saw the notices stuck with adhesive tape to the wall before him.

The first notice read: The following men will make the trip to New York and will report tonight, Thursday, at North Station at 9:25. There followed a typewritten list of names with Heddon's the last on it and a pencil line drawn through that name.

The second notice read: The following men will make up the B-squad which will play Trent College at Fontaine. They will report in front of the campus post office to leave by bus at 7 o'clock Saturday morning. At the bottom of the list of names on this notice, Heddon's name had been written in with pencil. It was the only senior's name on the list but Heddon knew that wasn't why he felt suddenly angry.

AN assistant manager said to him: "Leave your locker open. We want to pack your stuff for the B-trip Saturday and give you clean socks and a T-shirt."

"Don't bother," Heddon said. "I'm not going."

"But Thomas has you down for the trip."

"I'm not going."

"But what the hell! What'll he say?"

"I don't know," Heddon said, turning away. "He isn't God, is he?"

Heddon began to dress. He had almost finished when Barstow came out of the coach's room and approached him. "Why don't you want to play Saturday, Ben? You come from down that way, don't you?"

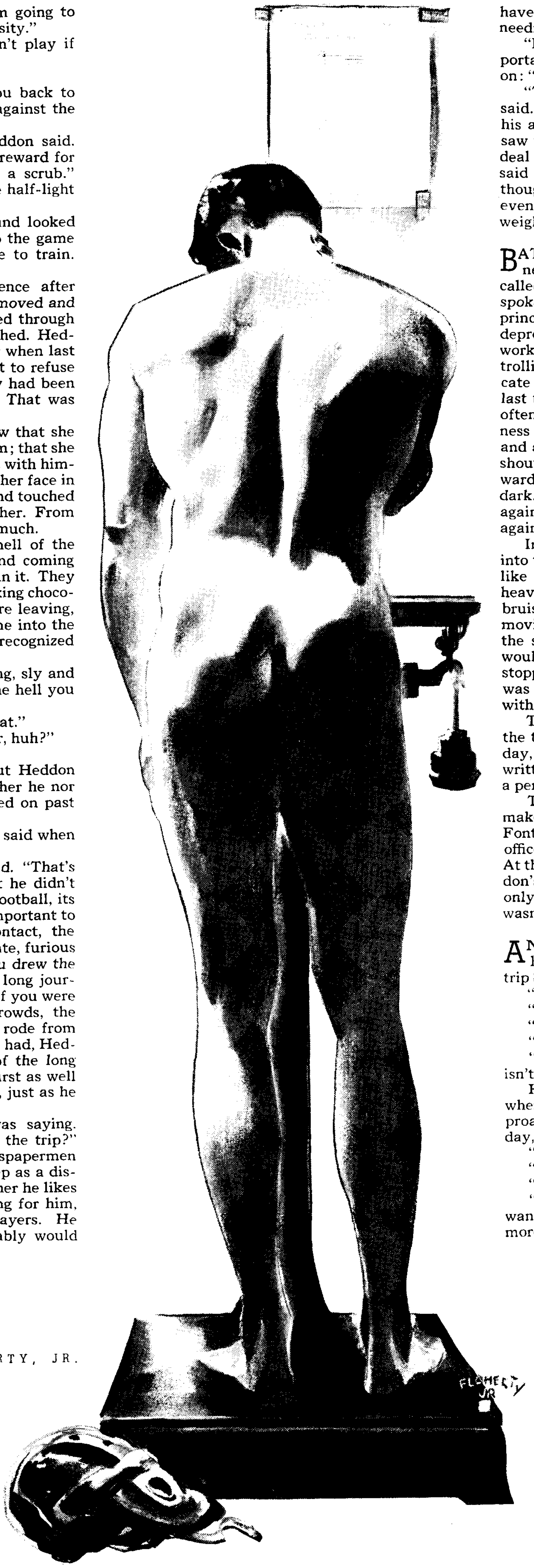
"Plenty of reasons."

"You could see your folks, though."

"My folks have gone South for the winter."

"Now, listen," Barstow said, confidentially. "Bat wants you to go. He figures you can hold those sophomores together. Trent's a (Continued on page 53)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.



The marker stopped at 169 and Heddon thought once more that he was drawn too fine. Then he saw the notices stuck with adhesive tape to the wall before him

Trouble with Ladies

By Frank Condon

Harmony, Omar and George discover that if a man has jovial dealings with dames he may stumble into fun or, again, he may have the eight-ball looking him in the eye

I AM writing these mournful memoirs in a community that seems to be named Silver Creek, which is a part of the sovereign state of Pennsylvania, located about sixty miles from Pittsburgh. Silver Creek is not a city or town or even a hamlet, and has no municipal habiliments or limitations, but appears to be an auto camp, with small, shacklike cabins scattered over the landscape and a transformed streetcar wherein the tourist visitor can eat, if he has about forty cents in cash.

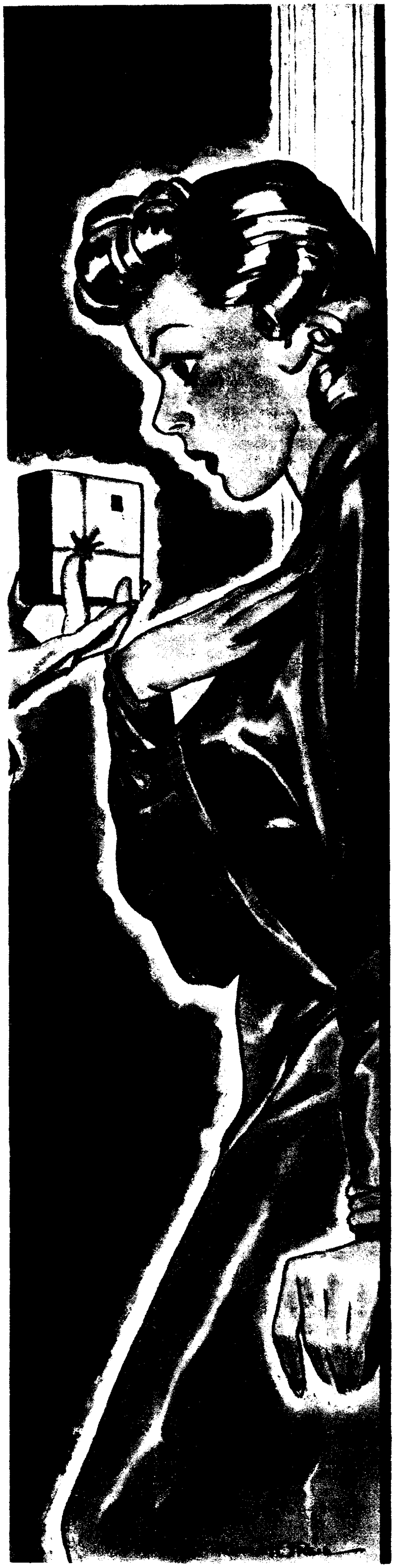
What we are doing in this vague auto camp is a matter of recent history, and some persons might claim we are lucky—especially Harmony Childs—to be in an auto camp after what has happened and should give thanks nightly on the bended knee that we are not tucked away in some one-door jail, or under the growing sod with the daisies sprouting.

I am now referring to myself, an innocent bystander; Harmony Childs, another hapless participant; and Omar Gill, a participant without any innocence, but with plenty of dumb enthusiasm and fervor. Harmony, Omar and I have been associates in business for years. Sometimes the business has been open and honest, like the year we raised squabs, and occasionally our efforts have been criticized as unethical and the city police have moved in on us en masse. I mean that sometimes we are afflicted with honesty and sometimes not, like anybody else.

WELL, as I said, here we are in this region called Silver Creek, where we arrive by bus from New York City, and gladly move into three little adjoining camp houses or shacks, price seventy-five cents per each per day. . . . For this moderate sum, you have a bed, some gray-looking towels, a table with a tin water pitcher and a rusty oilstove for cold nights. You cannot light the oilstove, or you will choke to death. The floor is covered with pock-marked linoleum and if you crave a bath, you walk through the dewy eve to a distant dugout, where you always find three men waiting in line and gloomy.

The shacks in this camp are named in patriotic fashion in honor of our glamorous nation, so my shack is called Maine and Omar's is Ohio, while Harmony lives across the alley in Utah, all three of them having no running water nor any comforts of civilization.

In a manner of speaking, we are in hiding, although not wanted by the police of any city. We are fugitives from romance and will remain here quietly until the gale blows over. This is how it started. Harmony was in Buffalo, all by himself. . . . Omar went sky-hooting up to Albany, on private matters. . . . I stopped in Syracuse, where my people own a farm, and sat down beneath an apple tree to enjoy life, peace, buttermilk and corn on the cob. . . . In other words, our little group of three had split up temporarily because of financial stringency, and we re-



"You Mrs. Helen Jones?" I asked, trying to look like an honest delivery man from any good drugstore mained thus separated for exactly one month. At the end of that period, just when I thought I was getting to be a fair dirt farmer, I received a wire from Harmony Childs, who has always been our leader, thinker, plan former, strategist and philosopher. It read: "Meet me in the bar of Southampton House, Fifty-ninth Street, New York, tomorrow afternoon. . . . Urgent. . . . Am wiring Omar to be there also, Harmony."

I have known Harmony for so many years that I can read the signs, and when he says "urgent," that is what it means. I arrived in New York the next afternoon at two, walked into the bar of Southampton House and there he was—good old Harmony himself, companion and trusted pal.

"Hello, George," he began casually. "Have yourself a drink and I will explain details."

"Thanks," I said, looking at him more closely. "You seem a little worried."

"George, I have been making mistakes all my life, as you know, but I picked this summer to make the largest and fattest one. Sit down in yonder chair and I will go over the high spots."

IT WAS the same old story and I had to smile, although there was nothing amusing in it to Harmony. He is one man who generally avoids ladies, scorns sentiment and passes up romance, no matter how alluring. He has learned, and I have, too, that if a man has jovial dealings with dames, young or old, he may stumble into some fun at the start, but is likely to wind up in grief and disaster, with the eight-ball looking him in the eye.

"I met this girl in Buffalo," he continued, ordering a lime drink, "and her name was Florine. . . . Never was there such a gal. She was and is a queen of her sex, but I know now she is slightly insane."

It seems that Florine liked him, not difficult to understand, as Harmony is a handsome fellow and can be pleasant when he desires. At first, Florine liked him a little and then she liked him a great deal, and while she revealed many interesting things about herself, she failed to mention a close friend named Gregory Goff. . . . He was absent from Buffalo at the time on mysterious business of his own.

When he returned, he heard of Florine's new male friend. Close associates informed him that Florine was hopelessly and madly in love with Mr. Childs, and Goff, being a direct person, went straight to the lady and asked her.

"Certainly, I love him," Florine confessed, and this is what made Harmony question the clear state of her mind. "He is a gentleman and a refined character and not in any way like you, as you are nothing but a second-class gangster and not any good whatever."

There was further talk between Gregory and Florine and at its conclusion Mr. Goff walked rapidly away to his personal and private arsenal, unlimbered his gun and prepared to shoot Harmony on sight. At least, this was his announced intention, and as soon as Harmony even heard of the testy Mr. Goff, he sent me the telegram, folded his tent and departed from Buffalo on a night train.

"The whole trouble," he said plaintively, "was that while Florine was a very swell girl, she never once mentioned this Goff. . . . He is a famous local character, and has been arrested for attempted murder, but not mine."

"How about Omar?" I demanded.

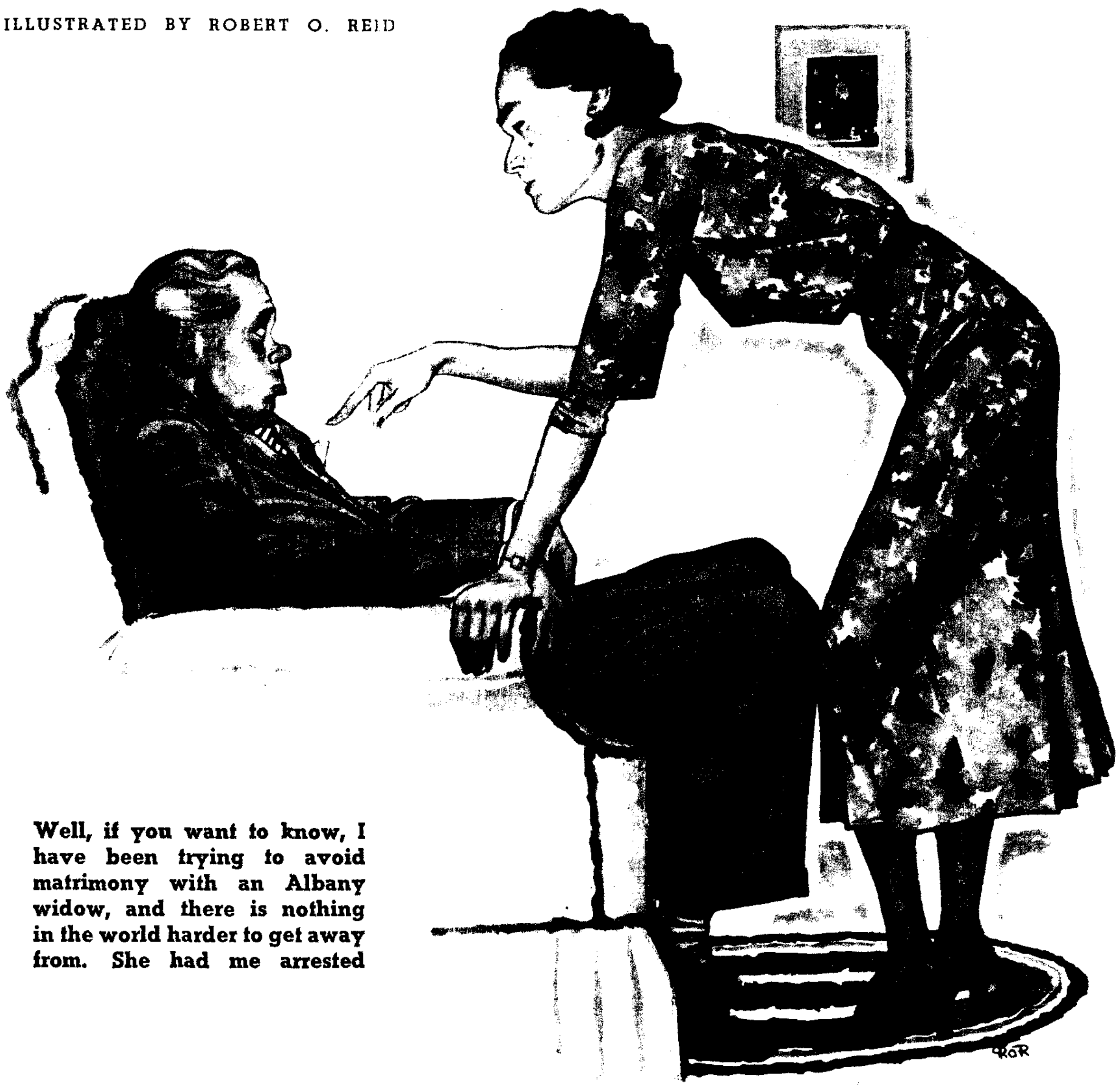
"I wired him to meet us here. . . . Something will have to be done immediately about spending money. We are short and will need currency in New York."

THAT is one of the truest statements in all nature. New York is one of the towns where a person requires spending money every hour or two. Harmony is acquainted with the assistant manager of Southampton House, which is why we were there. . . . He provided us with a comfortable suite at low rates, and while we waited for Omar to appear, Harmony turned to the matter of immediate income. As usual, he hit on something. . . . Our Harmony Childs is truly a genius when the going is tough and the money short.

This time it was merely a modest money-making device, good for ten or fifteen dollars a day, requiring a little work and some patience. Turning his fertile mind to the subject of funds, Harmony devised the perfume gag or selling plan, as simple as pie and almost certain to work in each and every case. Harmony's schemes generally work, which is why we have eaten steadily for years.

This racket was based on the lovely perfume known the world over as Cleopatra's Dream, one of the most expensive of all perfumes, sold only in the finest shops and beloved by the frail sex for its elegance and expense. Only this was not Cleopatra's Dream. . . . It was amber-colored water, contained in a handsome bottle, costing us nothing whatever, or a mere trifle. . . . The label was convincing, the decorations were gaudy, and the whole would charm any woman. Bottles and labels were obtained for us by Georgie Holtz, who works on the night shift in Prince's drugstore, located on the ground floor. . . . Georgie is also an old friend of ours, and went into the deal on a commission basis.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID



Well, if you want to know, I have been trying to avoid matrimony with an Albany widow, and there is nothing in the world harder to get away from. She had me arrested

The bottle of colored hydrant water, when Georgie finished with it, was stoppered with the usual glass plug, wrapped in silk cord and gewgaws and looking for all the world like Cleo's Dream, and the main item about the bottle was this: nobody could ever get that stopper out. It was in to stay for all time, a very necessary part of our little project, and thus no inquisitive lady could discover that the container held amber drinking water and not the expensive scent from the rolling Basque Hills. At first I was puzzled.

"I don't seem to get the hang of this," I said to Harmony. "How do we go about it and where does the money come in?"

"It is the simplest and cleanest kind of work," he explained, "and constitutes only a mild form of petty larceny, intended to tide us over and pay hotel bills and such, until we can lay hands on some regular money. I would say it is good for ten dollars a day, with just moderate effort."

When Georgie Holtz delivered us the first bottles, they would have fooled a French countess, their little tassels hanging nicely and the gold foil gleaming.

"You get ten per cent, Georgie," Harmony assured him. "It isn't exactly honest, but it's certain, and that's what we require just now."

THAT was the morning I started out to earn our first cash, being completely instructed, and from there on the scheme was childishly simple. Carrying my bottle of Cleo's Dream in its container, I strolled along Fifty-eighth Street, until I approached a rather neat-looking apartment building, with the tenants' names listed on the ground-floor corridor. I selected the name of a lady—one Millicent Hathaway—rang her bell, and when the clicker clicked, I moved on up the stairs.

A door opened and the inquiring Millicent lady stood there in a silken day robe. I said: "I am the delivery messenger from the drugstore, and, madam, here is your bottle of Cleopatra's Dream."

With that, I held it toward her, and naturally, she was surprised. She was likewise suspicious and aloof, as all New Yorkers are, they having had their fingers burned over the years.

"I ordered no perfume from the drugstore, or anywhere else," said Miss Hathaway coldly, preparing to slam the door in my face, and then I said hastily: "Maybe not, madam, but some admirer of yours must have done the ordering, as this perfume is all paid for and addressed to you as a gift."

Now there is scarcely a woman alive on the earth, young, married, or otherwise, who will refuse to accept a paid-for bottle of Cleo's Dream, as the regular sales price is around fifty dollars for the real goods. Most New York dames have to struggle along on scents of lesser authority, and therefore Harmony knew we would encounter little resistance delivering free bottles to wide-eyed ladies in doorways. Miss Hathaway happened to be an ash-blonde, with blue eyes and plenty of make-up and she immediately reached and said, "Thank you," in a nice voice.

I DEPARTED, leaving the gift with her and knowing perfectly well what would happen the minute the door closed. Miss Hathaway would attempt to open up Cleo's Dream and sample the elegant fifty-dollar scent; and that would do her no good whatever, trying to pry out a stopper that could be pried out by no mortal hand. The only way to get at that amber liquid was to bash the bottle with a hammer, and very few ladies would be willing to crack open a bottle of Cleo's Dream and let the precious drops run on the rug at a dollar a drop. That is only female human nature.

Harmony is a close student of such matters and so his schemes are usually foolproof. . . . Upon departing from Miss Hathaway's building, I strolled on down the street, selected another nice apartment and picked out a Mrs. Helen Jones. . . .

"You Mrs. Helen Jones?" I asked, trying to act and look like an honest delivery man from any good drugstore. She said she was and her manner was icy, until I told her the good news, whereat she smiled and gently reached for the gift. I walked downstairs and idled for twenty minutes, giving Miss Hathaway about half an hour to work on the immobile stopper.

I then returned to No. 83 East Fifty-eighth Street, rang the same bell, went up and again surprised Millicent in her day robe.

(Continued on page 25)

Nurse's Choice

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

EVERYBODY on J division (surgical) knew that Miss Armistead was going to choose between Joe Trask and Mort Baker. Next to a newspaper office, a hospital is the most gossipy place on earth; and next to the maternity division, surgery has the worst gossips in a hospital. However, a romantic triangle like this one would have been gossiped about anywhere.

The nurses were absorbed in it, because Miss Armistead was a nurse, and popular although too pretty, and because having to choose between two personable doctors is what nurses dream about. Most of the patients were interested because Dr. Joe Trask was chief resident and paid his duty calls charmingly. It was great stuff for the internes, too, because Dr. Mort Baker was a bright young star in surgery and they wondered what chance a nice guy but a mere chief resident would have when the gal actually got around to making up her mind.

Among the orderlies and maids opinion was sharply and pretty evenly divided—the Trask faction holding that their man would make a name for himself, given a bit of time; while the Baker faction, composed of older heads, argued that you couldn't discount a suite of offices full of social register patients or professional visitors watching Dr. Baker operate.

Through all the discussion, Miss Armistead herself moved serenely. A chief surgical nurse has very little time to be hearing or overhearing gossip, even about her own romance. Not even the sharp eyes of Miss Fordyce, her roommate, could detect any favoritism in Miss Armistead's attitude toward Dr. Trask and Dr. Baker. Miss Armistead divided her spare time with almost scientific accuracy between the two suitors. If she went to a picture show on Friday afternoon with the chief resident, it was a safe bet Dr. Baker would be calling for her in his big roadster Sunday evening. On one occasion, Miss Fordyce reported to the nurses' study group around the chart table on J division, there had been a mix-up, with each man insisting it was his turn. Whereupon, Miss Armistead had coolly suggested that they both accompany her to the Medical Society lecture.

"She won't try that again, though," said Miss Fordyce, "because both shut up like clams, and Joe sulked and behaved worse than Baker."

"Joe shouldn't have done that," said Miss Douthit, who was only a probationer but knew life. "The other guy is a better actor. Joe better look out."

THE first direct statement to come from any of the principals was reported by Interne Pruess at midnight lunch in the doctors' dining room, and it sent Joe Trask's stock plummeting to an alarming low.

"If you got any bets on Joe," he said, "you better hedge 'em. He's had a row with Margaret about being rude to Baker, and he's talking about bowing out and going off to India for the Foundation."

Seeking comfort, the Trask faction was given another sockdolager by Miss Morath (a patient—fractured pelvis), who had become Dr. Baker's chief champion. She reported that Dr. Jennings, her physician, had heard that Dr. Baker was planning to give up his apartment at the University Club and was looking around for a house in the West End.

The only ray of hope was Miss Fordyce's stout insistence that although Miss Armistead had fought with Joe it was not a final quarrel and could be made up.

Division J, already a-buzz from the tension of the race, was thrown into a turmoil one Saturday night by word that Miss Armistead, their cool and efficient heroine, had cracked.

Probationer Douthit overheard Miss Fordyce telling Mrs. Johnson, chief division nurse, that Margaret Armistead was in her room with a sick headache and, Probationer Douthit insisted, hysterics.

"Joe went and demanded a showdown—that she would not go out with Baker any more, and that rubbed Margaret the wrong way, Miss Fordyce says, and Margaret said Joe was just a boor, and Miss Fordyce says Margaret is on the verge of taking Baker and getting engaged to him!"

Among the patients to whom this dismaying news was transmitted, only one—young Mrs. McGee—remained stanch and unflurried.

"She'll take the one that she knows really loves her," said young Mrs. McGee, "and a girl doesn't get hysterics if she's absolutely sure."

Then, with paralyzing abruptness, the crisis came. On Sunday afternoon, Miss Armistead reported sick. She refused to see Dr. Joe Trask. Miss Fordyce, after several hours, made a diagnosis of acute appendicitis. She forced the admission from Miss Armistead that she had suffered several mild attacks but was too busy to bother.

Miss Fordyce summoned Dr. Trask at 7:21 P. M. by Probationer Evenham's watch. Dr. Trask left Miss Armistead's room at 7:33 P.M. and ordered the operating room for eight. Dr. Trask and Miss Fordyce were overheard in the following conversation:

"Telephone Dr. Baker, please."

"She wants you to operate, Joe."

"I may have to start it, but you get Baker over here as fast as he can come."

"But, Joe, she has perfect confidence—"

"That's an order, Sally."

DIVISION J watched with mounting excitement the events that followed. Dr. Baker was at the Country Club and said it would take him forty-five minutes. Dr. Trask waited until 8:15 P. M., by Mrs. Johnson's watch, and then tried to reach Dr. Penfield, the chief of staff. Dr. Penfield could not be located immediately.

"Go ahead, Joe," Miss Fordyce was heard to demand, "you'll have a peritonitis if you wait—"

"I suppose I'll have to," Dr. Trask said.

Probationer Timmons, one of the scrubbed nurses, sent word that Dr. Trask looked scared to death as he prepared for the operation.

Miss Armistead entered the operating room at 8:27 P. M. by Mrs. Johnson's watch. Dr. Mort Baker arrived at the hospital at 8:39 P.M. and went at once to the operating room.

The dreadful rumor of what happened in the operating room began to spread swiftly.

"Joe lost his nerve and went all to pieces," said Miss Fordyce tearfully. "Baker came in as cool as a cucumber and took over. We tried to get Joe to leave, but he just stood there shaking. Baker called him yellow and scolded him—it was awful. As soon as the sutures were in, Joe keeled over in a dead faint."

After that, the Trask faction mourned a lost cause. The last chance seemed to be that perhaps Margaret Armistead would not be told what had occurred. But that hope dwindled when it was reported that Joe Trask insisted on seeing Miss Armistead as soon as she was conscious.

The closing scene satisfied even J division's taste for the dramatic.

Dr. Mort Baker, smiling and casual, went into Miss Armistead's room. As reported by Probationer Evenham, concealed behind a screen, the final climax was simply excruciating:

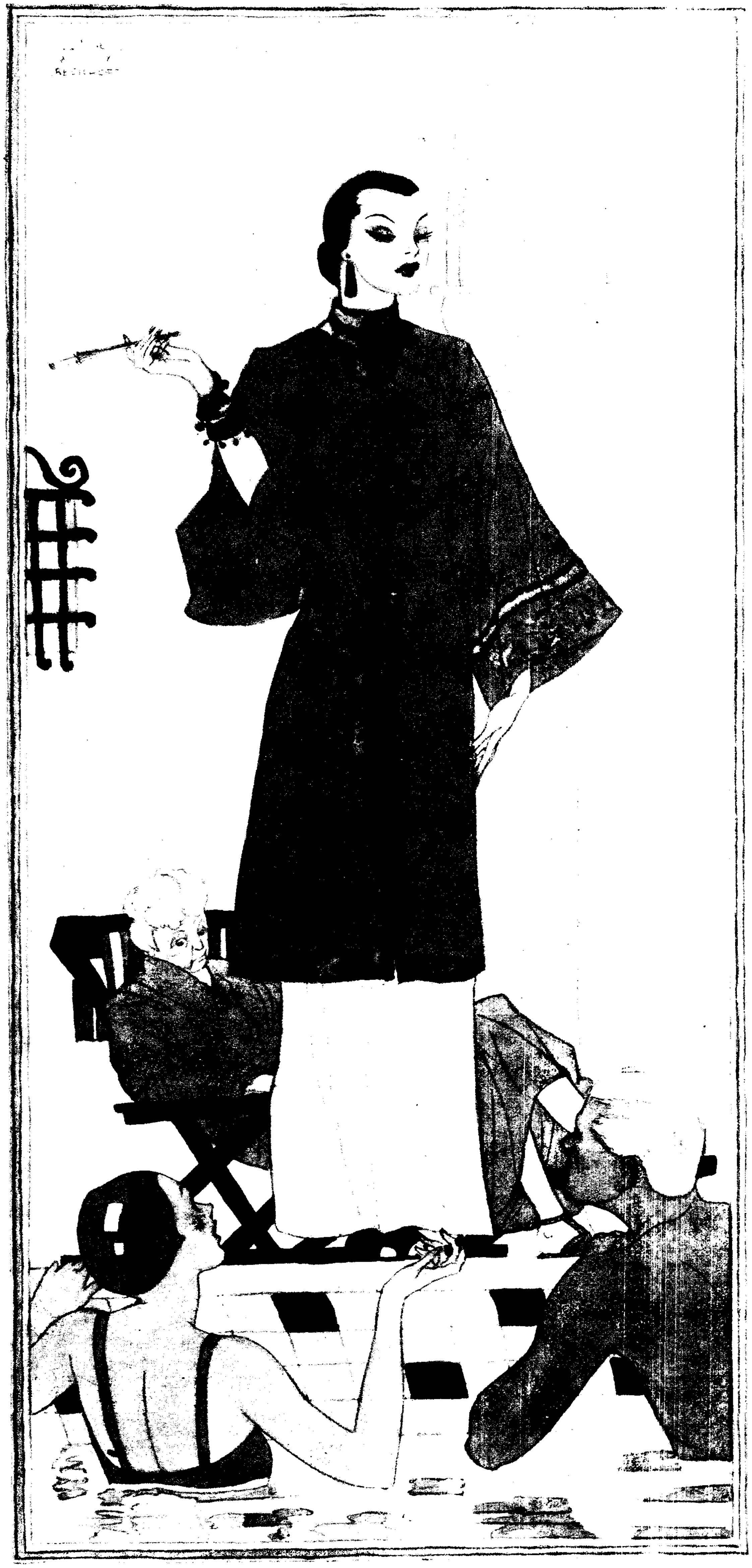
"Baker came in and said: 'Well, Margaret, I'd been looking for years for Caliotti type adhesions and imagine my surprise to meet them in your tummy!' And he laughed and kidded Margaret and talked to her about the case like it belonged to somebody else. I could tell Margaret was not taking it so big.

"Then in rushes poor Joe and flops in a chair beside Margaret's bed and says: 'Oh, darling, I failed you. I went all to pieces like a big baby and Baker here had to finish. He saved your life. He acted like a man and I behaved like a big yellow slob. Forget that you ever even liked me!'

"But Margaret just reached over and grabbed Joe's hair with both hands and pulled him down and kissed him and said: 'I know, Joe; I know. I would have acted the same way if you had been on that table. It's just love, Joe! It makes cowards of us all, sometimes!' "

Division J is sending flowers to Dr. Mort Baker on the day of Joe and Margaret's wedding, a touch suggested by young Mrs. McGee.

The rumor of what happened in the operating room began to spread. "Joe lost his nerve and went all to pieces," said Miss Fordyce



HARRY BECKHOFF

Miss Essex put her chin over the side of the pool and called, "Imago, this is Mr. Crane"

A Queen's Ransom

By Jonathan Latimer

The Story Thus Far:

IN RESPONSE to an urgent telegram, William Crane, a detective who is noted for his unconventional methods, motors to Key Largo, Florida, for an interview with young Penn Essex, whose estate is one of Florida's show places. He is accompanied by his assistant, Thomas O'Rourke. Arrived, he observes that the butler is armed with a revolver and that a number of guards are on the job.

Essex—a playboy whose escapades have given the tabloids much food for screeching headlines—shows Crane and O'Rourke three letters, all signed "The Eye," all crudely printed in red ink, all making it obvious that Essex must pay fifty thousand dollars to the writer or else. . . . The third, and final note, ends: "Instructions follow. Don't try to escape." It had been placed in Essex's hand while he was sleeping, in his bedroom!

Crane questions the young man closely. He learns that Essex's share of his dead father's estate, like that of his sister Camelia (who lives with him), is tied up in a trust fund; and that the brother and sister receive an allowance of two thousand dollars, each, a month. He learns, furthermore, that Essex is having financial difficulties.

Essex insists that the detectives remain, as his guests. They do so—and meet Camelia, who informs them that Penn has lost twenty-five thousand dollars gambling at "Tortoni's," that Tortoni holds his I O U's for that sum—and that Tortoni, a "dangerous man," is pressing Penn hard for payment.

Other guests at the estate are Tony Lamphier, one of Camelia's suitors, and Major Eastcomb, Essex's close friend and confidential adviser. The major is hostile toward Crane and O'Rourke. Nevertheless (acting on Essex's instructions), he gives Crane a thousand dollars, in bills—"for expenses." Crane takes the money; later, opening his wallet, he finds among the bills a note warning "Messrs. Flatfeet" to get out. The note is signed "The Eye."

In the course of a brief interview, the major—extremely crusty and making no effort to hide his dislike of the new arrivals—outlines the problem to be solved. He leaves.

II

MIAMI'S sidewalks dazzlingly reflected sunlight on south and west sides of streets, bore crowds of deliberate, shirt-sleeved tourists on shady north and east sides. The roadster passed a yellow building with a sign, Five Course Dinner—25c, swung into a parking lot. "Back after lunch," Crane told the Negro attendant.

They walked over to Flagler Street, elbowing their way through the crowds, and turned right toward the bay. Two blondes in halters and white shorts, sauntering arm in arm, smiled at O'Rourke, but Crane said, "Hey! None of that." He looked over his shoulder. "Besides, we can do better."

They passed a stand selling orange juice, a stand selling pineapple juice, a drugstore, a clothing store bearing a banner marked "End of Season Sale—Fifty Off," a stand selling a mixture of milk and pineapple juice. A policeman warned them not to jaywalk. From a loudspeaker over a leather-goods store came a sticky Wayne King waltz. They both began to sweat.

"The town's lousy with dames," observed O'Rourke.

They turned into a bookstore and Crane asked the elderly lady clerk for a Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.

Behind tortoise-shell glasses her eyes seemed about to shed tears. "The only one we have is secondhand." Her face was thin.

"That's all right. How much?"

He gave her two dollar bills and a fifty-cent piece, said, "You needn't wrap it," and handed the heavy book to O'Rourke. "That's for you."

"What do I want with it?" asked O'Rourke, surprised.

Crane was looking from one side of the street to the other, up and down side streets as they walked. "I'll tell you soon as I find some beer."

A block to the left they found the New York Bar. It was cool inside and there was a lovely odor of Scotch whisky, limes, Cuban rum and beer in the air. They sank into leather chairs on opposite sides of a black composition table.

"Two beers," Crane told the waiter.

O'Rourke pretended astonishment: "What'll the major say?"

"Wait!" Crane called to the (*Continued on page 70*)

Christmas Every Day

By Maxine Davis

Too many toys for some children, none at all for others—an unfair distribution that isn't necessary, says Los Angeles, and proves it with toy loans that work like libraries. Your town can do the same

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL

Children select the toys they want to borrow from the display bench

THE leader of the gang strode masterfully into the toy place. A bellicose character, his tin helmet was fastened nattily under his chin; his sword clanked against the pistol in his cartridge belt. The rest of his attire was memorable chiefly for its absence: a pair of very short shorts—a mere nod to law and society—and remarkable quantities of the soil of California.

His men straggled after him, fearfully. Their courage seemed in inverse ratio to their clothing; they were unarmed but fairly well protected against the weather.

"I'll show ya how ya git toys," the leader, whose name, it happens, is Jimmie, assured them.

The room into which he led them was full of toys. There were dolls: Shirley Temple dolls—Shirley Temple as a cowgirl, Shirley Temple as a French marquise. There were Topsy dolls, baby dolls, Ann of Green Gables dolls . . . but to the gang, of course, they didn't exist.

There were also boxing gloves and footballs; there were wagons and airplanes and lotto games. But Jimmie and his men passed them by and marched to a counter crowded with lead soldiers, savage Indians, battleships, tanks—all of a size any of the fellows could hold in the palm of his hand. (The average age of the gang was about three summers.)

Jimmie picked up one, then another. Unfortunately he could not pocket them, having no pockets. The other men looked anxiously at a couple of grownups prowling around; then, in a whisper, one of them admonished, "Git a good one, Jimmie."

"I'll git two. Maybe three," responded their dauntless leader. After some discussion—and not without argument—a destroyer, a gaudy Marine, and a cannon were agreed upon. Then Jimmie walked over to one of the grownups.

"Miss May, I want these," he announced confidently.

"All right, Jimmie," she replied, and began to look through a lot of cards in a big box. "Let's see, you brought your others back yesterday, didn't you? Nothing broken, either. Fine. You may have these for two weeks. Wouldn't you boys like some toys of your own?"

Widened eyes and dumfounded silence gave assent. No one of the gang had ever had a toy in his home. "Here," said Miss May, "take these cards and have your parents sign them. Then you may come and get toys too."

"Sure," Jimmie ordered "Git 'em and we kin have a army."

No, it wasn't heaven Neither was it Christmas. This incident, a wholly commonplace and typical one, took place in one branch of the Los Angeles toy loans in midsummer.

These toy loans bring Christmas every day to youngsters whose parents have a hard enough time providing them with sufficient bread and milk. They are exactly like the public libraries except that toys instead of books are loaned. Branches of the toy loans are established wherever there is need of them. The children get toy-loan cards and borrow whatever they wish, within certain limits, for one or two weeks.

What Every Community Needs

But let's see how they happened, how they operate. For in them Los Angeles has found a way to make children happy not merely in a spasm of generosity at holiday time but every day and every season. The community has also discovered a subtle system for keeping Jimmie and his gang out of trouble, and for teaching them responsibility and the care of property.

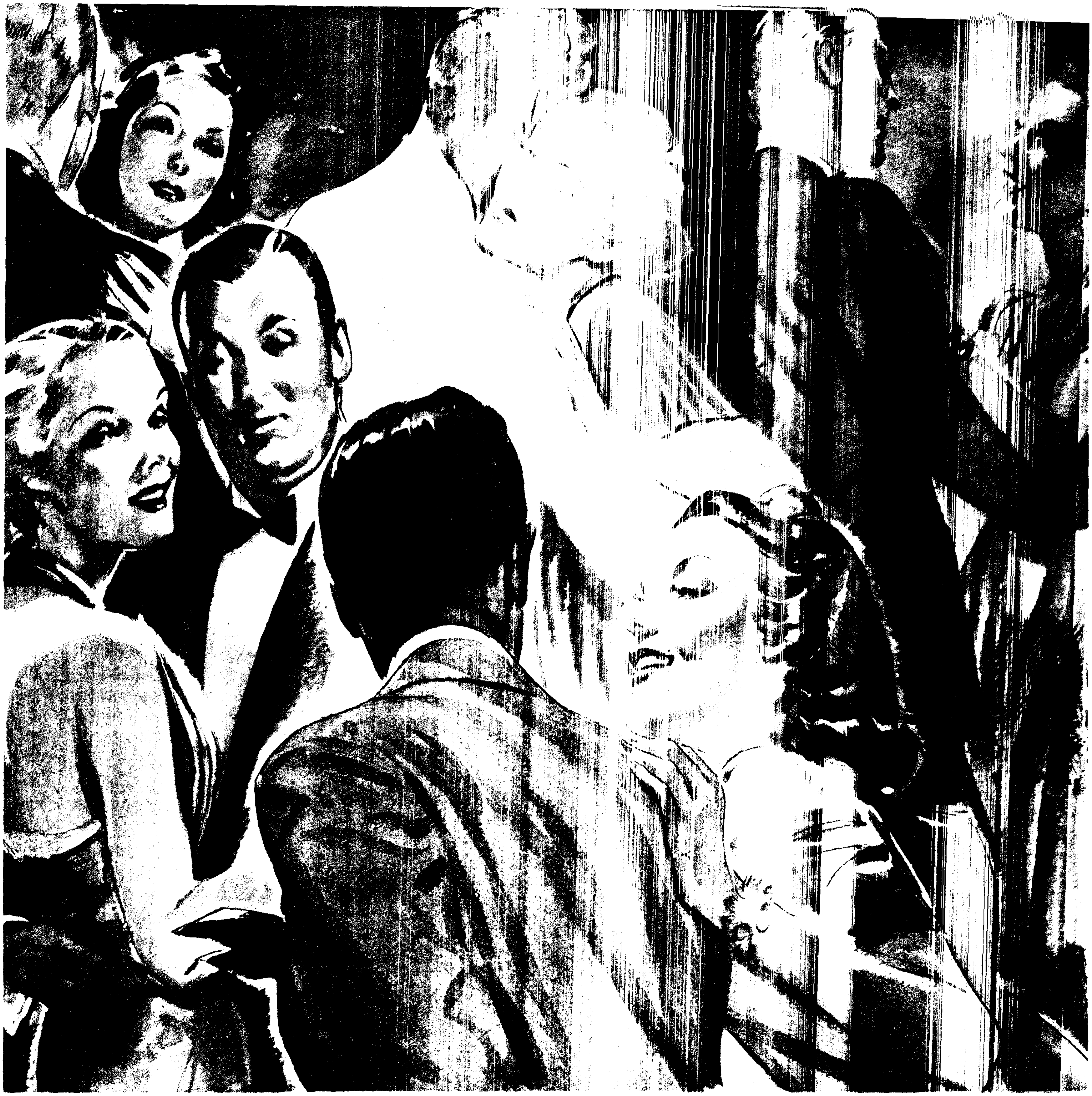
Toy loans are so obvious it's incredible no one ever thought of them long ago; and so simple that any town can install them. They began like this:

One day a small boy came excitedly into a community center and told the director that for the first time in his life he was going to the beach. Please, could he borrow a beach ball? The director was sincerely sorry, but playground equipment wasn't allowed off the premises. Against the rules. The next day the lad came in with his father, who promised to be responsible for the ball. The director explained again, and the child departed in tears.

That director's heart was no harder than eiderdown; he was almost in tears too. But his head wasn't fuzzy. He began to think. There must be thousands of discarded beach balls and other toys lying around a rich city like Los Angeles. Why not get hold of them, put them into shape, and lend them to children who had none? He went with the idea to the

(Continued on page 79)

Above, a file card system is used to keep the children's accounts with the toy-lending center. Below, the repair shop



Smart Girl

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

GUY VAN ARDEN, a crooked government agent, forms an alliance with Stefan Zorane, a labor racketeer, with the object of preying on industry. In need of an aide, a spy, he informs Sally Porter, the prettiest and cleverest newspaperwoman in New York City, that unless she will work with him he will give the newspapers certain facts which will ruin the man she loves: young Barney Teel, a reporter.

To save Teel, Sally yields to the threat and, in time, becomes known as the "mystery woman" in the Zorane-Van Arden operations, which a senatorial committee, headed by Senator Larsen, is investigating.

Bringing with him an alligator briefcase containing important evidence, Senator Larsen comes to New York. Shortly before he arrives, Eric, his son, meets Sally, learns of her connection with Van Arden—and falls in love with her! Whereupon, a strange situation develops: Eric (for reasons of his own) forces Sally, under threat of exposure, to pose as his fiancée! And he gives orders to the girl, just as Van Arden has been doing throughout the affair.

Realizing that they may be indicted at any moment, Zorane and Van Arden plot to force Senator Larsen out of public life by making it appear that he is involved in a scandalous affair with Lolita Monterey, an adventuress. . . .

Zorane phones Sally, orders her to come to his apartment. As she starts, in a taxicab, Barney Teel sees her, follows her. She reaches Zorane's apartment, enters it. Zorane, intoxicated, throws his arms about her, kisses her; as he does so, Teel opens the door, steps in, knocks the racketeer down. A few minutes later, [illegible] Kresco, one of Zorane's enemies, finds Zorane *dead!*

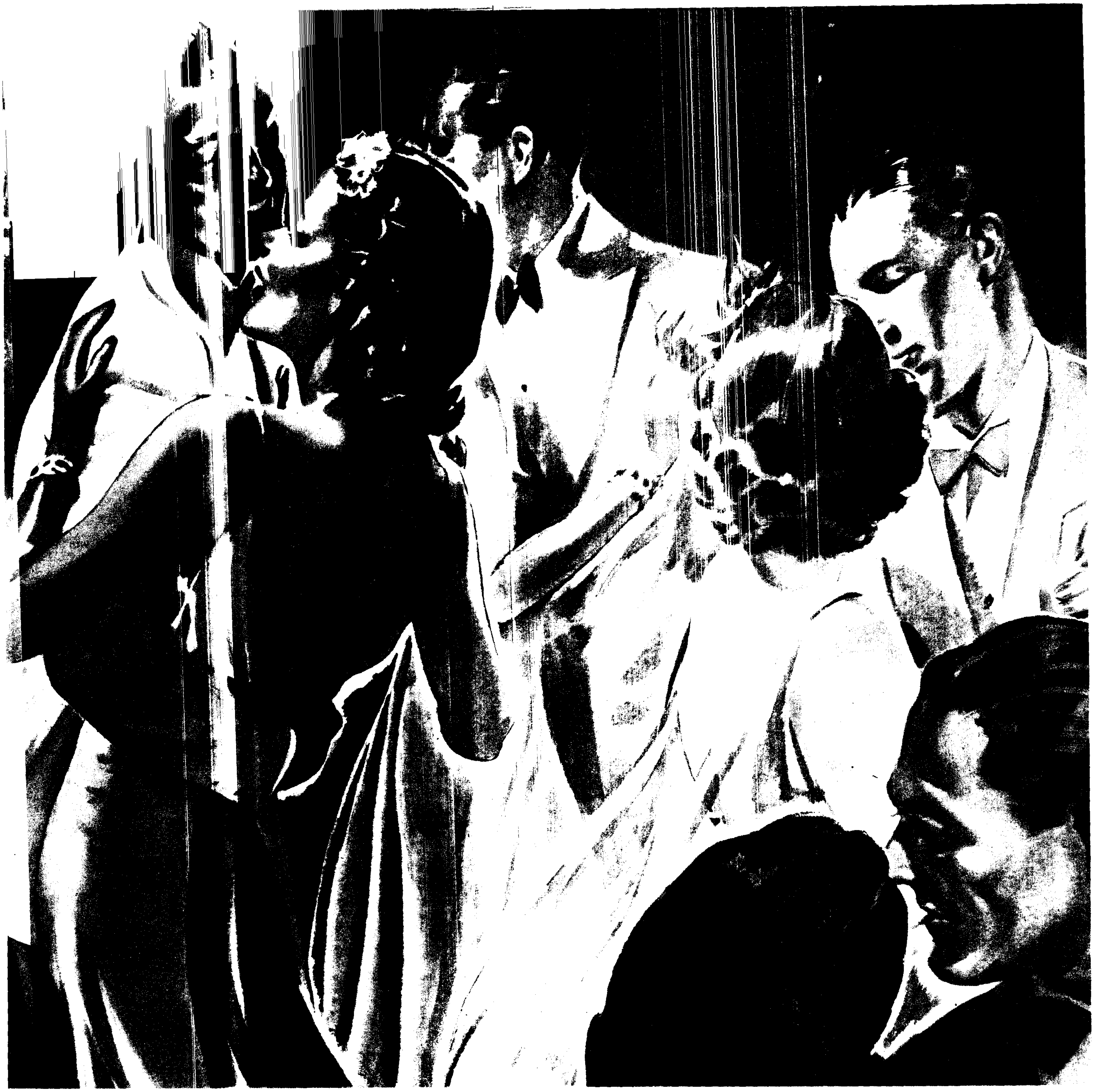
The following day, Teel and Sally decide to be married, at once. But Eric Larsen has other plans—he orders Sally to run down to Long Island for a week end with his father and him. And again Sally capitulates, postpones her wedding. Before she leaves, she reports to Van Arden. "If the senator should take the alligator briefcase to Long Island," Van Arden says, "find some way to let me know. That, my dear, is an order."

VII

ERIC returned to his apartment. He felt depressed about Sally. Until now he had been very busy trying to save Sally for himself and saving her from certain disaster by more or less harmless devices. Now, he realized, he had used a device that had been really cruel. He was very sorry for her, but he had no intentions of wavering or relenting. He knew that Barney Teel was a louse, and he'd rather have her find it out right now than after she'd married him. And if he was going to save her from disgrace and serious trouble with the federal authorities, suffer she must.

It occurred to him now, as it had before, that his action was more than a little unwarranted.

"Who am I?" he asked himself. "What



Barney, laughing, said, "Coral, you're causing a lot of eye-strain tonight." She slipped into his arms and said, "Whose eyes?"

business is this of mine?" He frowned, then answered, "Why! Don't you remember me? I'm the guy who's going to marry her!"

When he went into his apartment, Douglas reported that there had been two phone calls, one from Mr. Polgreen, wanting to know if Mr. Larsen had read his play, and the other from Miss Mayberry.

"She wants you to call her the moment you come in, Mr. Larsen."

"Any word from Featherly?"

"No, sir."

"Have you been here all the time?"

"Yes, Mr. Larsen."

"I'm expecting a very important call from Fort Bend, Indiana."

"It didn't come, sir."

"It will be from a Mr. Green. I'll spend the rest of the morning and the early afternoon at the public library. The senator and I are going to Long Island for the week end. We'll leave a little after three. You'd better stay here. I'd prefer it if you didn't leave the apartment until Featherly and Mr. Green have called. If either of them calls before two o'clock, and if it's important, send a messenger to the library. I'll be in the newspaper room."

HE CALLED Coral. She cried: "Oh, darling; I'm simply in a state. Have you heard anything from Fort Bend?"

"No," Eric said. "What has Guy Van Arden got on Barney Teel's father?"

He heard her gasp, but her voice was controlled. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"I suppose you don't know Guy Van Arden."

"No, Eric. I never heard of him. Who is he?"

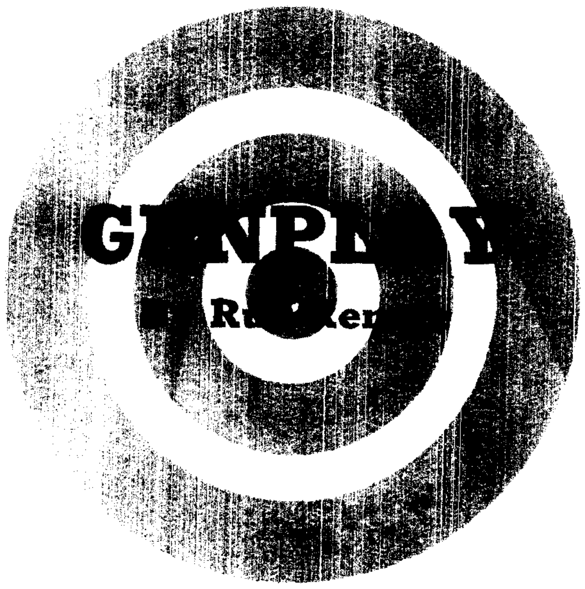
"Never mind," he said. He knew that she trusted him only to a certain point. Obviously Van Arden was blackmailing her with some information about Barney or Barney's father. She wanted Eric to verify it. If it was true, she could depend on him to say nothing about it. But she would not trust him with the knowledge that she was involved with Van Arden.

He said, "Now, tell me why you called up the senator and pulled that damp line about Lolita Monterey."

"But, darling, I did it for his own good. He really should be careful."

"You're lying through your teeth. Look, Coral. I know that Van Arden is swinging a whip over you, and I know that it has something to do with Barney Teel's father. Another person I know is in the same spot you are. You're trying to save Barney. Do you realize you're letting yourself in for the kind of trouble that your money can't buy you out of? Do you realize that this whole situation is going to blow open at any moment and that you're apt to end up in a federal prison?"

(Continued on page 42)



With four targets balanced on his gunstock, Marksman Hicks tosses them into the air and breaks all of them before they reach the ground

Throw a penny into the air; hit its edge with a rifle bullet, thus kicking it higher; then hit it again. It's a good trick—and Milton Hicks can do it. He'll even tell you how it's done

WORKING out of Atlanta, Georgia, is a mild-mannered, compactly built man with tawny, 20/20 eyes, no nerves and such swift co-ordination of mind and muscle that he has made the make-believe days of his childhood come true. His name is Milton Hicks.

Ever since the Pilgrims landed, every American boy has picked up a stick, made believe it was a gun and hollered *boom!* at something. In imagination he has been swifter on the draw than Billy the Kid and as accurate with a rifle as Daniel Boone. Few, in reality, ever achieve such speed and accuracy. Hicks is one of the few who have far surpassed it.

At the age of forty-four, after knocking about with the United States Army on the Mexican border, with the American Expeditionary Forces in France, and as a civilian, most of the time with a rifle, revolver, or shotgun in his hands, Hicks can throw more lead faster and more accurately than any man who ever handled a gun.

This is not to say that Hicks is the world's champion rifle shot, nor the best skeet shot, nor the champion pistol shot. It so happens that few men who are expert with one of these weapons are equally expert with the others. Hicks does amazing things with all three.

No one ever thought of timing Billy the Kid in the act of drawing and firing a revolver. Usually it was all over before anyone could haul out a watch. Hicks, with his hands up, shoulder high, has a gun out of a holster at his hip, blazing, in three fifths of a second. That's almost as quick as a wink.

Maybe the Kid, or Bat Masterson, or Bill Hickok could draw faster than that. There is no way of knowing, because split-second watches were not known in those days. But the chances are they couldn't if for only one reason:

The old Western gunmen used slip holsters. Hicks uses a specially made quick-draw holster which is molded to his revolver and slit all the way down the front. He does not have to pull. A forward movement of his hand and the revolver is free.

Jack Martin, of Calhoun City, Mississippi, might give Hicks a lightning race to the draw. Jack is pretty slick. He can draw from either side with either hand, or from under either arm in three fifths of a second.

According to Hicks, readers of Western thrillers wherein the hero draws so quickly no one sees him do it would be disappointed if they were witnesses.

"Fiction and legend," he says, "have made the imagination expect too much. Even a real quick draw seems slow compared to the lightning versions in fiction. I never saw anyone draw a gun so fast I couldn't see him do it."

But Hicks has exceptionally quick eyes. Coming to his hotel one night from the range where the national midwinter pistol tournament was being held in Tampa, Florida, Hicks opened the door of his room and found himself unexpectedly confronted by the writer with an automatic pistol. It was all in fun. The pistol was unloaded, but it was pointed at Hicks.

Speed that Baffles the Eye

If this had been a shooting match the writer would be dead; because he froze, fascinated by the fact that he was looking into the muzzle of a .45 before he could pull the trigger.

Hicks had acted with the swiftness of radio. That gun in his hand was impossible. But there it was; it was done so swiftly the effect was paralyzing. Maybe Hicks could have seen that draw; but the writer couldn't.

Hicks breaks skeet targets with a .38-caliber pistol.

He can fire six shots out of a double-action revolver in four fifths of a second. It doesn't sound possible; but he was timed doing it at Camp Perry, Ohio, in 1936.

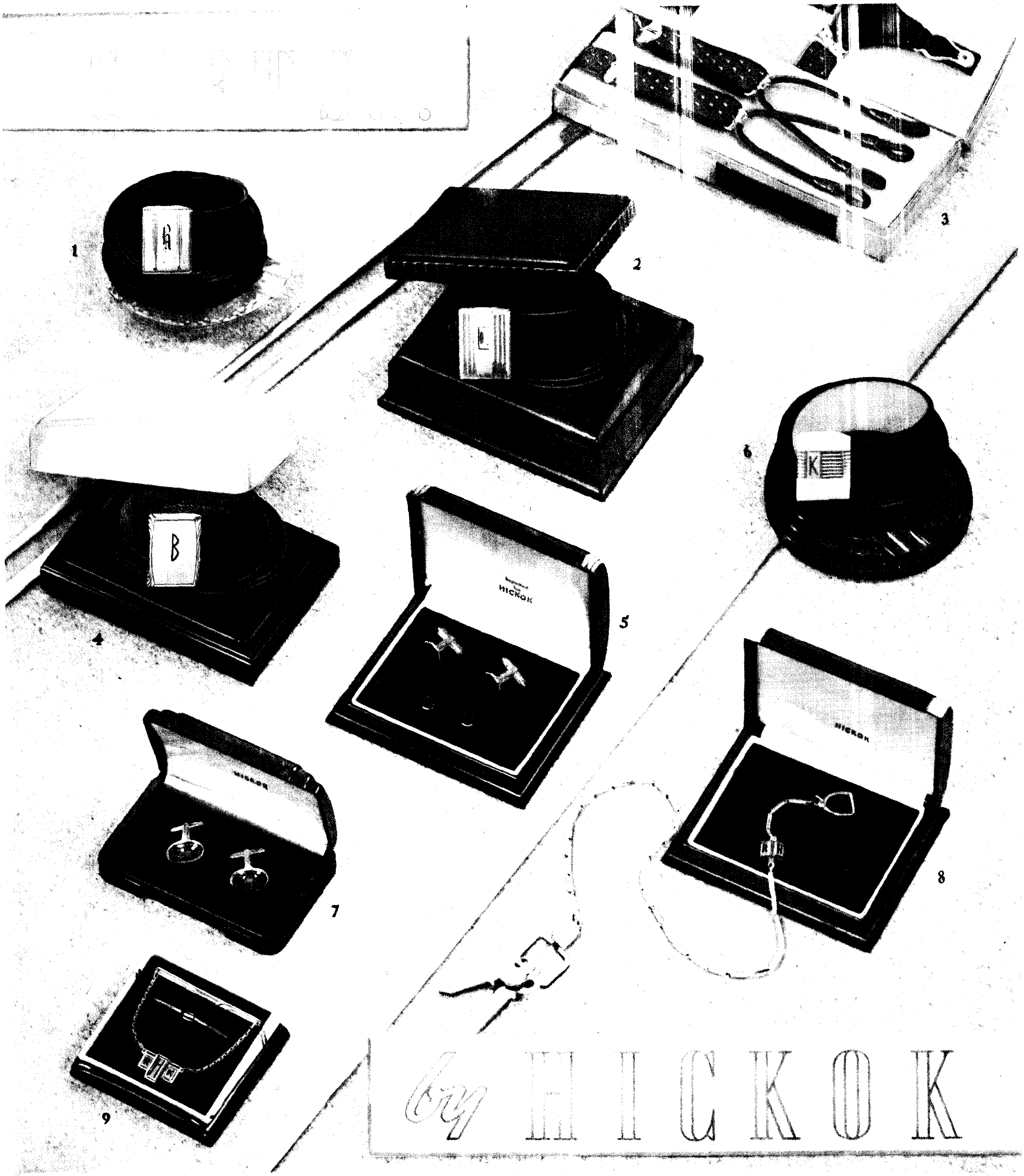
Camp Perry is where the national rifle matches are held. There you'll find crack shots from all over the world. Before this distinguished gathering, Hicks gave an exhibition last year with revolver, rifle and shotgun. When he had finished, Colonel Julian S Hatcher, of the United States Ordnance Department, a ballistic wizard, came up to him and shook hands.

"That," said Colonel Hatcher, "was the finest exhibition of shooting with all types of guns I have ever seen."

Hicks had started by showing how fast clay targets could be broken with a pump-action 20-gauge shotgun.

He stood on the field in the sunshine, gun in his right hand, five clay targets clustered in his left hand. Tossing all five targets aloft simultaneously, he whipped his gun to his shoulder and broke them one at a time while still in the air. He did it in one and three-fifths seconds.

Then he placed three skeet targets (about 4 inches in diameter) on the stock of his gun, holding the weapon horizontal in front of his chest. Snapping the gun forward so the targets were pitched into the air to a height of seven or eight *(Continued on page 69)*



FIVE minutes after he gets it *he wears it!* That's how sincerely every man on your list will approve your choice of Christmas Gifts by Hickok. For Hickok style is *his style*...Hickok character is *his kind*...Hickok belts, braces, garters and jewelry assure the practical utility he *wants*. There's extra value in the novel cigaret-boxes, ash trays, and jewel-cases that enclose these Hickok originations. *Two* distinctive gifts at *one* moderate price. Those shown here and others await you now at good stores everywhere . . HICKOK, Rochester, N. Y.

1. Sterling silver initial buckle and saddle-stitched belt of shrunken grain calfskin. Set, in a hammered copper-finished metal ash tray . . . . $3.50.

2. Lifetime sterling silver hand-engraved initial buckle with 14K gold inlay, hand-boarded imported calfskin belt, in a leather and walnut jewel or cigaret case. $7.50.

3. *Action*BAK Braces, individualized by his initials, with garters to match. Complete set, in gift box . . . . $1.50.

4. Initial buckle of sterling silver, and full-grain hand-boarded cowhide belt, in a distinctive glass and Durez cigaret or utility box . . . . $3.50.

5. Dress set of links and studs with octagonal maroon stones, in bakelite jewel case. $5. Other Hickok Dress Sets to $50.

6. Modern initial buckle in Hickok Plate, and belt of full-grain steerhide bridle leather, in a bakelite ash tray . . $2.

7. Cuff links set with cabochon stones in blue or other smart colors, in bakelite jewel box . . . . $2.50.

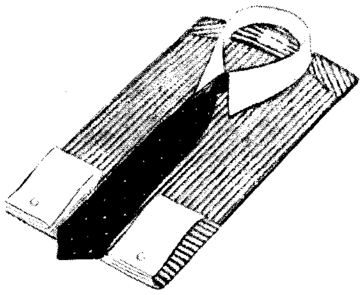
8. His initials will be set in the cube of this smart new chain with its stirrup clip and ingenious Ascot key ring. In bakelite jewel case . . . . . . $3.50.

9. Three-initial chain tie-clip and collar bar, both with alligator grip. Set, in bakelite ash tray . . . . . . $1.50.

Lady, if you
Don't have a Man,
Turn this page
As fast as you can!

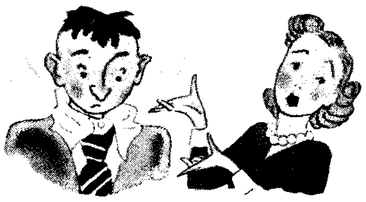
SAYS A WORKIN' GAL

My own true love's a millionaire
 Who owns more stuff than you own hair.
Goodness knows, it isn't pleasant
 To buy this guy a Christmas present.



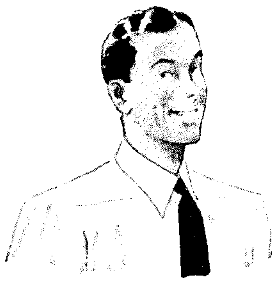
SAYS ARROW

Workin' gal, you have no problem at all. Get him one of our new, unusual Arrow shirts with patterned body and white collar and cuffs. $2.50



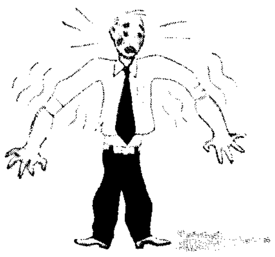
BITTER HALF SPEAKS

Upon my man there rests a curse:
 At picking shirts, there's no one worse.
His collars curl up, wrinkle, blister—
 I want one that doesn't, mister.



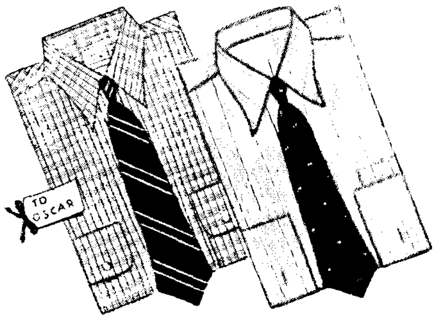
ARROW REPLIES

Lady, he needs *Arrow Hitt.* Hitt's *Aroset* collar looks starched, but isn't—lies flat and unwrinkled all day. $2. (P. S. *Arrow New Trump* has an ingeniously woven, long-wearing soft collar that doesn't wrinkle, either. $2.)



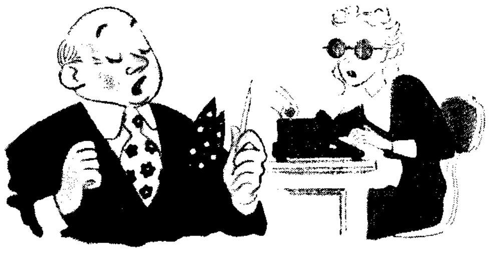
BRIDE'S LAMENT

My Oscar's shirts all shrink like sin
 Till now I have to *pour* him in.
He looks a wreck, who once looked sexy—
 Besides they'll give him apoplexy.



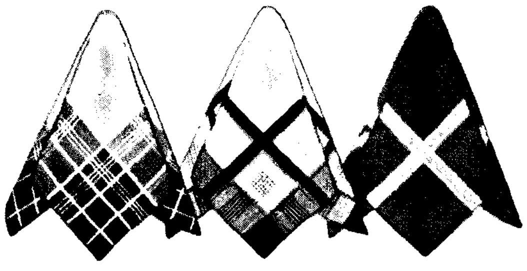
OUR SOLUTION

This Christmas, give Oscar *Arrows*. They're Sanforized—*can't* shrink. A new shirt free if one ever shrinks! For Christmas time, Arrow has a flock of handsome new patterns. $2 up.



SUFFERING STENO SAYS

My boss's hankies harmonize
 With Christmas bulbs, not with his ties.
He thinks they're *manly.* (By the way—
 I'm growing blinder day-by-day!)

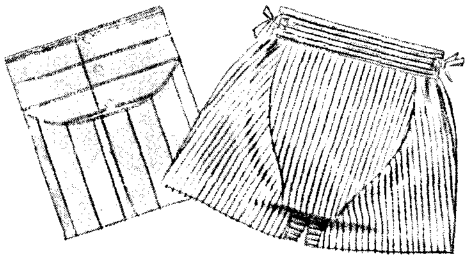


ARROW'S ADVICE

Arrow handkerchiefs hit it off perfectly with Arrow neckties. Team up a couple for the old dear. Arrow handkerchiefs 25¢, 35¢, and 50¢.

LISTEN TO GUSTAVE'S WIFE

My Gustave has St. Vitus Dance
 Because of his tight underpants;
He jumps each time the darn things pinch
 And swears he's dying inch by inch.

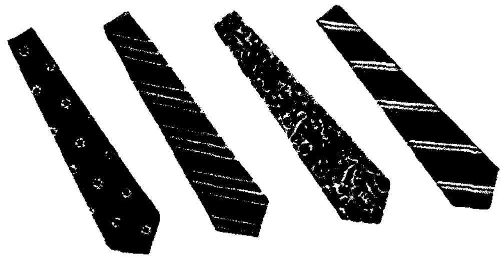


LISTEN TO US

Arrow Shorts are cut *roomier than ordinary* shorts, have no center seam to torture a man's crotch, and they never SHRINK because they're Sanforized-Shrunk. Arrow shorts are 65¢ up. Arrow undershirts, 50¢ up.

HAPLESS HILDA

Hilda, Hilda, has plenty of beaux
 How she loses them nobody knows.
Could it be that their great love dies
 When they see her Christmas ties?



VOICE OF ARROW

Get your man ties made by America's Masculine Style Authority, *Arrow!* They are mannish as a square jaw. What's more, they offer finer fabrics for the money than any other ties in the country. $1, $1.50, $2.

See the new Arrow shirts, ties, shorts and handkerchiefs at your Arrow dealer's

ARROW
SHIRTS · TIES · UNDERWEAR
HANDKERCHIEFS

Copr. 1937, Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.
Troy, N.Y.

Trouble with Ladies

Continued from page 16

"You were right, madam," I said, acting shamefaced and guilty, "and the perfume was not intended for you, but for a Miss Hathaway, living at No. 83 West Fifty-eighth Street and not 83 East Fifty-eighth Street. I am very sorry, madam. We all make our mistakes."

"I knew it was not for me," she remarked and she looked disappointed.

"My mistake," I said, "and as a result, I am being fired. The boss claims I make too many such mistakes, and so this is my last day on the job."

"They're discharging you?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I'll get another job all right. I know the drugstore business."

"That's a shame."

"No, it's all right, and I'm really glad I'm fired, as my boss is a tightwad and treats me like dirt. . . . And I have a very good notion not to go back to the store at all. He promised me a raise and never came through. About that bottle of perfume, if I don't go back, it doesn't go back either, and so you may as well keep it, Miss Hathaway."

Here the young lady looked interested again, and it became necessary to inject into the conversation a suggestion that she might possibly feel like coughing up five or six dollars of her own money, so I would not have to start hunting a new job empty-handed. There is hardly a dame between here and Denver who won't hand over five dollars for fifty dollars' worth of Cleo's Dream. In that first afternoon, I had five from Millicent and five from Mrs. Jones, called it a day and went back to the hotel to report.

"Works very nice," I told Harmony. "Nothing big about it."

"I figure to do ten or fifteen a day," he said thoughtfully. "It will keep us in contact with food until we can cash in on our Montana Gold Mine and Platinum Corporation."

"You mean if I keep on diligently ringing doorbells," I put in. "Funny how you always think of the things to do and then I go and do them. I wish Omar was here."

"If you can think of anything better, I'll do the leg-work," Harmony grinned. "Brains should always sit on the soft seat."

WE CONTINUED to do nicely with Cleo's Dream. It was light, outdoor work, plenty of exercise and pleasant enough, and I met some really attractive women, taking great care not to grow sentimental or too friendly. Meanwhile, Omar Gill remained distinctly absent from the scene and we wondered. He is one of the laziest men alive and can be dumber than a water bug. Harmony sent him two more telegrams and, eventually, he walked into Southampton House.

"What delayed you?" we asked, glaring at him.

"Well, if you want to know, I have been trying to avoid matrimony with an Albany widow and there is nothing in the world harder than to get away from an Albany widow. She had me arrested."

"What for?"

"She thinks I am a man of means, as that is what I told her, and now claims I married her while overcome with strong drink. I don't recall marrying anybody. Her name is Hazel Morgan and we got together through a matrimonial paper. I escaped from Albany by a miracle and will never return. If this woman finds out where I am, it is Katy shut the door for Omar Gill."

"Is she good-looking?" Harmony asked innocently.

"Just fair. She has a bad temper when aroused and she has now been aroused for six days. I would just as lief meet a Bengal tiger on his home grounds."

"And now that you are safe in New York," Harmony said to Omar, "might it be you would consent to do a little work and help earn the dollars required?"

"Doing what?" Omar countered.

We told him about our modest success with Cleo's Dream, the *modus operandi* thereof, and he listened with a smile of scorn.

"Seems to me it's pretty small potatoes," he jeered.

"I told you this was temporary," our leader snapped at him. "You will presumably eat three meals a day, the same as us. Somebody has to pay for those meals. If you think you are going to sponge on George and me, your suspenders are hanging down."

"I am always willing to do my fair share," Omar said cheerily. "What do you want?"

"Just get busy with Cleo's Dream," I put in. "I have had plenty of exercise and have walked up enough stairs for a while. You better begin on Fifty-third Street."

"I shall start tomorrow," Omar replied. "You both know that I am not a shirker."

We thereupon turned over our growing perfume business to Mr. O. Gill, and paid no further attention to him for several days, which was an error in judgment. People like Omar should have attention paid to them every hour or so, the same as you would watch a bonfire near a dynamite factory, and what he said should have caused us to think.

He said: "This perfume gag is all right enough, but you two haven't handled it right. I will step out and get you some real money. Leave it to little Omar."

When I gaze back now, I wonder why we didn't pay some heed to this statement, but we didn't, neither Harmony nor myself, and we lived on quietly at Southampton House for precisely three days after Omar returned from Albany and took command of our perfume department.

AT TEN o'clock on the morning of the third day, two serious-minded gentlemen called to see us on business from the office of the district attorney. They were mild and pleasant-spoken men, one large, the other small, and they sat on the couch in our living room, looking carefully at me, Omar and Harmony.

"Which of you is Omar Gill?" asked the larger man.

"I am," said Omar, with the childish look on his face that would fool many men, but not these two.

"The three of you work together?"

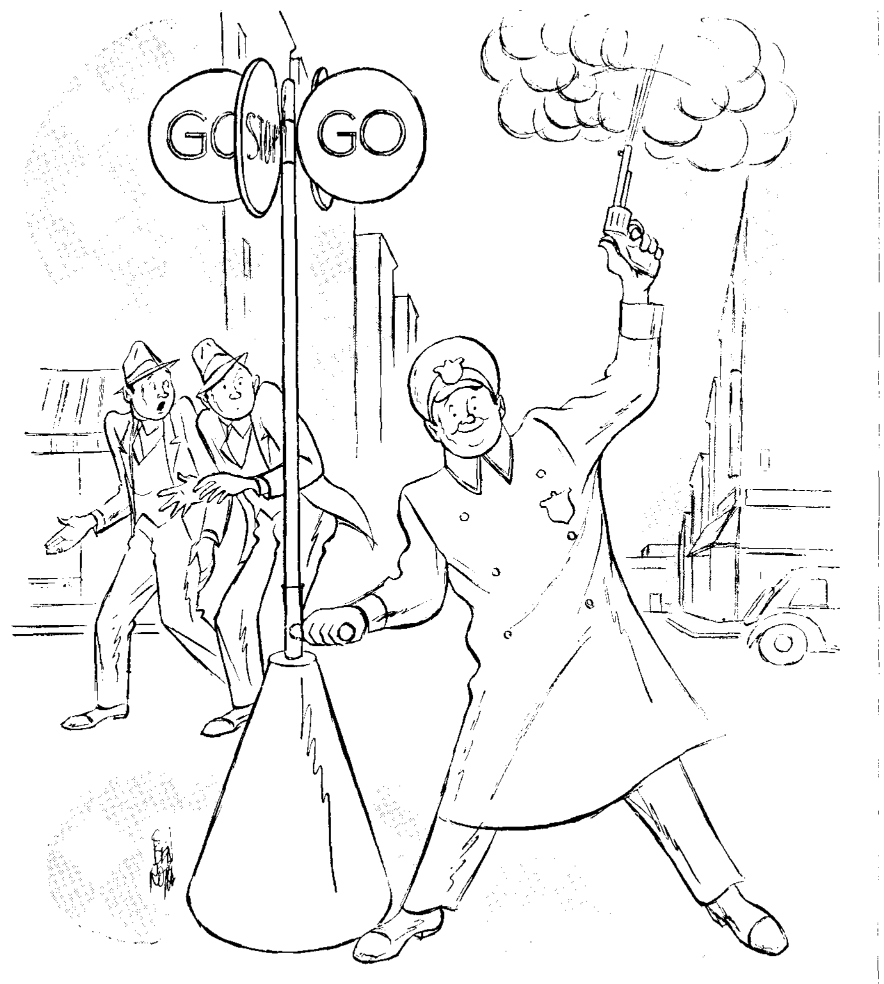
"We do," interrupted Harmony, knowing we were fairly in the clear and had committed no felonies. "What is all this about, anyhow?"

"Our office would like to know just what sort of business you are in, Mr. Childs, and how long you have been in New York City, how long you mean to stay here, and why you would want two gross of bottles filled with colored hydrant water, and the glass stoppers so stuffed in that they couldn't be got out?"

Harmony bobbed his head in a gesture of assumed amusement. "I suppose you are having your little police joke, boys," he said affably. "I don't want two gross of bottles of any kind and never did."

"No? Mr. Gill ordered them from the Brooklyn Bottle Works—and filled with colored water."

Harmony turned heavily in his chair and fastened his gaze upon our little boll weevil, who has caused us enough trouble to gray our scattered locks. Omar squirmed, wriggled his legs and looked helplessly at the officers.



"Clancy used to be a starter at the races"

BEN ROTH

Yet it's not fiction...

THERE is *one* continued story based on situations so fantastic they seem untrue to life.

It is a story of human passions; of love and deception; of paper hangers made briefly mighty; of brother toilers at each other's throats; of a sleeping Gulliver nation wakened by the barbs of its tormenters.

Yet it isn't fiction. It's all true. For it is the story of the times in which we live. You can follow it week by week in TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine.

## ● Where does it come from?

The separate threads of this story come from the ends of the world and from your village. Endlessly they spin into the offices of TIME from the newspapers of the world, from the two great news-gathering organizations that serve the Press—A. P. and U. P.—from hundreds of TIME's own special correspondents; from thousands of magazines and books; from authorities in special fields.

The Editors of TIME examine all the news there is and fill giant wastebaskets (3 feet square) with the trivial, unimportant parts of it. The news they think worth your while they write into a vivid narrative, complete each week. They write briefly, out of respect for your time; vividly, so that you may enjoy as well as remember. And each paragraph and sentence, indeed, each word, is challenged and checked for accuracy, so that every page coming to you from the Editors of TIME may be as free from error as trained, responsible human beings can make it.

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TIME
The Weekly Newsmagazine

UP FROM THE RANKS

These are the presidents of the operating telephone companies of the Bell System. They all started at the bottom of the ladder.

The Bell System aims to keep the opportunity for advancement open to all.

One of its traditions is that its executives come up from the ranks. This has been true of the business for many years—and nowhere is it better illustrated than in the careers of the eighteen men who now serve as presidents of Bell telephone companies.

As a group they have put in 619 years of telephone service, an average of 34 years each.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

WALTER S. GIFFORD
President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started as a *clerk* with the Western Electric Company in 1904.

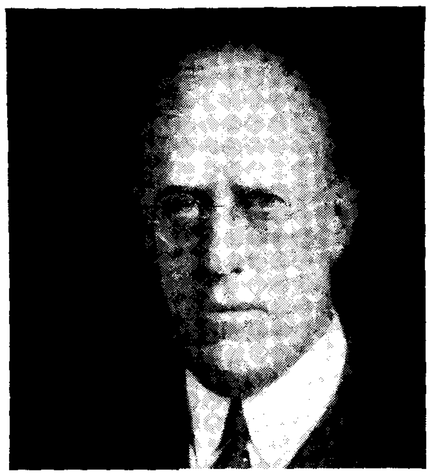
ARCHIBALD J. ALLEN
President of The Cincinnati and Suburban Bell Telephone Company. Started as a *service inspector* in Pittsburgh in 1907.

CHESTER I. BARNARD
President of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as a *clerk* in Boston in 1909.

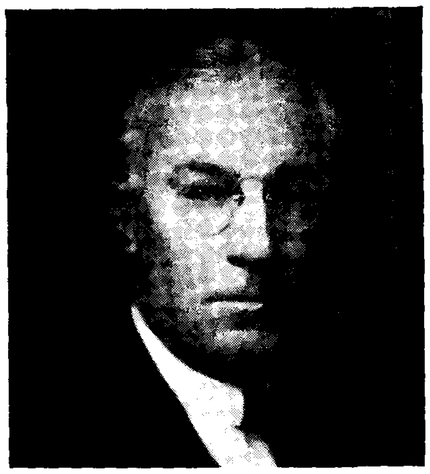
JAMES F. CARROLL
President of the Indiana Bell Telephone Company. Started his telephone career as a *traffic student* in Syracuse in 1906.

RANDOLPH EIDE
President of The Ohio Bell Telephone Company. First telephone job was as a *special inspector* in New York in 1911.

FLOYD O. HALE
President of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company. With the Bell System since 1903. Started in Pittsburgh as a *clerk.*



JAMES L. KILPATRICK
President of the New York Telephone Company. Started with Bell System as a *wireman* in Philadelphia in 1896.



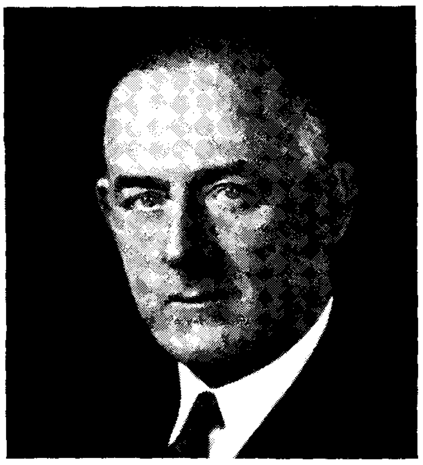
HARRY C. KNIGHT
President of The Southern New England Telephone Company. Started with Bell System as a *canvassing agent* in New Haven in 1902.

ARTHUR A. LOWMAN
President of the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company. With the Bell System since 1894. Started in Clarinda, Iowa, as *repairman.*

WILLIAM R. McGOVERN
President of the Wisconsin Telephone Company. First telephone job was in Milwaukee as a *draftsman* in 1900.

NED R. POWLEY
President of The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started as *statistical clerk* in Boston in 1908.

FREDERICK H. REID
President of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started as *collector* in Denver in 1902.



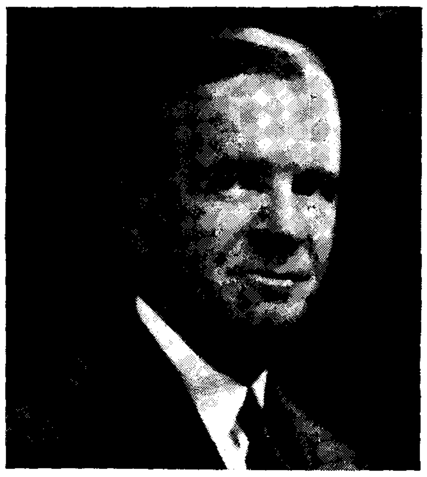
JOHN J. ROBINSON
President of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started as *cable splicer's helper* in New York in 1899.

ALBERT C. STANNARD
President of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company. Started with Bell System as *night operator* in Springfield, Mass., in 1899.

PHILIP C. STAPLES
President of The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania. Started with Bell System as *salesman* in Baltimore in 1904.

JAMES E. WARREN
President of the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started in telephone business as *stenographer* in Nashville in 1900.

GEORGE M. WELCH
President of the Michigan Bell Telephone Company. With Bell System since 1904. Started in Minneapolis as *stenographer.*



LLOYD B. WILSON
President of The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company. Started as *night operator* in Plattsmouth, Neb., in 1899.

PRESIDENTS OF BELL TELEPHONE COMPANIES AND THEIR FIRST JOBS

Company	*Name*	*Date*	*Place of Start*	*First Pay*	*First Job*
Amer. Tel. & Tel. Co.	Walter S. Gifford	1904	Chicago	$10 week	Clerk, Payroll Dept.
New England Tel. & Tel. Co.	John J. Robinson	1899	New York City	$9 week	Cable Splicer's Helper
Southern New England Tel. Co.	Harry C. Knight	1902	New Haven	$19 week	Genl. Canvass. Agent
New York Tel. Co.	James L. Kilpatrick	1896	Philadelphia	$10.50 week	Wireman
New Jersey Bell Tel. Co.	Chester I. Barnard	1909	Boston	$50 month	Clerk
Bell Tel. Co. of Pa.	Philip C. Staples	1904	Baltimore	$12 week	Salesman
Chesapeake & Potomac Tel. Co.	Lloyd B. Wilson	1899	Plattsmouth, Neb.	$12 month	Night Operator
Southern Bell Tel. & Tel. Co.	James E. Warren	1900	Nashville, Tenn.	$30 month	Stenographer
Ohio Bell Tel. Co.	Randolph Eide	1911	New York City	$15 week	Special Inspector
Cincinnati & Suburban Bell Tel. Co.	Archibald J. Allen	1907	Pittsburgh	$50 month	Service Inspector
Michigan Bell Tel. Co.	George M. Welch	1904	Minneapolis	$15 week	Stenographer
Indiana Bell Tel. Co.	James F. Carroll	1906	Syracuse, N. Y.	$12 week	Traffic Student
Wisconsin Tel. Co.	William R. McGovern	1900	Milwaukee	$25 month	Draftsman
Illinois Bell Tel. Co.	Floyd O. Hale	1903	Pittsburgh	$50 month	Clerk
Northwestern Bell Tel. Co.	Arthur A. Lowman	1894	Clarinda, Iowa	$1 a day and board	Repairman
Southwestern Bell Tel. Co.	Albert C. Stannard	1899	Springfield, Mass.	$25 month	Night Operator
Mountain States Tel. & Tel. Co.	Frederick H. Reid	1902	Denver	$50 month	Collector
Pacific Tel. & Tel. Co.	Ned R. Powley	1908	Boston	$50 month	Statistical Clerk

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM

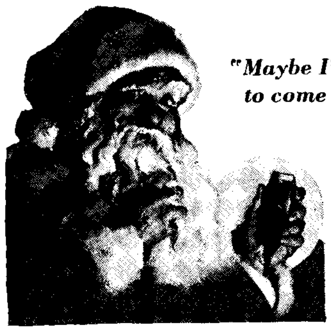
"I bought a Schick for my husband—Both of us use it and think it is about perfect"

What a happy present that you can give to one person—and others may use. Mrs. Otto Ludwig of San Diego, California, says: "I bought a Schick for my husband. Both of us use it for different purposes and think it is really about perfect. My husband's face used to be so tender. We used to buy the best shaving soaps and blades but none seemed to help much.

"He dreaded shaving, always putting it off and skipping days. But since we have been using the Schick, all that is an old story."

Notice that *he dreaded shaving* and he *bought the best blades and soap.*

There are the reasons why the Schick Shaver is the perfect gift.


"Maybe I'll have to come to it"

Shaving becomes a joy. It practically ceases to be an expense the first day of shaving—and for the thousands of shaves the Schick gives.

Think of it. No blades so it cannot cut or injure. No soap, lather, creams or lotions! Just plug in and get a quick, close shave.

A WOMAN'S GIFT, TOO

Women find the Schick way is the gentlest, cleanest way of removing hair from the legs and under the arms. What a welcome gift to any woman who wears sheer stockings, low-cut dresses, bathing suits in summer and for all who appreciate personal daintiness.

SEE AN AUTHORIZED DEALER

He will show you how simply you can learn to use a Schick Shaver and enjoy this invention which is changing the shaving habits of the world.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco. In Canada: Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores.

SCHICK ● SHAVER

"Did you," Harmony murmured, "order two gross of bottles from a factory?"

Omar nodded.

"And *why?*" asked the smaller officer. "What were you going to do with those bottles when the factory delivered them?"

"And since when," put in our leader, "has it become a New York custom to ask businessmen about details of their business?"

The officers stood up and one of them stretched. "Put on your hats, boys," said the larger. "We will all go on downtown and have a little chat with the district attorney."

Which we did, right then and there. A cab conveyed us into the halls of law, where we were pleasantly greeted and asked one million questions, to all of which Harmony gave vague and unsatisfactory replies. Omar stood in a corner and kept his mouth tightly closed. The bottle-factory people had reported that they couldn't understand any such order and it looked funny to them.

IT LOOKED funny to everybody—but us. Harmony explained that we were peculiar in our tastes and sometimes liked to keep bottles around that nobody could open up. Prowling reporters wandered in, listened to the vague details, talked with the officers and wrote humorous stories. We were escorted into other rooms, where unknown to us, lads with candid cameras obtained very fine pictures of the three of us.

These were published in the late afternoon editions, with such comical details as occurred to the news hawks, and when we arrived later at our hotel, we were met by the manager, who said he would like to have our rooms.

Next morning, we stood on the streets of New York, with very little money, but a very large desire to get out of the metropolis at once. The morning papers told more about Harmony Childs of Buffalo and Omar Gill of Albany, and we knew that airplanes can carry the metropolitan papers to such towns as Buffalo and Albany in no time. Harmony said, leaning against a fireplug: "I don't know what you two intend doing, but I am leaving town before the arrival of either Florine or Gregory Goff. I have no desire to be buried quietly in Flushing Cemetery, so I am on the way."

"I'll go with you," said Omar, "as it only takes a widow three hours to get here from Albany."

"You have the sublime gall to think you are coming along with me?" asked Harmony, staring hard at Omar in the sunshine.

"Why, sure. We always stick together in trouble, don't we? And if this ain't trouble, what is it? I was only trying to make some real dough for you and George."

"That's right, Harmony," I ventured. "He is no good and will eventually kill us, but after all, he is just a harmless little moron and means no damage to anyone."

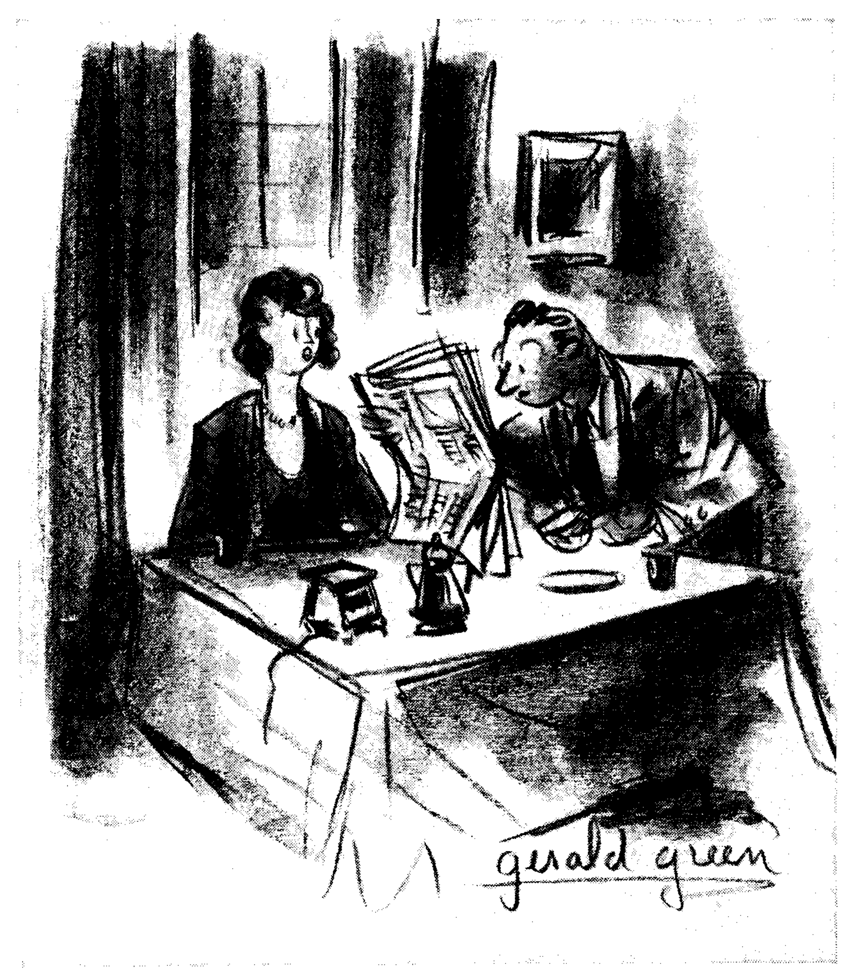
"Very well," said our leader. "Let's find a bus and start due west. There is a time in every man's life when he should start west and today is mine."

We were perched up on the night bus, carrying little luggage and just enough money to pay for these modest lodgings and that is why we are here in Silver Creek, eating in the streetcar. We decided on Silver Creek; first, because nobody knows where it is; and, second, because we can afford the rental on these moderate cabins. Omar's spirits began to rise at once, which is characteristic in persons of his mental type.

"We'll be making plenty of money before the week is out," he stated on our first night.

"Two gross of perfume bottles," Harmony sneered, looking over at Omar's Ohio cabin, where the little runt was sitting on an upturned pail. "What made you think we could use 288 bottles?"

"I thought a gross was twelve," Omar answered dejectedly. "That's what got us into this."



"Here's a hot one: a woman gets a divorce because her husband always reads at the table"

GERALD GREEN

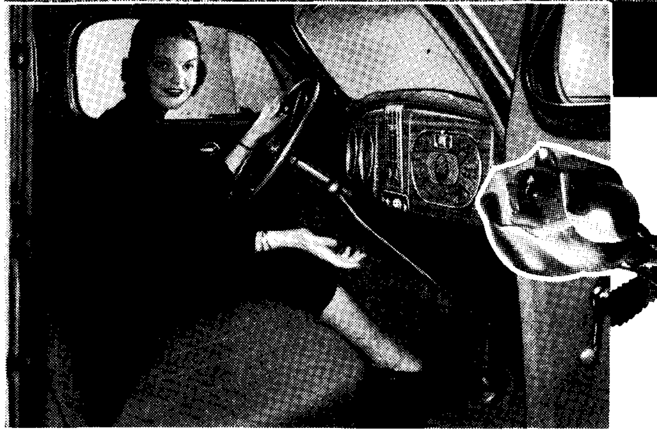
JUST LOOK WHAT THE BIG NEW 1938 DODGE GIVES YOU!

...For Just a Few Dollars More Than the Lowest-Priced Cars

47 Progressive New Improvements and Refinements, Including—

- **1938 "Simplified Driving!"** All the familiar driving operations easier, quieter, more quickly responsive!
- **1938 "Lustre-Lounge" Interior!** Exquisite new decorative notes in trim, finish, upholstering and appointments!
- **1938 "Silenced Airglide Ride!"** A sensational combination of restful riding features!
- **1938 Genuine Hydraulic Brakes!** The world's *finest* brakes...12% greater braking efficiency...less pressure required.
- **1938 Safety All-Steel Body!** A solid unit of steel guards you above, below and on all sides!
- **1938 Economy...Gas...Oil!** Powered by the famous engine which owners say gives 18 to 24 miles to the gallon of gas, saves up to 20% on oil!

THE BIG NEW 1938 DODGE!



NEW 1938 "SIMPLIFIED DRIVING!" Here's simple and *familiar* driving control! Every handling operation easier, quieter, smoother, more quickly responsive! All controls are at your finger-tips, toe-tips...arranged for instant accessibility. New parking brake with pistol type grip is located in the center and under the dash—out of the way, yet more quickly available. New larger driving compartment easy of entrance and exit—more leg-room, more foot-room!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT says, "The minute I saw the new 1938 Dodge, I knew there were only two words in the English language that would do it justice. That's why I have christened it the 'American Beauty' of motor cars." *Miss Colbert is soon to appear in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," a Paramount production.*

The Most Beautiful Car Dodge Ever Built...and It's Here to Save You Money!

FROM coast to coast, every motorist who has seen the new 1938 Dodge understands why the lovely Paramount star, Claudette Colbert, has christened this magnificent new car "The American Beauty Dodge!"

Brilliantly styled to the last detail... sparkling with exciting new touches in exterior design and interior appointments —the new 1938 Dodge is without question the most beautiful car Dodge ever built!

All in all, Dodge brings you 47 progressive new improvements and refinements including...New "Simplified Driving"...New "Lustre-Lounge" Interior... New "Silenced Airglide Ride"...New safety features...larger, *genuine* hydraulic brakes...safety all-steel body with all-steel top...safety glass throughout!

Most important of all, the new 1938 Dodge has every one of the famous Dodge *pre-proved* money-saving features that have caused owners everywhere to report 18 to 24 miles to the gallon of gasoline, savings up to 20% on oil, plus additional savings on tires and general upkeep!

See this new "American Beauty" Dodge today! Check its many new features—its many *plus-value* advantages! And don't forget, *Dodge still delivers for just a few dollars more than lowest-priced cars!*

DODGE
Division of Chrysler Corporation

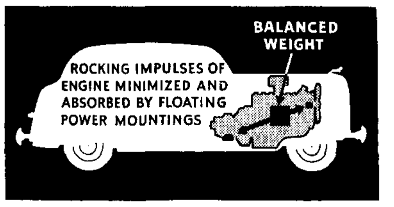
Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

NEW "LUSTRE-LOUNGE" INTERIORS

Striking new interior design with new lustrous trim ...Smartly-tailored, modern upholstery!...New scientifically arranged instrument panel...Room for six passengers in every Dodge sedan!

FREE PROOF THAT DODGE SAVES GAS! Visible gas tank, illustrated above, shows exactly how many miles Dodge will travel on an accurate quantity of gas. This "gasometer" test is *free* at Dodge dealers'!

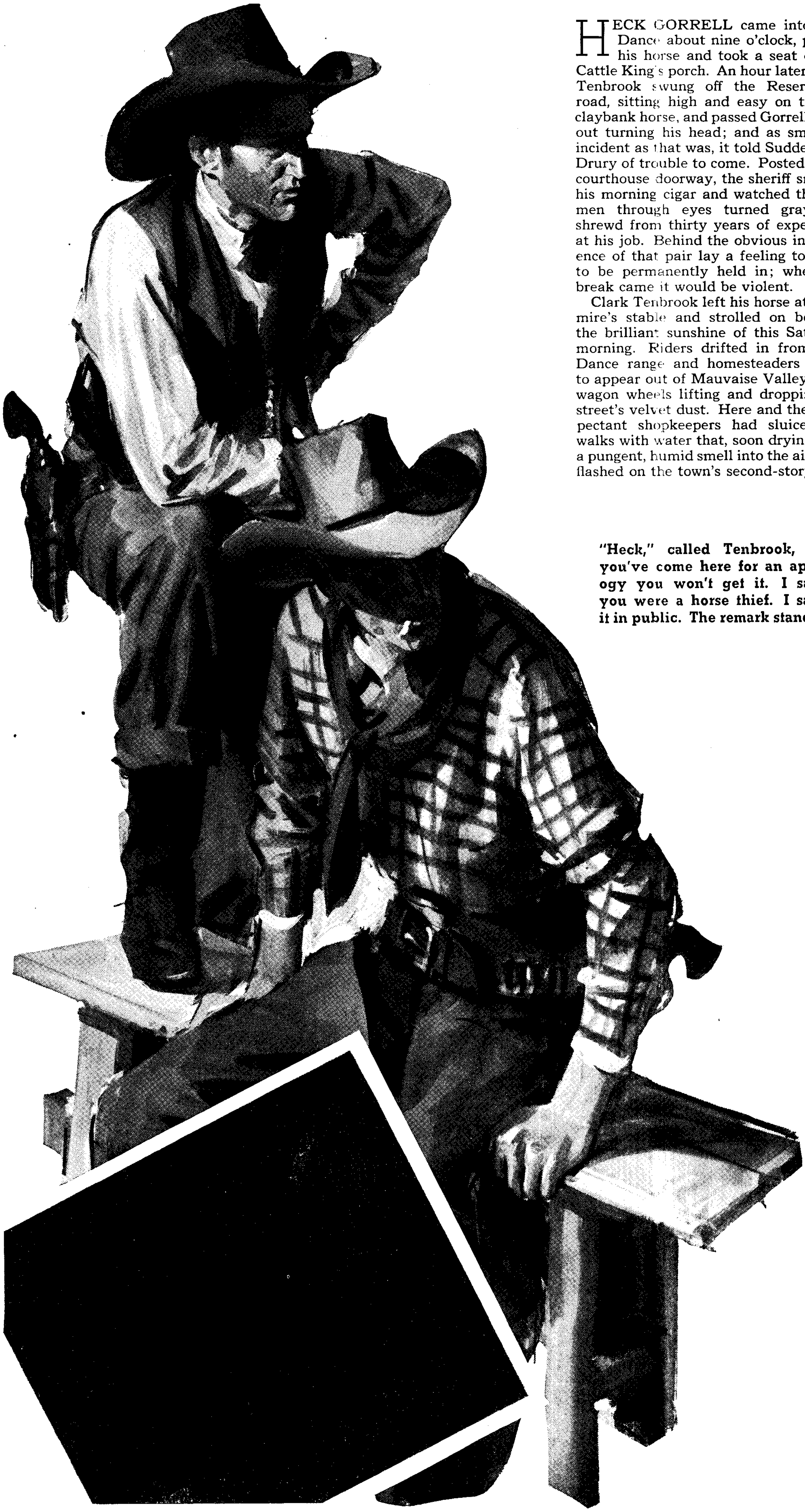
DODGE PATENTED FLOATING POWER!


BALANCED WEIGHT
ROCKING IMPULSES OF ENGINE MINIMIZED AND ABSORBED BY FLOATING POWER MOUNTINGS

Still further improved! Engine is *balanced* and rocking impulses are minimized and smothered before reaching body and frame of car! New type of engine rear mounting permits even smoother performance!

SWITCH *NOW* TO THE 1938 DODGE AND SAVE MONEY!

At low cost, easy terms may be arranged to fit your budget through Commercial Credit Co.



"Heck," called Tenbrook, "if you've come here for an apology you won't get it. I said you were a horse thief. I said it in public. The remark stands"

HECK GORRELL came into Two Dance about nine o'clock, put up his horse and took a seat on the Cattle King's porch. An hour later Clark Tenbrook swung off the Reservation road, sitting high and easy on the big claybank horse, and passed Gorrell without turning his head; and as small an incident as that was, it told Sudden Ben Drury of trouble to come. Posted in the courthouse doorway, the sheriff smoked his morning cigar and watched the two men through eyes turned gray and shrewd from thirty years of experience at his job. Behind the obvious indifference of that pair lay a feeling too wild to be permanently held in; when the break came it would be violent.

Clark Tenbrook left his horse at Dunmire's stable and strolled on beneath the brilliant sunshine of this Saturday morning. Riders drifted in from Two Dance range and homesteaders began to appear out of Mauvaise Valley, their wagon wheels lifting and dropping the street's velvet dust. Here and there expectant shopkeepers had sluiced the walks with water that, soon drying, sent a pungent, humid smell into the air. Sun flashed on the town's second-story windows; along the walks lay a shade created by the overhang of board awnings.

Tenbrook rolled into Faro Charley's saloon and, though the doorway was high enough, habit made him duck when he passed it. He said, "How, Charley," and put his stomach against the bar, resting his elbows on it. He was flat-muscled, with a ruddy and big-boned face and with hair that showed a dye-black edge beneath the brim of his hat. He had long, solid lips and quietness possessed him, and at thirty he had seen too much disaster to expect a great deal for himself. He ran a horse ranch in the Yellow Hills, eighty miles south of town.

FARO CHARLEY'S barkeep laid out bottle and glass. Faro Charley, a slim man dressed in the neat style of his profession, came up to show Tenbrook a reserved affability. He said, "A long time since last time, Clark," and hesitated, and added, "Heck Gorrell is in town."

"I saw him."

Faro Charley looked carefully at the big-boned Tenbrook and said no more. It was not polite to pry into a man's affairs.

Clark Tenbrook took his drink and went to the street, there resting against the saloon wall long enough to shape up a smoke. His muscles were idle and his manner was absorbed, and still he observed the street carefully, and so saw that Heck Gorrell had disappeared from the Cattle King's porch. Another homesteader's wagon came in, loaded with blond-headed children. Jim Benbow of Hat stopped by and struck Clark Tenbrook in the chest. He said: "Woolly hair growin' out of your ears. Where you been all summer?"

They stood silent a while, grinning at each other, two big men not given much to talk. Then Jim Benbow said: "Heck Gorrell's around town."

"Yeah. Saw him."

"Thought you did. The girls are all up at the hotel. They came in last night."

Clark Tenbrook idled up the walk, through the galleried shadows. Hugh Dan Lake called him by name and Izee Peters, loping past on a calico mare, let out a cheerful yip of recognition. A risen dust began to cast its solid shimmer through the air. As Tenbrook came to the Cattle King's porch, Constance Benbow appeared and smiled at him and called into the lobby, "Judith," and then Judith Parr came slowly from the hotel and Constance Benbow immediately left them.

TENBROOK stopped at the bottom of the steps. He pulled off his hat and stood rangy and black-headed under the strong sunlight. Shadows made the angles of his jaw and neck stronger; quietness lay definitely in this man. "Judith," he said, "how have you been?"

Melody had its low and pleasant way with her words. "You are a very casual man, Clark." She stood above him, cool and pleased. There was something in her eyes for him, some serene knowledge he didn't catch.

"You'll be going to the dance?"

"John Tierney is taking me."

"That's his luck," said Clark. He remembered at once that this was a girl he had known for five years; and nothing had ever been any different from what it was now—some kind of silence covering them both, and some kind of feeling compelling them. Her lips were strong and red and she was a fair woman and laughter lay beneath her eyes when he looked at her. He said: "I'll cut in on John tonight."

He turned across the street. A group of Hat riders cantered into town, solemn enough but showing a remote wildness in their eye corners, which was the way men looked after a long summer's dusty work. He reached the other walk and sauntered along it, the strong odors of

"It looks like General Electric's really got something in this TOUCH TUNING"
Press a button —that's all

GENERAL ELECTRIC TOUCH TUNING MODEL F-96

No dials to twist, twirl or swish

TAKE it from a man who gets around, General Electric really *has* "got something" in Touch Tuning Radios!

If you haven't seen them, it's time you did. If you don't know Touch Tuning, it's time you asked for a demonstration. Touch Tuning ends dialing once and for all. You press a button and your station is there—tuned to hair line precision every time. So easy, a child can do it. So easy, grand-dad can tune in his pet station without his glasses.

If you're giving a radio this Christmas, give a really modern instrument. Make it a G-E with Touch Tuning. This new and revolutionary feature is the highest development ever achieved in automatic tuning.

The latest G-E model — F-96 is sensationally priced to bring Touch Tuning within reach of every home. Ask your G-E Radio Dealer for a thrilling demonstration. See and hear the two de luxe Touch Tuning models . . . and 15 other G-E sets—grand gifts every one—from $19.95 up.

LISTEN TO THE G-E HOUR OF CHARM, MONDAY EVENINGS, 9:30 E. S. T., NBC RED NETWORK

The New GE

GENERAL ELECTRIC

RADIO

FOR REPLACEMENTS SPECIFY GENERAL ELECTRIC PRE-TESTED TUBES

We didn't know
THIS FAMILY!

When this family boarded a Union Pacific train-

we didn't know them nor, for that matter, did they know us. But it is a Union Pacific policy to treat each passenger with the friendly courtesy you would extend to a guest in your home.

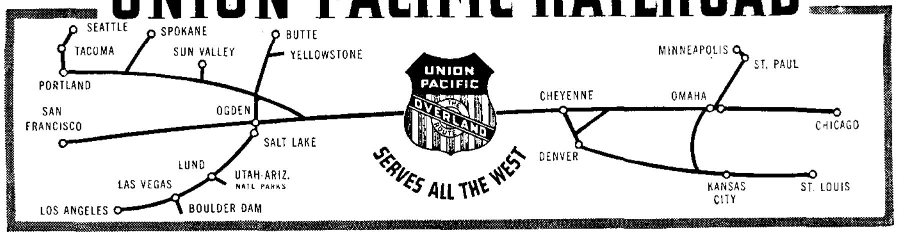
● It's possible that it isn't necessary to adopt such a policy. Perhaps it *is* enough to provide dependable service, modern equipment and good food at reasonable prices; to be simply civil to our patrons.

Nevertheless, Union Pacific will continue to go a step further; to do everything possible to make our guests feel at home when they place themselves in our hands; to imbue them with the feeling that Union Pacific is more than "just another railroad."

How this is accomplished isn't so easy to explain. A friendly greeting . . . a smile . . . a sincere desire to be helpful . . . those *little things* that cause patrons to say "I certainly enjoyed my trip."

May we suggest that you "find out for yourself." Try Union Pacific next time!

THE PROGRESSIVE
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD



Road of the Streamliners and the Challengers

Dunmire's stable drifting against him as he passed the archway. A train drew into the yellow depot at the foot of the street, its steam jets sawing the windless air. Then, paused on the walk, Clark Tenbrook saw Heck Gorrell come out of the saddle shop and turn toward him.

It was one of those purely accidental moves. Heck Gorrell's head lifted. He stopped and his big body cut a solid shape against the strong light. He had pale green eyes beneath sorrel brows. There was a hardness in his face and his skin had a black weathering, marked by a hundred thin creases that were born of slyness and bad humor. Both his arms hung idly beside a shabby vest.

There was always a way of reading a man's mind. Tenbrook saw a flicker of bitter hostility, and a hard care, as though Gorrell used that moment to listen to his thoughts; and then Tenbrook knew Gorrell wasn't quite ready. For Gorrell turned on his heels and crossed the street

It was a small scene in the dusty confusion of the town, yet Judith Parr saw it, and Sudden Ben Drury saw it; and it was observed by all those slow-moving men along Arapahoe Street, and at once a kind of signal flashed through town and everybody knew. Faro Charley sauntered toward Sudden Ben. He said: "What caused it?"

"Over at Cherokee last week Tenbrook said Heck was a thief. The news was carried to Heck."

"Which Tenbrook meant it should be."

But Sudden Ben, who knew men so thoroughly—the things that injured their pride and the things that soothed their pride—said: "Maybe, and maybe not."

At noon with the sun turning all Two Dance's streets a tawny yellow, young Nick Bolester came into town and racked his horse before Swing's restaurant. Nick had been a man for two years, but manhood's girth had not yet caught up with him. He was lean in the flanks and his shoulders needed muscle; and his features showed still the intensity and the faint formlessness of his youth. For a moment he put his big hands in his pockets and watched the girl inside the restaurant. He saw her shoulders stir as she waited on the counter; he saw her white arms move deftly, and he saw the smile that quickened on men, and faded, and quickened again. Nicky Bolester's Adam's apple crawled up and down his throat. He pulled his hands from his pockets, looked around him with a perceptible flush showing through the heavy scorch on his cheeks and, moving with an awkward attempt at ease, entered Swing's and sat up to the counter.

HELEN MALONE had seen him standing on the street; but when he came in she said, with all the appearance of lovely surprise, "Why, hello, Nick," and gave him her quick smile. This girl was a little of a coquette, and even then her hazel eyes turned to another man. She had deep red hair and her lips were smooth and the tilt of her head was confident.

"Been riding line for Old Saxton all summer," said Nicky Bolester out of the bottom of his throat.

"Beef stew, or ham and beans, or meat loaf," said Helen Malone.

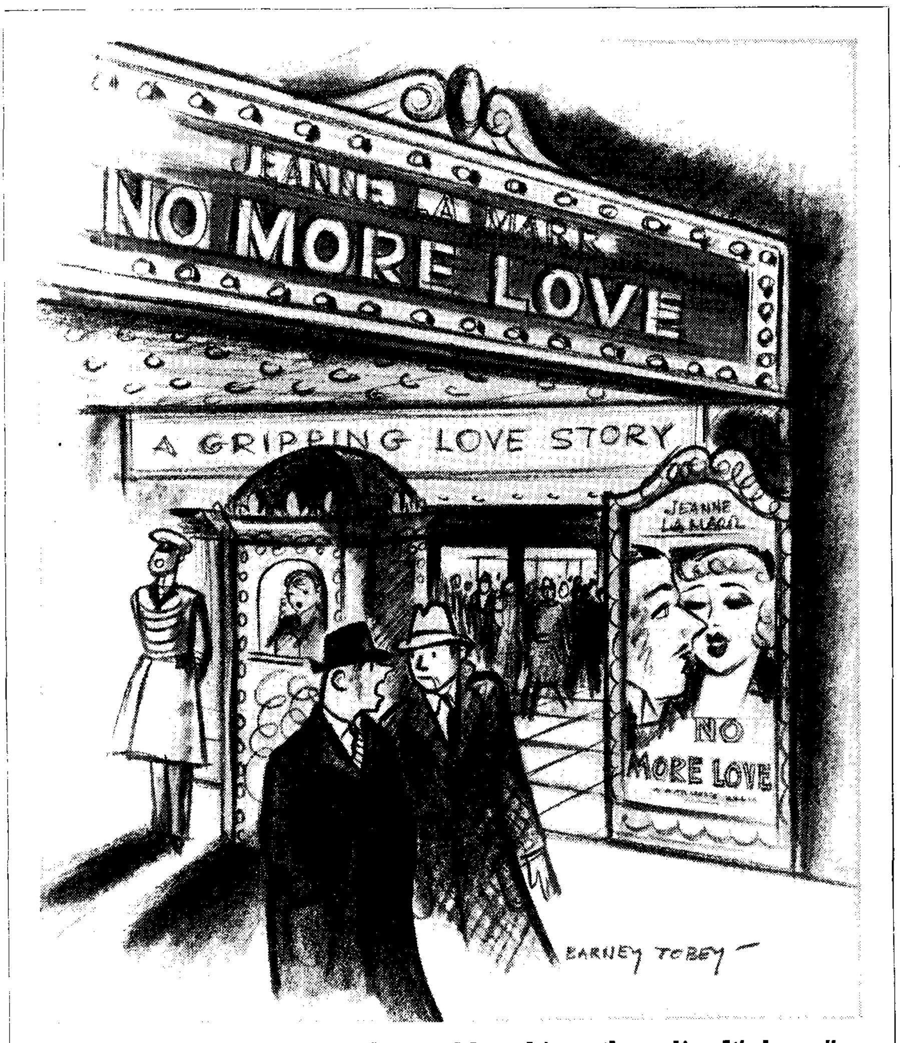
"Beef stew. Going to the dance?"

"Well, of course. I was asked by Tip Haley long ago."

Somebody at the far end of the place laughed. Nicky Bolester sat stiffly before the counter, sweltering in embarrassment. His ears felt enormous and his hands bothered him. Presently Helen Malone served up his stew, which he ate quickly and with great hunger. When he was through he laid his money on the counter and walked toward the door. He heard her say, more softly now:

"Well, Nicky, a girl can't wait until the last minute."

Humiliation tore up his pride and he stood still, feeling all the eyes in the restaurant laughing at him. He said,



"I read the book, saw the play, and heard it on the radio. It's lousy"

BARNEY TOBEY

A Gift that Increases in Value

A Gift for Today and Tomorrow

For anyone whose future is your immediate interest, United States Savings Bonds are appropriate remembrances for every gift occasion.

Savings Bonds make distinctly personal gifts, for they are registered on the books of the United States Treasury in the name of the person for whom you purchase them.

The person in whose name a Savings Bond is registered may hold the bond for ten years and receive in cash its full maturity value, which is 33⅓% more than its purchase price, or the owner may redeem it at any time after sixty days from its issue date.

Savings Bonds may be purchased at post offices or direct by mail from the Treasurer of the United States or any Federal Reserve Bank.

SEND THIS COUPON WHEN ORDERING BONDS FOR GIFTS

TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, DEPT. C-12, WASHINGTON, D.C.
Please issue the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft or money order.

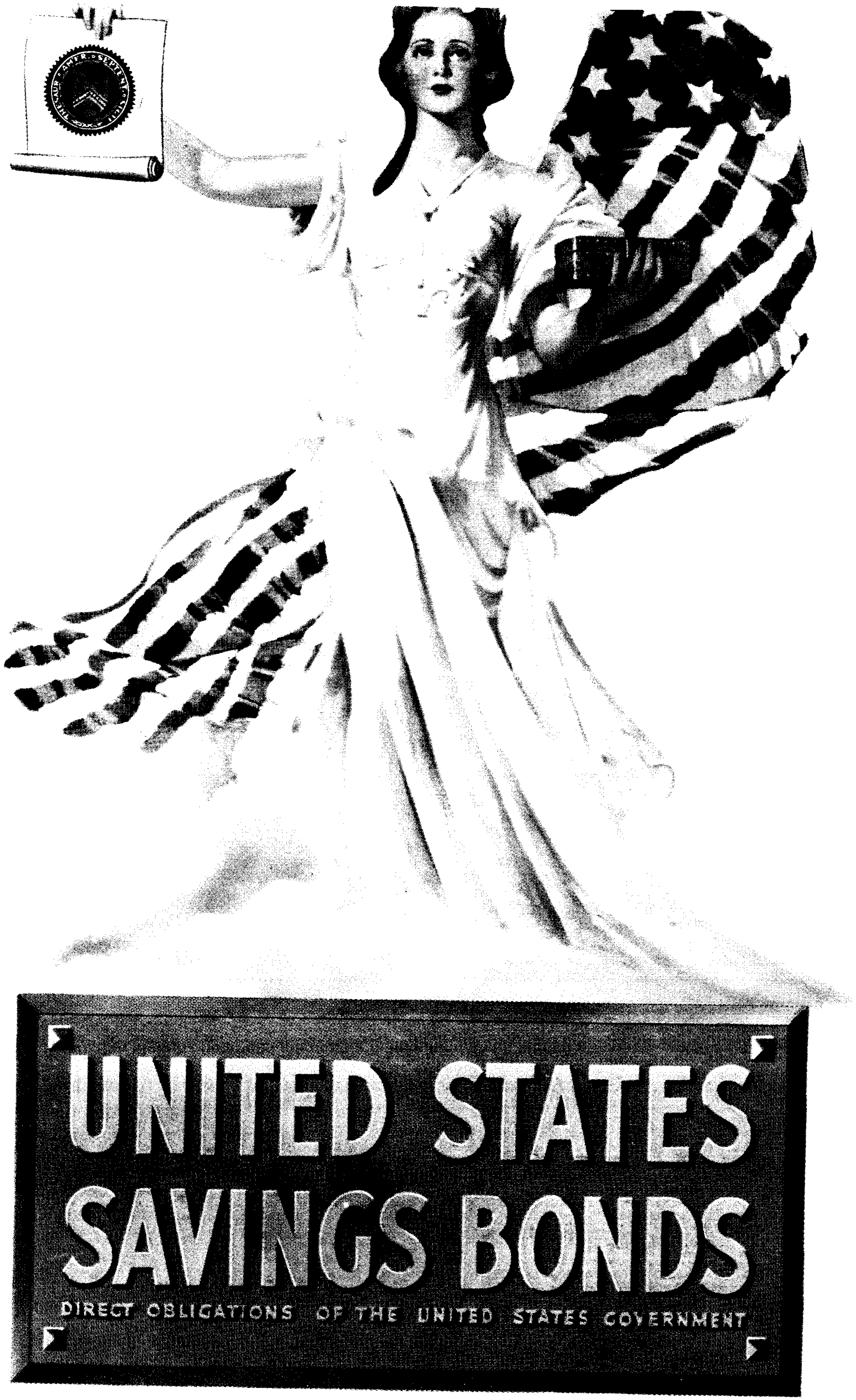
NUMBER				
....	**$25**	United States Savings Bonds at	**$18.75**	$......
....	**$50**	United States Savings Bonds at	**$37.50**	$......
....	**$100**	United States Savings Bonds at	**$75.00**	$......
....	**$500**	United States Savings Bonds at	**$375.00**	$......
....	**$1000**	United States Savings Bonds at	**$750.00**	$......
			Total	$......

It is understood that not more than $10,000 (Maturity Value) of these bonds issued during each or any calendar year (January 1 to December 31) may be held by any one person.

Register in the name of:
Name ______ Miss Mrs. Mr.
Address ______
City ______ *State* ______

Purchaser's name and address where bonds are to be sent:
Name ______ Miss Mrs. Mr.
Address ______
City ______ *State* ______

Make all remittances payable to Treasurer of the United States.
To insure delivery before Christmas, mail orders should be received not later than December 15.
Savings Bonds may be purchased at Post Offices at any time.


UNITED STATES
SAVINGS BONDS
DIRECT OBLIGATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

A Practical Way to Establish Financial Independence

By saving systematically and buying United States Savings Bonds at regular intervals, thousands of investors are providing specific funds for future use. Each $75 invested in these bonds today becomes $100 in ten years. More than a million persons have invested approximately a billion dollars in these securities.

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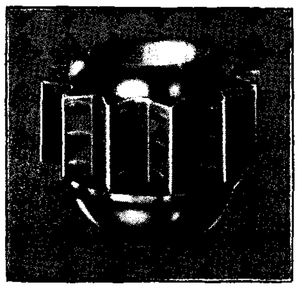

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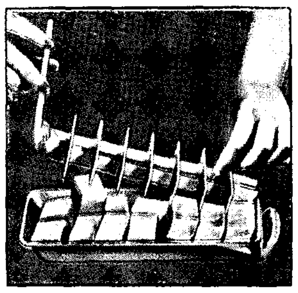

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To Mother
CHRISTMAS
1937

"That's all right, I guess," and then hauled his glance upward. She was a pretty girl, with a slight uncertainty on her face, as though her assurance had slipped away. She murmured, "But I can save a dance for you tonight, Nicky."

"I probably won't be there," he said, and went out. He was scowling and, for the moment, he was sightless and so rammed squarely into Clark Tenbrook passing by. Tenbrook's easy, slow voice brought him up: "Full of trouble, Nick?"

"These damn' town men."

Clark Tenbrook's eyes were amused and sympathetic. "Can't leave a girl alone too long, Nick," he said, and went on. Nick Bolester tramped on across the street and halted under the heated shade of the board awnings. At this same moment Heck Gorrell walked out of Dunmire's stable and proceeded as far as Tom Autley's barbershop, here making a stand against the wall, half faced toward Clark Tenbrook, who had stopped by the feed store. Everybody in Two Dance saw that—everybody except young Nick Bolester, who was buried in his own troubles.

AT ONE o'clock Clark Tenbrook left the barbershop, his long face glowing from Tom Autley's towels. Day burned fully on Two Dance and the dust was higher and thicker. The Reservation stage stood in front of the Cattle King, ready to go; and Judith Parr and a few other women came suddenly from Korkel's drygoods store, to stand a moment in a talkative circle, their parasols lifted. They were near enough for Clark Tenbrook to remove his hat. Something happened then, for Connie Benbow laughed quietly and made some discreet signal to the other women. They moved away, leaving Judith Parr. He turned with her and presently they were walking down the loose boards together, toward the yellow railway station at the foot of the street.

She said: "Has it been a long summer for you, Clark?"

"Market's been good."

"You are thin."

"The broncs," he said in his noncommittal way, "have been tough to break."

They came upon the cindered runway at the depot and paced it with no particular destination. The track's two rails glittered off into the valley's flat distance, at last drowned out by the sage. Heat haze smothered the earth. Two Dance Range, southward, laid its black bulk against this smoky light. The dry, aromatic smell of summer pressed down and summer's drowse lay over the world.

Judith Parr said: "It has been a long summer, Clark."

He looked far ahead, his eyelids half shut. "A man's hope gets the best of him, I guess. The poor years ruined a good deal for me. I'm trying to get started again. When a man gets older it is tough to remember what he's missed."

She said in the same even, dreaming tone: "What have you missed most, Clark?"

But someone came behind, boots grinding into the cinders. Sudden Ben's voice turned them around. The sheriff removed his hat to show a thinning head of hair. "One question, Clark. You made a statement at Cherokee, about Heck Gorrell. You said he was a horse thief?"

"I said so."

"A private statement," put in the sheriff quickly. "You didn't figure to issue it for ev'body to hear?"

Clark Tenbrook stood by for quite a while before answering. Judith Parr saw the long lines leading down beside his jaw, the sudden pressure around his mouth. He bent his head a little, buried in long thought; and all the patience and solidness of his character showed through to her. He said: "I said he was a horse thief, Ben. No qualifications."

Sudden Ben shifted his feet. He wasn't pleased. "I do not want a fight between you. This thing can be settled. A little give on both sides will do it."

"I guess I'll stand on those words," murmured Clark Tenbrook, and watched Sudden Ben go away. The droning heat played around them; the crunch of the sheriff's boots on the cinders made a loud sound in this quiet. Clark Tenbrook walked back up the street with Judith Parr, their steps keeping time. In front of the hotel he removed his hat and met the straight look of her eyes.

"When I was a kid," he said, "I figured I'd get the world on a platter. I'm thirty now and a good deal more humble, pretty content just to be alive. Only, there's a few things I regret."

She was smiling. Her hand touched him and she spoke of something he didn't quite get. "It will be a clear night. The stars will be out." She left him standing there, hat in his hand and his rangy body loose-shaped.

Sudden Ben went into the courthouse office, coming before Jim Benbow and Izee Peters waiting there. He removed his hat and wiped away a forming sweat. "I don't guess Clark's going to budge."

Benbow said: "Why should he? Heck's a thief."

"Maybe so," said Sudden Ben, "but in a gun fight Heck's a little too quick for Clark. Well, here's Clark just comin' out of the woods after livin' on bacon rind for five years. Now this. Heck wants an apology, which he won't get. But maybe we can soften both those boys up." He was a politician down to his boot heels, this Sudden Ben; he turned his gray eyes on Benbow. "You go see Clark. What we got to do is get both men out of this without either one losin' pride in the deal."

"Clark won't give," said Jim Benbow.

"Don't do any harm to try."

NICKY BOLESTER stood in front of Dunmire's stable at four o'clock that afternoon when Helen Malone came out of the restaurant. She walked by him with her head lifted, as though she didn't see him standing there. But a little beyond she turned, slowly, like a lady. "I am walking home. If you have nothing important—"

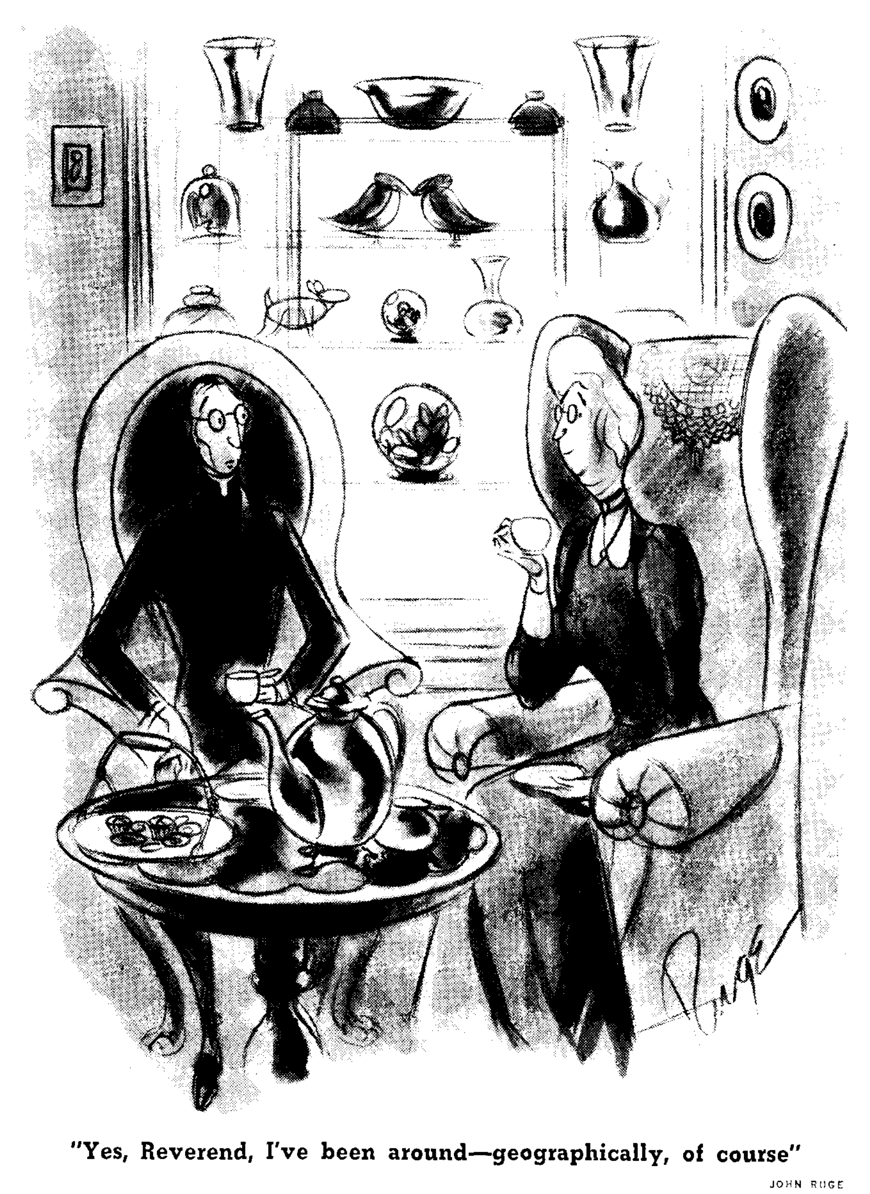
They went past Dunmire's and turned into Custer Street, walking out to the town's quiet quarter. Locust trees branched over the dusty walk and the hot sun reached brilliantly against the windowpanes of the houses. They said nothing, all the way to Helen Malone's gate. She turned to him, the color still showing. "Thank you," she said in a precise voice, "for the company."

"A man," said Nicky Bolester, "works all summer on the range while some town fellow has a good time. Well, it's a big world and I ain't ever seen Arizona."

She said: "Maybe in Arizona you'll find a girl who'd wait four months for a bid to go to a dance."

He stood before her, tall and thin with his youth; a black-headed kid whose hair was unkempt, whose eyes showed the wildness of pride. "Maybe in Arizona I could find a girl that knew what a man worked all summer for. And maybe she'd wait. And maybe she'd save some of her smiles instead of wastin' them over everybody in town."

She pressed her lips together. She cried out: "Then go to Arizona!" and ran into the house. Nicky Bolester stamped back down Custer Street, into Arapahoe. He stopped near Dunmire's



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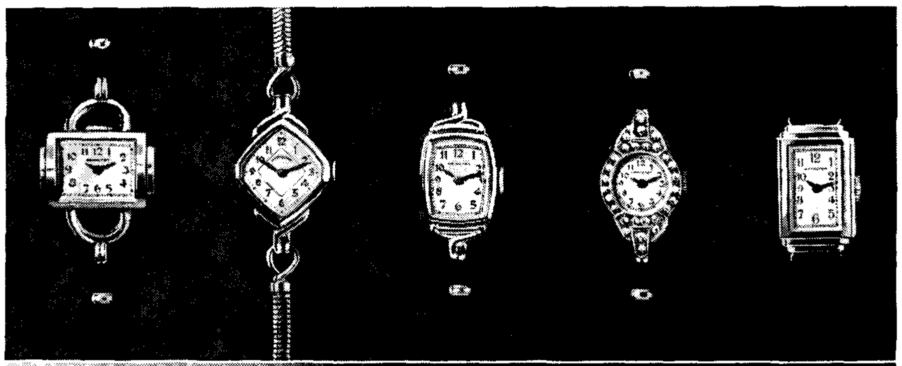

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stable, his narrow cheeks very strict. Somebody near him said: "Heck Gorrell just shifted over to the front of Donlake's store. Where's Clark Tenbrook?"

Nicky Bolester stood with his feet apart and his chin down, and didn't hear. Men in Tom Autley's barbershop were talking about it. Back in the Cattle King lobby, Connie Benbow said to Mary Boring: "Sudden Ben is trying to bring them together." At the saloon Faro Charley spoke his mind privately to the barkeep: "They won't give in. It will be a killing."

IZEE PETERS and Jim Benbow came up to Clark Tenbrook on the porch of the Cattle King. Benbow said, "I want to talk with you a minute, Clark," and all three of them filed into the hotel's lobby and back to a room on the main floor. Jim Benbow closed the door with a show of dislike for his chore. Clark Tenbrook understood what this was and said so distinctly in his slow voice:

"I guess I'll stand back of whatever I said, Jim."

"I'd like you less if you didn't," Benbow murmured.

Clark Tenbrook grinned. "You're a hell of a peacemaker," and all three of them were for a moment smiling.

Jim Benbow said: "You've had five tough years, and I guess you had to eat the rawhide off your saddle to keep alive one winter."

"Didn't mind that," stated Clark Tenbrook gravely. "It was the stewed alfalfa I got to gaggin' over."

"Well, your luck's changed. Hate to see you bang into somethin' now."

"You know that's no argument."

Jim Benbow threw up his hands impatiently. "Oh, hell, I told Ben Drury this would do no good. No, you've got to do what you figure you've got to do."

The door opened to let in Sudden Ben. He looked at the three of them, his smart eyes seeing a good deal.

"You're wastin' your time, Ben," said Clark Tenbrook.

"I'd like to have you and Heck Gorrell meet each other and thresh it out."

"I'll take no step toward the man."

Sudden Ben showed a remote amusement. "All right," he said, and went to another door in this room. He pulled it open and Clark Tenbrook, turning half about, looked through that doorway into an adjoining room and found Heck Gorrell standing there. Sudden Ben said smoothly: "Never does any harm to talk things over. You boys are foolish—"

"Heck," called Tenbrook, "if you've come here for an apology you won't get it. I said you were a horse thief. I said it in public. The remark stands."

"Now just a minute," put in Sudden Ben. But Heck Gorrell made a hulking shape in the doorway. He was an aggressive, friendless man and hatred ran its deep way through him. He looked at the sheriff. "You lied to me." He stared at Clark Tenbrook. "I was led to believe you'd be here waitin' to talk to me." The darkness of his face increased; its intractable hardness showed fully. "To hell with you, Tenbrook. And take care of yourself." He whipped himself at once out of the room.

There was a short run of thoughtful silence. Sudden Ben shrugged his shoulders, saying in neither defense nor apology, "Well, it was a good try," and turned from the room. Jim Benbow called, "Wait, Ben," and then the sheriff and Benbow and Izee Peters went out together, leaving Clark Tenbrook alone.

On the Cattle King's porch Sudden Ben turned to Benbow and Peters, showing them more concern than he had in front of Clark Tenbrook. "I'm sorry. Gorrell's the faster man." He went at once back to his office, leaving the two cattlemen side by side on the porch. The sun was deep in the west, the street filling with the gray and dusty shadows of early evening. Heck Gorrell stood at the corner of Dunmire's stable, his lumpy shape thoroughly still. Jim Benbow watched him through half-closed eyes, a definite savageness creeping in at his lip corners. He said to Izee Peters: "This man's crooked in his fightin'."

He heard someone behind him and turned, and found Judith Parr in the Cattle King's doorway. He lifted his hat, but her eyes didn't catch this. They were watching Heck Gorrell across the way, seeing all that he was and all that his presence on the street meant. Her shoulders were straight, held deliberately square, and her face was dark and composed. There wasn't, Jim Benbow thought, any anger or fear on it. This was a woman who knew how the game went; who knew what a man had to do. Suddenly, and still without seeing him, she turned back into the hotel.

After the others had gone, Clark Tenbrook rolled himself a brown-paper smoke and lighted it. He sat down on the edge of a chair, bent easily over with his arms supported on his knees. Smoke curled around his face, and crow-track wrinkles etched a pattern between temple and eye. He had his long and sober thoughts then, while twilight gathered at the windows of the room. Five hard years and many of his young ambitions were behind him; and now, with better times coming, this trouble developed. It was the way a man's life went. He wasn't bitter and he wasn't rebellious, for the past seasons had ground patience into him and had taught him to be thankful for the air he breathed. This was the difference age made to a man. Here was young Nick Bolester full of storm and trouble; and not at all aware of what time would do to him. Once he had been like young Nicky, pretty proud; so he could look upon the kid with a good deal of sympathy.

When he left the room, darkness had come fully to Two Dance and all the street lights were brightly shining across the silver dust. He had his supper, and stood momentarily on the Cattle King's porch listening to the guitar and fiddles warming up at the Masonic Hall. He couldn't see Heck Gorrell on the street, though his glance ran all the far shadows carefully. But Izee Peters drifted from a space between the hotel and the adjoining store and walked by Clark Tenbrook. He said: "He's down by the saloon."

TENBROOK crossed to the entrance of Dunmire's stable and wheeled to watch the face of Faro Charley's saloon. Men drifted by the stable's mouth and the run of their cheerful talk was in the bland air. There was, Tenbrook observed, the glow of a cigarette in the saloon shadows: three hundred feet away and beyond decent revolver distance. He stepped out of the stable and stood a while in the full play of a shaft of light crossing from the hotel. A voice near by said instantly: "Be careful, Clark." Then he saw the cigarette's far glow fade back. This was the way it would be—a game played on the edges of the night.

The music had started in the Masonic Hall. Clark Tenbrook swung over there and stepped in. Paused by the wall, he searched the turning crowd until he found Judith Parr waltzing with John Tierney. Her glance came to him, and went away as John Tierney turned, and came back again. When the music stopped he went directly to her. She was tall and mature in this light, yellow hair shadowing the ivory glow of her skin; and there was something in her smile that he could not quite reach.

When the music started he took her arm and swung away. They didn't speak, but he felt the pressure of her hand on

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his arm and, looking down, he had a strong impression of emotion closely held. She had quit smiling and darkness suddenly lay smooth and deep across her eyes. They were at the hall's side door and it was impulse that made him wheel toward it, taking her from the crowd, out of the hall. Faint moonlight came through the tangled branches of a locust tree. He closed the door behind; and at once silence settled.

Her shoulders turned. She said: "What is it that you have missed the most, Clark?"

"You."

Her voice was low, near crying: "It should have been said so long ago."

"I was in no position to speak. Not until now."

"And now it will be Heck Gorrell."

"Yes," he said. "That's how it goes."

Her voice was thin and remote: "I have waited. And you have asked for so little."

Then they were silent, for a couple moved out of a long alley between two rear barns. Young Nicky Bolester's voice was swift and arrogantly angered: "What's a man got to do to please a woman?" And Helen Malone's voice rose to a quick retort: "You didn't need to stay away all summer. What do you think a girl should do? Wear a veil?"

"No, I guess not," said Nicky Bolester. "I guess I had my summer's work for nothin'. I guess a man should expect no woman to wait." He said, "I hope you like Tip Haley," and left her there, himself plunging at long strides toward the street.

"The boy is a fool," murmured Clark Tenbrook, all at once remembering his own long years with bitterness.

"They are very young, Clark."

The door opened behind him and Jim Benbow's voice said: "Gorrell's gone down the alley on the other side of this building." And then the door closed.

Clark Tenbrook swung around and saw her chin lift. Afterward, turning away into the darkness, he heard her voice come after him with a deep, deep calm: "I'll wait."

HE SKIRTED the side of the Masonic Hall and came to the street; and went by the clustered stags on the porch. A man said in a slow way, "Clark," but Tenbrook didn't pause until he reached the alley between the hall and Dunmire's. Down this alley, according to Benbow, Heck Gorrell had gone. The kid, Nicky Bolester, moved up from Dunmire's and stopped near Tenbrook, placing himself squarely at the mouth of the alley. Tenbrook said urgently, "Get back, Nicky," and stepped forward, pushing the kid away from that exposed position. The kid's young face showed astonishment. He said, "What?" He didn't understand.

"Never mind," murmured Tenbrook. He stood fast in the lee shadows of Dunmire's wall, thinking quickly and strongly. He was trying to make out Heck Gorrell's purpose, and suddenly turned and went over the street and paused in the darkness near the Cattle King, so that he might watch both corners of the Masonic Hall. The stag line had at once melted and the street was empty. At the end of two or three minutes he saw Heck Gorrell appear at the hall's far corner, pause and drop back.

Gorrell, he understood, had circled the hall, hoping to catch him off guard; and was now circling back again, toward Dunmire's stable.

Tenbrook immediately recrossed the street and passed through Dunmire's stable. A small rear door let him into a dark compound. The bulk of the Masonic Hall lay to one side of the compound, a series of sheds cut a low outline on another, and beyond, straight back from the stable, was the shape of outhouses and corrals. Water dripped somewhere and Tenbrook's boots sank into loose mud. He made a little noise when he pulled away from this, and came to a stand out in the compound's center. He reached behind the skirt of his coat and pulled out his gun; and waited like that.

He definitely heard Heck Gorrell's pacing at the back of the hall. Somewhere a thin crust of a moon shed a little light on the town, but none of it reached here. Gorrell came at last around the back corner of the hall and followed its wall, headed for the street again. The music had quit. Tenbrook said then:

"All right, Heck."

He saw Gorrell's shadow at last. Gorrell stopped and it seemed that all sound died out of Two Dance; it was that completely still. Gorrell said, "Where are you, Tenbrook?"

Tenbrook had his target before him. But he was thinking of the people in the hall behind Gorrell; and so held his fire. Gorrell repeated his question, "Where are you, Tenbrook?" It was a strange thing. He spoke and he started running straight into the compound, toward Tenbrook, and the long quiet was broken by the flat beat of his shots. They were wide, to the left of Tenbrook, who moved in slow steps toward the right. Drifting this way, he saw Gorrell break his forward rush and make a swift side turn toward the outhouses on the other side of the corral. Running forward, Tenbrook lost Gorrell's shape completely in the night.

A silence so profound that he was conscious of the racket of his own boots scuffing against the earth as he ran, followed. The low shape of a shed lifted from the blur of the night and common sense pulled him aside as he came against it. Heck Gorrell fired around the shed, and Heck Gorrell was rushing backward again. When Tenbrook reached the shed's rear side he saw Gorrell sink into a long lean-to covering a row of wagons. Gorrell's body began to strike against these wagons. Metal clanked somewhere and Gorrell was once more firing.

Tenbrook tasted sweat in his dry mouth as he rushed directly at the lean-to and got under the shelter of a wagon. Gorrell's gun bloomed a long sullen red flash of light from a far spot in the shed and lead smacked against the wagon near Tenbrook, who circled the wagon and stepped against the shed's wall and stopped.

There was a little light over toward the compound, which was the faint beam of some lantern in the stable, and he could hear Gorrell's breath run in and out and the occasional slide of his body around the wagons. Far off was a call—somebody using his name anxiously. But afterward he forgot about that, for Gorrell had appeared out on the edge of the shed and at that instant he was placed against the light. Lifting his gun on that shape, Clark Tenbrook let go.

He saw Heck Gorrell make a slight turn, as though to walk away. That was all. The big man at once dropped to the earth.

The far voice called his name again. Tenbrook walked between the wagons, coming slowly up toward Heck Gorrell; listening for Gorrell's breath. Gorrell was tricky. But—and this he presently knew—the man was beyond that now. He was dead. Tenbrook stood over him a moment, the strain of all this dissolving into his nerves. Weariness weighted him down, but his mind was clear and he was thinking only of one thing. It turned him across the compound and through the stable. When he reached the street he found Jim Benbow standing there. Lantern light hit Benbow's cheeks, to show the wildness of this man's eyes. But he drew an enormous breath and only said, "That's fine, Clark," and turned swiftly away. A crowd moved down from the Masonic Hall and other men were walking out of the dark apertures of the street. Tenbrook cut around all of them and went straight back to the hall's side door. Judith Parr still waited there.

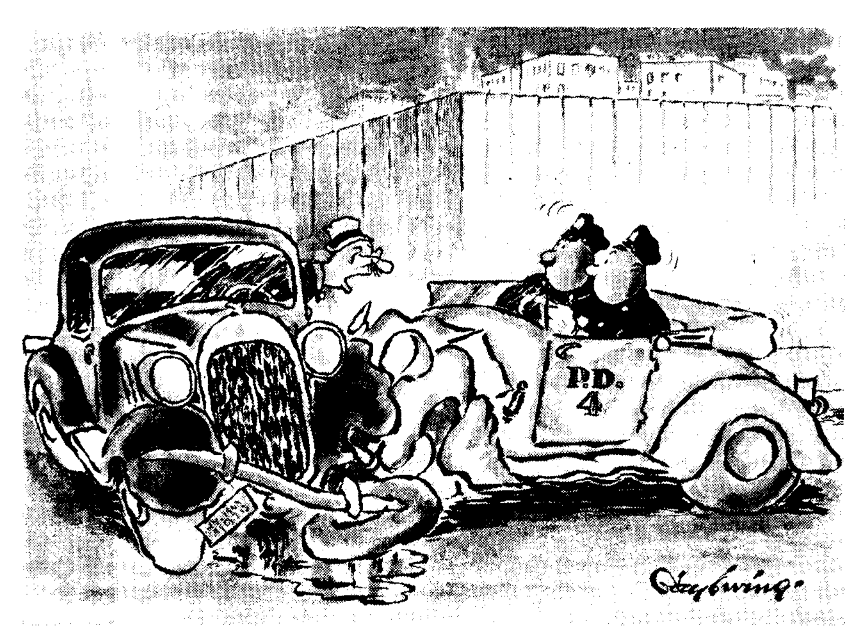
HE COULDN'T see the expression on her face until he rose to the top of the steps, until he was close in front of her. Fragrance came from her hair and the vague crystal shimmer of the moonlight touched close-held tears in her eyes.

He said, so humbly: "Why do women wait for men, Judith?"

"Because," she said, "they can do nothing else." But it was an incomplete answer. There had to be some reason for that long wait, and he knew what it was when he pulled her forward and took her kiss.

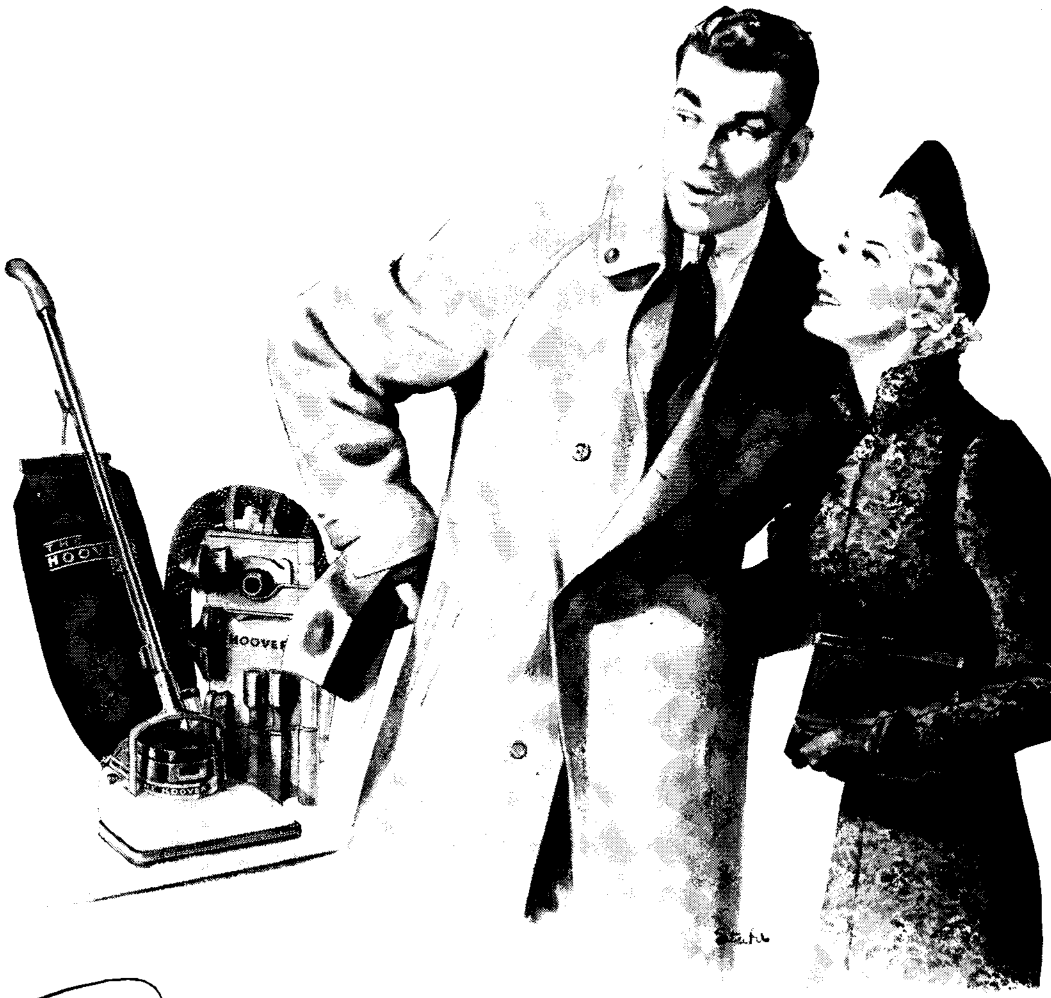
Nicky Bolester's voice broke them apart. Nicky was laughing, and he had Helen Malone's arm. They came up from the darkness and saw Tenbrook and Judith Parr, and stopped. Nicky said, in a boyish voice: "Some fool must be drunk around here—all this shootin'. Say, we're goin' to get married in the fall. Ain't that nice? I been waitin' all summer."

"A long wait, Nicky," said Clark Tenbrook gently, and watched those two young ones swing out to the street. He felt the pressure of Judith's arm, and turned to see the soft smiling of her lips.



"Sunday driver!"

JAY IRVING



"DON'T LOOK NOW—BUT THAT'S WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS"

Give her a Hoover
and you give her the best

Nearly 700,000 husbands have given the Hoover for Christmas

It's the all 'round gift for all the year 'round to make cleaning easier for every woman who owns it. This Christmas there's a Hoover Cleaning Ensemble for every house and housewife. It is the new idea in cleaning — a rug and furniture cleaner in one ensemble. *Saves her strength*— easy to use—made lighter with magnesium. *Saves her time* — converts instantly from rug to furniture cleaner. Convenient rug adjustment. Handy Cleaning Kit. Electric Dirt Finder. *Saves rugs* — Hoover's exclusive, patented Positive Agitation removes nap-cutting embedded grit. *Thrills her*—with new streamline design by Henry Dreyfuss.

THE HOOVER IS NOT EXPENSIVE

Here are the three Hoover models—each a great value in its field. Choose the one that suits your needs.

Hoover Cleaning Ensembles
(30th Anniversary Hoovers with Positive Agitation)

New Hoover Model 25 Cleaning Ensemble at a new low price, illustrated.

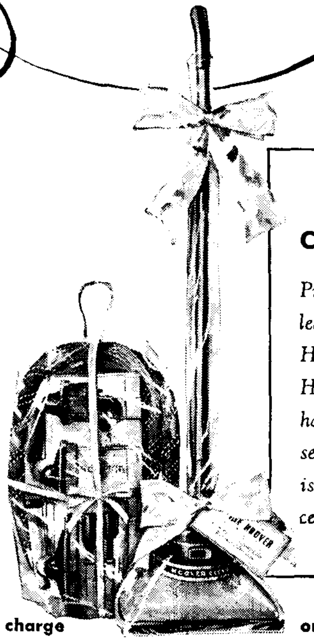
Cleaner only	$65.00
Cleaning Tools	$14.50

Hoover One Fifty Cleaning Ensemble with automatic rug adjuster, time-to-empty signal, two speeds.

Cleaner only	$79.50
Cleaning Tools	$16.50

Also the low-priced Hoover "300", full size, quality built.

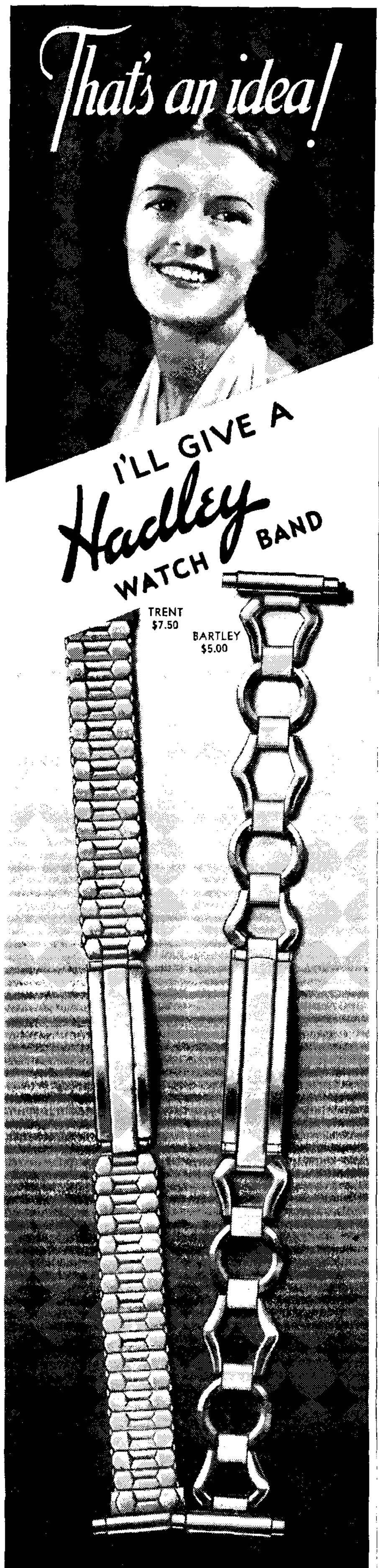
Cleaner	$49.75
Cleaning Tools	$14.50



Comes Wrapped in Christmas Cellophane

Pick up your phone—call your leading local store that sells Hoovers. Tell them to send a Hoover man to see you. He'll handle the whole thing—and see that your Christmas Hoover is delivered in a handsome cellophane package.

You can buy a Hoover for as little as $1.00 a week, payable monthly. There is a small carrying charge on extended payments.



Send for "Smart Wrists", — a folder presenting many new HADLEY Watch Bracelets, Bands and Straps for Men and Women, — and inspect other HADLEY creations at your Jeweler's.

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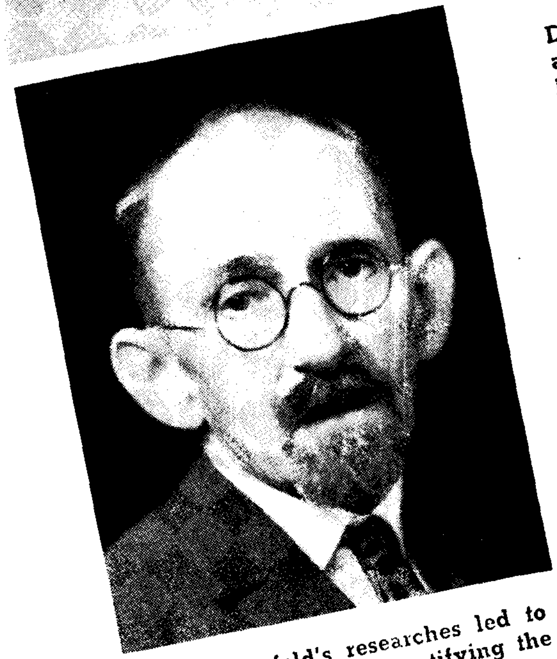
IFOR THOMAS

Deadly cultures of pneumococci from these flasks are made into vaccines for the horses that will later produce the life-saving pneumonia serums



Dr. F. Neufeld's researches led to a quick method of identifying the various kinds of pneumonia by type

Get Its Number

By Louis I. Dublin

STATISTICIAN, METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Not long ago doctors had to stand by almost helplessly when pneumonia struck. Now it's different. Science is now fighting B. Pneumococcus with the test tube

THE waiters had filled all the glasses. Outside, the damp gloom of a London night pressed against the windows, but the diners had successfully ignored it. The gentlemen, with the black and white of their evening dress relieved by the gaudy ribands of their orders, alternated with their handsomely gowned ladies. The talk ran brightly on a multitude of subjects and only died when the toastmaster, a giant in a scarlet coat, rapped for silence.

"My lords, ladies and gentlemen, I prithee a silence—the toast is 'Leeuwenhoek and his animalculae.' "

That was expected. For this was not just a banquet. It was an international congress of microbiologists. Professor Hans Zinsser of Harvard University happily extolled the father of microbiology and the consequences of his discoveries. The first honor naturally went to the father of their science, the sturdy seventeenth-century Dutchman who discovered the world of micro-organisms.

F. Neufeld was then called upon to respond though he did not head the German delegation. Before the advent of the present regime, he had been director of the Robert Koch Institute in Berlin. The old gentleman said he had no authority or desire to speak for Germany, but would speak on behalf of the germs that Leeuwenhoek had been the first to see. People, he said, had been talking about them and peering at them and prodding them for a long time; surely someone ought to say what the germs thought of all this, express their appreciation of mankind's curiosity. He proceeded to do so, lending his sense of humor to the animalculae.

Now this F. Neufeld (it was Ferdinand Neufeld before he became famous and suppressed his first name) is important to us because he has supplied the key to one of our greatest health problems—the conquest of pneumonia.

It was not until about fifty years ago, as a result of the work of the great Pasteur, that pneumonia was found to be the result, in the great majority of cases, of the activity of germs. That was interesting, but it led nowhere immediately because doctors assumed that they were dealing with just one sort of germ—the pneumococcus. Then F. Neufeld and his associates came upon the scene. They demonstrated, after prolonged and painstaking research, that pneumococcus is a family name, or rather the name of a clan (thirty-two types have been discovered to date). Results can be obtained only when each variety is identified and treated with its own kind of serum — when that kind of serum is available. Dr. Neufeld devised a quick means of recognizing the different varieties—"typing" is the scientific name for the operation—and gave the treatment with specific serums a start in life.

(Continued on page 75)

Chrysler Sweeps On
IN THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!
Chrysler
Royal
CHRYSLER Royal-
TWO NEW Beauties FOR 1938
CHRYSLER Imperial

MORE FOR your money . . . you can see it at a glance in the great new Chryslers for 1938!

That beauty pictured above is the new Chrysler Royal . . . smartest-looking low-priced car ever built! Look at that big handsome radiator . . . the beautifully modeled grille! But eye appeal is just part of the story.

A bigger Gold Seal engine . . . now 95 horsepower. Three inches longer wheelbase . . . now 119 inches. The finest ride you ever experienced. . . based on Airflow principle of springing . . . Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers . . . independently sprung front wheels.

Inside . . . beauty and perfection everywhere. In the smart, new instrument panel . . . the deep, rich upholstery . . . the glorious roominess . . . the 49 inch rear seat . . . the 96¼ inches of space from windshield to rear window!

A real Chrysler and in the low-priced field! Drive the new Royal...see for yourself exactly what that means!

The Beautiful Imperial

A BIG, fast-stepping beauty at a remarkable price . . . that's the new Chrysler Imperial for 1938!

The new, bigger engine packs 110 horsepower . . . silky-smooth with Floating Power. It's the most velvety—most responsive engine—in all Chrysler history.

The low-swung grace . . . the amazing amount of room . . . come from longer wheelbase . . . increased 4 inches to 125 inches.

Chrysler's greatest engineering features! Safety *All-Steel* Bodies . . . hydraulic brakes . . . dual carburetion . . . Airflow weight distribution . . . independently sprung front wheels . . . Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.

Long famous as Chrysler's finest, the 1938 Imperial hits a new peak in performance and luxury . . . yet it sells in the medium-price range.

Get behind the wheel of this split-second performer. It's a car of surpassing luxury at a truly remarkable price!

★ ★ ★

Easy to buy on convenient terms with the official Commercial Credit Company plan.

☆ **NEW 1938 ROYAL . . .** 95 horsepower, 119-inch wheelbase. Ten body types.

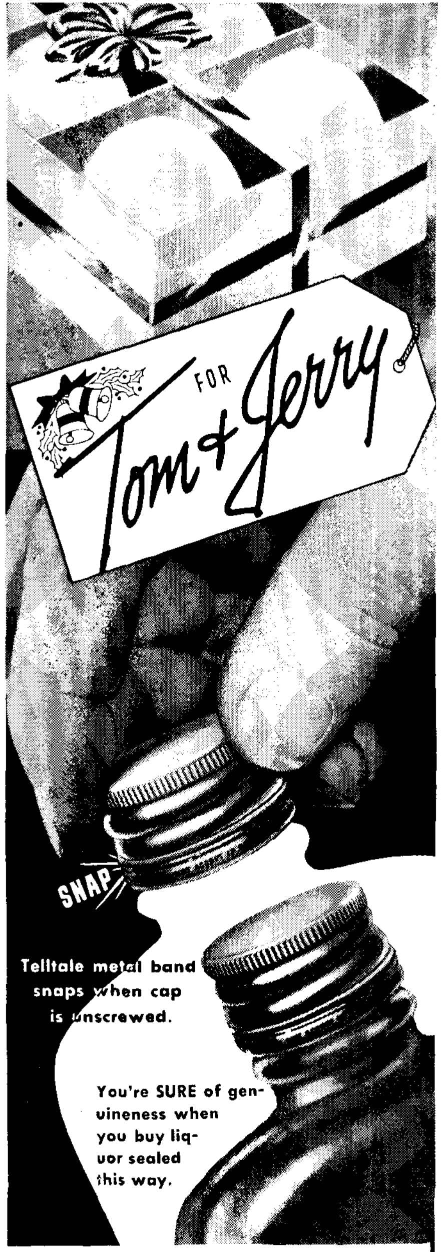
☆ **NEW 1938 IMPERIAL . . .** 110 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase. Six body types.

☆ **NEW 1938 CUSTOM IMPERIAL . . .** 130 horsepower, 144-inch wheelbase. Three body types.

Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

BETTER *Engineered*... BETTER *Made*!

LIQUOR PACKAGES AS TAMPER-PROOF AS AN EGG


FOR
Tom & Jerry
SNAP
Telltale metal band snaps when cap is unscrewed.
You're SURE of genuineness when you buy liquor sealed this way.

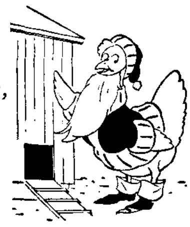
RECIPE FOR CHRISTMAS CHEER

Learn a lesson from the honest egg. It comes in a shell that can't be faked and can't be refilled once it is opened and emptied.

Let the liquor you use in your Christmas bowl be equally incorruptible and you'll have no regrets.

Incorruptible? Yes, meaning liquor that is Pilfer-Proof sealed so it can't be "cut," can't be "bootleg." To keep you from being cheated by law evaders Pilfer-Proof Seals are used on excellent brands you are sure to like. For instance,

See inside front cover and page 68



'Twas the night
before Christmas,
The yule log a'flicker,
Just the time
for some eggnogs
Of Pilfer-Proofed
liquor.

Melissa, the egg's mama

Alseco
ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEALS
ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA

Smart Girl

Continued from page 21

She said flatly, "I don't know what you mean."

"All right, I'll elaborate. This Van Arden is a crook. He'll be indicted by the Department of Labor at any moment. The senator is trying to corner him, and we need help, not obstacles. Am I still talking nonsense?"

"You are."

"All right, my pet; skip it. Will you do me a personal favor? Are you going out to Long Island for the week end?"

"I was planning to."

"Will you call up Barney Teel and ask him out?"

"Of course, Eric."

"Don't fail to take him to the club dance tonight. Hy Merkel's orchestra will be playing. We might be able to forget all this and have some fun."

"All right," she said dully. "Goodby."

He felt slightly ill. Coral Mayberry was supposed to be a pretty good old pal of his. Along with his father, who trusted him and depended on him, he was letting her down, letting her in for the most, serious kind of consequences, all because he was trying to help a girl who didn't give a faint hurrah for him. The time had come to stop playing Galahad. The obvious and honest thing to do was to tell the senator all about Sally Porter, let her be arrested, let her put the finishing touches on Guy Van Arden, if they could force her to talk.

That "if," he realized, was absurd. She'd talk, all right. They'd make her talk. And the case against Van Arden would be in the bag. Why should he hesitate? Obviously, Sally and now Coral were jumping through burning hoops for Van Arden because he had something on Barney or Barney's father or the two of them.

"Why should I be instrumental in helping shield Barney Teel? Letting them gang up on my old man makes me a bigger louse than Barney is."

What slowed down this headlong flight of thought was his inability to let Sally be a victim. Being the main obstacle in the way of an otherwise highly successful investigation of labor racketeers—that was bad enough. But being the man who turned in Sally Porter was somehow worse. It was something he could not do.

THE ringing of the telephone interrupted his thoughts. It was Harry Seifert.

"I'm phoning from the drugstore down the street from Miss Coral Mayberry's. Mr. Van Arden just went in."

"What did he do last night?"

"Well, he gave me the slip, Mr. Larsen. He came back from dinner about nine o'clock. He slipped out sometime after that without my seeing him, and the first I knew about it was when he came in a little after four."

"Have you been in touch with Featherly?"

"No, sir. He wanted a report on Lolita Monterey, but he didn't call, and he told me yesterday not to phone him there any more because Zorane is back."

"I'll take it."

"There isn't much, Mr. Larsen. She's a pretty high-class night-club entertainer. She makes around two hundred a week. She was born in Oklahoma of Mexican parents. She's been in New York six years. She's twenty-four. She's done floor-show acts around all the night clubs. She used to work as a hostess in a dime-a-dance joint before that. The only important angle on her is that she's been seen around with Zorane at the hotter hot spots."

"Anybody else?"

"No, sir. She has a reputation of playing the field. She wants to be another Dolores del Rio or Lupe Velez, and she's plenty smart."

"Did you hear a rumor that she had a little chat with the senator in the Hey Nonny No last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"She claims they're something more than old pals, Harry. I don't know what's going on, but I want to get him out of the hotel. I'm taking him out to Long Island this afternoon. Keep an eye on Van Arden until two-thirty. If anything breaks, I'll be in the newspaper room at the public library until about two. At three, pick up the alligator briefcase and meet Jim at the garage and get my roadster. The senator and I will drive out in his car with Miss Porter at three-thirty. Stay close behind us all the way."

Sitting beside Coral Mayberry in her cream-colored roadster which seemed to skim along just above the pavement, a tribute possibly to the genius of automotive engineers, a symptom possibly of his hang over, Barney Teel made himself amusing but did not let anything he said or her smart, clipped answers interfere with his stream of thoughts.

His rage at Sally had subsided. It had been surprisingly brief. For the first time since all this unpleasantness had begun, he had believed Sally when she told him that Eric Larsen had blackmailed her into going out to Long Island. There had been the ring of truth in her voice. He was clever at recognizing that ring, or the absence of it, in voices—most voices. Sally was a clever girl, but where he was concerned she was a poor liar. She was too anxious to be everything that he wanted her to be. Coral was different. One of the things he admired in her was her smoothness. He liked her dark, sleek, somewhat sultry beauty, and he liked her imperiousness, but most of all he liked her smoothness.

He felt lazily contented. They were crossing the Queensborough Bridge in the thick of the Saturday afternoon traffic. Chatting lazily, watching that private little smile flicker at her lips, he thought: "Here I am, sitting beside one of the few remaining rich girls in America, and she's in love with me. She's in love with me, or I'm nuts. The only thing between us is my obsession for Sally. Why do I bother with Sally when I could have a girl like this?"

Looking at Coral's aristocratic little nose, he made a decision. He'd give Sally one more chance. If she didn't work out this time, he would play Coral for all she was worth.

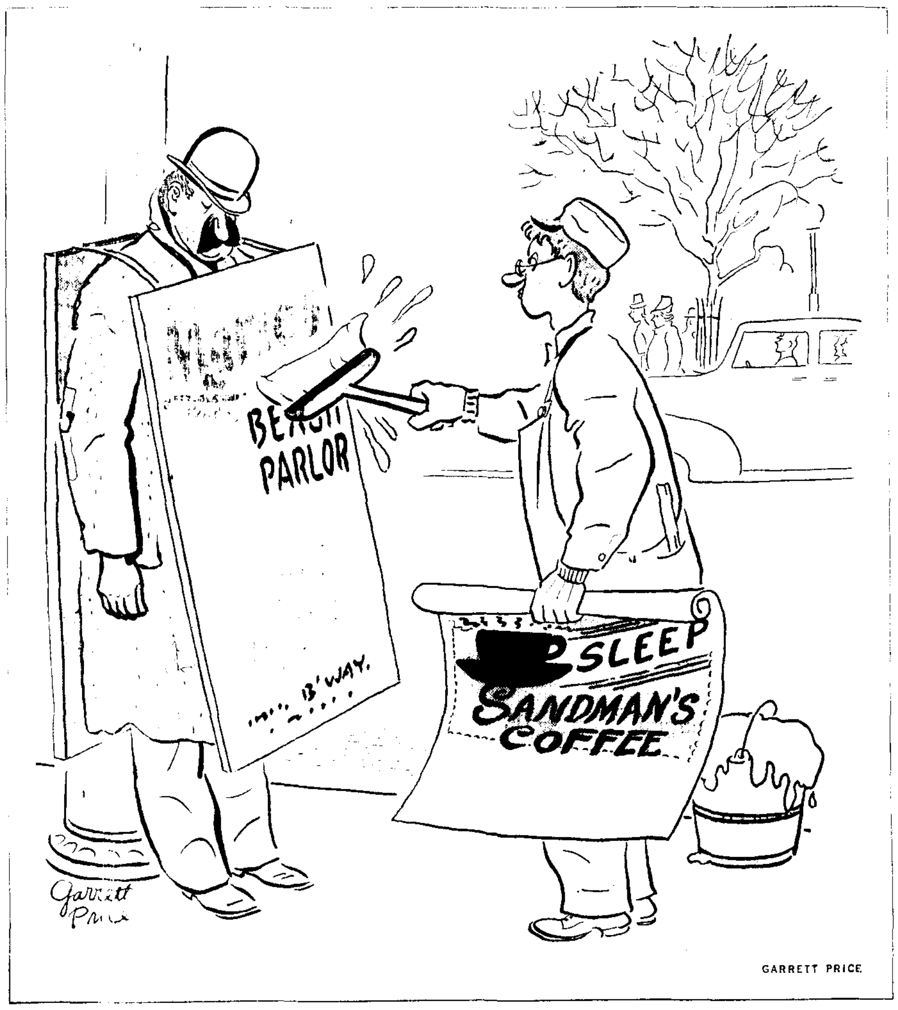
THE Larsen house was large and rambling and it had the air of a thousand summer parties. It was mostly large windows upstairs and down, all of which seemed to face Long Island Sound. In back were gardens and far in back were stables. The front lawn, sprinkled with bright wicker chairs and tables, reached from the long, wide porch to the narrow band of white beach and a row of cabañas. Connecticut, across the Sound, was lost in the haze.

Sally waited at one of the windows until the green roadster—she was sure it had followed them all the way from her apartment—pulled in by the side steps. Two young men alighted. One of them carried the alligator briefcase. When he went into the house, Sally picked up the telephone and called Guy Van Arden's New York number.

When Van Arden answered, she said, "Yes."

He said, "Okay." And that ended their conversation.

Perhaps a minute later there was a knock at her door. It was Eric. He wore a yellow-and-blue striped beach robe, belted tight about his waist. With



$\$100^{\underline{00}}$ 17 jewels Model 2948
$\$55^{\underline{00}}$ 19 jewels Model 2931
$\$47^{\underline{50}}$ 19 jewels Model 2901
$\$42^{\underline{50}}$ 17 jewels Model 2913
$\$42^{\underline{50}}$ 17 jewels Model 2783
$\$37^{\underline{50}}$ 17 jewels Model 2731
$\$32^{\underline{50}}$ Model 2791
$\$27^{\underline{50}}$ Model 2785
$\$100^{\underline{00}}$ 21 jewels Model 2845
$\$75^{\underline{00}}$ 17 jewels Model 2247
$\$65^{\underline{00}}$ 17 jewels Model 2833
$\$47^{\underline{50}}$ 17 jewels Model 2253
$\$37^{\underline{50}}$ 17 jewels Model 1829
$\$32^{\underline{50}}$ Model 2221
$\$25^{\underline{00}}$ Model 2823
$\$100^{\underline{00}}$ 17 jewels Model 2519
$\$40^{\underline{00}}$ 17 jewels Model 585
ELGIN

☆ ELGIN ☆

suggests 17 bright new ways to say "*Merry Christmas*"

FESTIVE as holly and ribbons . . . lasting as your good wishes . . . sincere as the very spirit of Christmas. That is the perfect gift—an ELGIN watch. Most eagerly hoped-for among all this year's models will be the new Lord Elgins and Lady Elgins. They are America's most distinguished timepieces.

The Lord Elgin wrist watches for men bring to ELGIN'S traditional accuracy the added guardianship of 21 jewels. Each is peerless in its modern, smart styling. Each is equipped with a 45-hour mainspring.

For women, see the Lady Elgins . . . the only 19-jeweled American watches created in the popular semi-baguette size. Exquisitely cased in 14 karat solid or filled gold. Each is a fashion dream come true!

Like all ELGINS, these brilliant watches are created by the perfect partnership of craftsmen and scientists. Flawless . . . timed to the standard of the stars.

Let an ELGIN make this your most memorable Christmas! Lord Elgins are priced from $50; Lady Elgins from $47.50. Other ELGINS available in a wide range of prices.

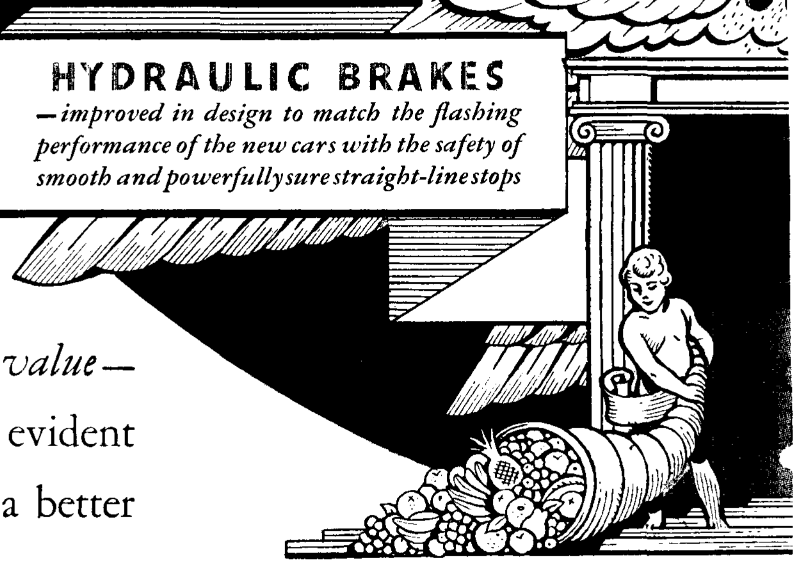
SKILL

UNISTEEL BODY
—fused solidly together, top, bottom and sides—providing safety with style which glorifies steel construction

KNEE-ACTION
—the true gliding ride—makes every mile you travel more comfortable and assures better control of steering in emergency

HYDRAULIC BRAKES
—improved in design to match the flashing performance of the new cars with the safety of smooth and powerfully sure straight-line stops

BECAUSE HE KNOWS *his job, the General Motors car of today enjoys the extra value that true craftsmanship gives.*



ANY man who puts his best into the job of building General Motors cars is serving the homely truth that it pays to give good measure. That is a General Motors watchword, to deliver *extra value*—and you find it expressed, year after year, in our cars. It is evident in greater comfort, increased safety, more pleasing style, a better

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SCIENCE

—*puts the safety of solid steel over your head in every closed car of the General Motors family*

—*keeps the air you breathe healthfully free from drafts and makes driving safer by keeping the inside of the windshield and windows fog-free*

—*matched to the popular taste, and approved by millions of car-owners as the expression of modern beauty of design*

BECAUSE RESEARCH *never ceases, the General Motors product of tomorrow will likewise offer a generous margin of extra merit.*

ride—the results of such General Motors features as Knee-Action—the Turret Top—perfected Hydraulic Brakes—No Draft Ventilation—the Unisteel Body by Fisher. Each of these features serves some human need better than it has been served before. And they all add up to this plain fact—General Motors means Good Measure.

ANS GOOD MEASURE

LE • BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC

Tiny Tim had big ears so Mother got what she wanted

"I WANT a gun and a bike," announced Tiny Tim, whose father was writing a letter to Santa Claus.

"Of course," said Big Tim, "but what about mother?"

"I know that, too," answered Tiny Tim, who had very big ears. "She told Aunty Grace she hoped you'd get her one of those Toastmaster Hospitality Trays, but how would a husband know that?"

"How indeed," agreed father. "But come along. It's only a few weeks until Christmas. Time you should be abed."

* * *

Are you juggler enough to balance a brimming cocktail glass in one hand while you help yourself to the hors d'oeuvres? Did the plate of cottage cheese and currant jelly ever topple from your knee, wrong-side up on a Chinese rug?

Such calamities never happen when there is a Toastmaster Hospitality Tray at the party—cocktails, tea, bridge, unexpected suppers and at children's parties.

Here is the latest household accessory, one to make a hostess's heart beat proudly and give confidence to the most bashful man.

On this great, gleaming tray, of walnut or mahogany (take your choice), is a cunning nest of lap trays, each able to support a hungry man's plate and a cooling glass at the same time.

With it are graceful dishes of Duncan glass for tidbits: cheeses, jellies, pickles and jams, and a business-like little toast-trimmer that snips neatly through a slice of crisp toast in a trice.

Last and most important is the new Toastmaster Toaster, a design of beauty and efficiency, modern as the new airliner, efficient as calculus.

With the Toastmaster Toaster on the job, toast-making becomes perfection. None of your charred crusts, none of your pale, under-done anaemic slices.

How do you like your toast? Light, dark, golden brown? Set the indicator, drop in the slices of bread and press down on the handle. That puts the Toastmaster Toaster to work.

From that time on, your responsibility is ended. Go on with the rubber. Listen to the story. Presently, "pop!" your toast is done.

Two brown slices, crisped to perfection, have bobbed up to delight the eye, tempt the appetite.

Two slices or two hundred, as long as the indicator points to the same position, each slice will be exactly like the one before—controlled by our Flexible Timer that individually times each slice of toast.

Doesn't that sound like a grand Christmas present to give to any lady who takes real pride in her home?

This magnificent De Luxe Set—or a companion set, none the less beautiful but less expensive—may be seen with other fine Toastmaster Products, wherever quality appliances are sold.

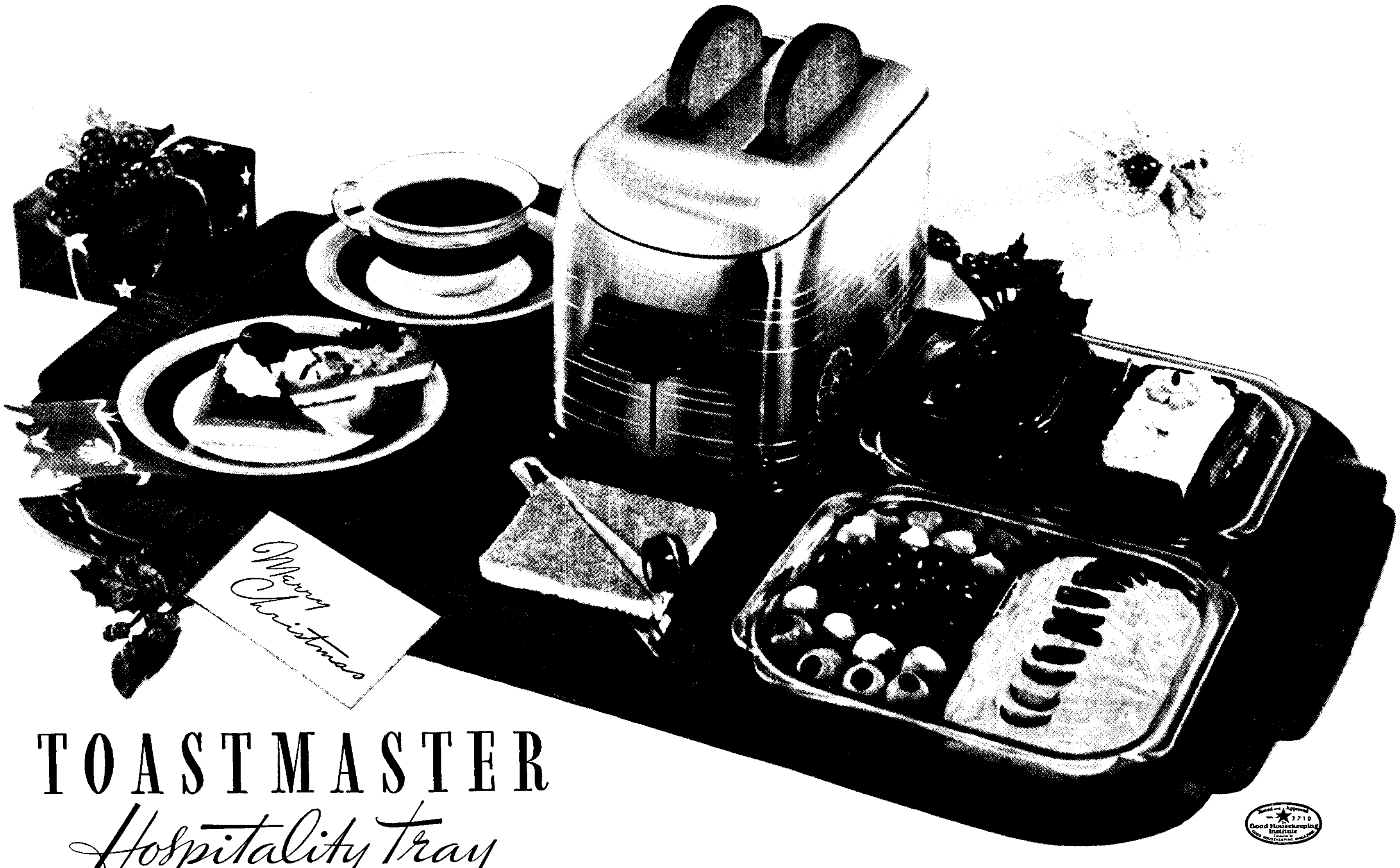
* * *

The Party's On

FREE! "The Party's On"—A new and interesting booklet on entertainment ideas and games for young and old. Ask for your copy wherever Toastmaster Products are sold, or write direct to: McGraw Electric Company, Toastmaster Products Division, Department 108, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

European Sales Office: Frank V. Magrini, Ltd., Phoenix House, 19-23 Oxford St., London, W. 1, Eng.

TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS — 2-slice fully automatic toaster, $16.00, with choice of Hospitality Trays, $19.95 or $23.50 . . . folding stand, $5.95 . . . 1-slice fully automatic toaster, $10.50 . . . Junior toaster, $7.50 . . . automatic Waffle-Baker, $12.50



TOASTMASTER

Hospitality Tray

his rumpled hair, he reminded her of a fighter stepping into the ring.

He said, "I wondered if you'd care to go for a swim before dinner."

He closed the door.

"Would you mind horribly if I took a nap instead? I'm really a wreck."

His eyes were amused. "I never saw anyone like you. You're always so fresh and so lovely and so crisp. What does 'yes' mean and what does 'okay' mean?"

"Well, if I were in love with a man and he wanted me to tell him so and I said yes and he said okay, it might mean volumes."

"Not when the man is Guy Van Arden. I should have warned you that everything you do and say will be watched and weighed by my personal watching and weighing society. Do you know what's in the alligator briefcase?"

She said innocently, "The body?"

"That's right. The body of evidence. Documents covering Van Arden for quite a period, but not covering the Zorane case. You see, all sorts of documents in the Zorane case have disappeared, so that we not only haven't a clear case against Zorane, but we haven't a case against Van Arden either."

SALLY closed her eyes a moment. She looked suddenly tired.

"The Department of Labor," Eric went on, "put the whole Zorane case in Van Arden's hands on the natural assumption that he is honest. In our investigation of alien agitators, we assumed it too. Then we stumbled over him. We began to suspect that documents and papers that disappeared just before Zorane's deportation trial began had been whisked out of the files, not by one of Zorane's men, but by Van Arden himself. In law, it's called exclusive opportunity. We began collecting little items here and there, small mosaic pieces, but they don't make a complete picture. We know what the picture is, but we can't prove it. We know that Van Arden is representing a strong foreign syndicate, and that he is at the head of a strong organization in this country, and that Zorane, although powerful, is working under him."

Sally crushed out her cigarette in an ash tray and immediately started another one.

Eric languidly folded his long arms. "That's why I'm persecuting you. We can put Van Arden on ice if you'll agree to testify that he forced you to let him use your column."

Eric was standing in the middle of the room, with his sandaled feet planted a little apart, his head forward and down, his arms folded, just as Sally had seen fighters stand when they were listening to the referee's instructions.

Sally said huskily, "Let's sit down and talk about this. I can't come clean, but we can talk about it."

His elastic lower lip jutted a little. With his lanky figure, his somewhat bony face, his amiable brown eyes, he was attractive and clean-looking.

He said mildly, "The whole thing is in your hands. Why can't you come clean?"

"If you know as much as you profess to know, you wouldn't have to ask me to come clean. As a matter of fact, you really don't know anything about Barney's father."

"Why not tell me about it?"

"You mean," Sally said, "you made a wild guess."

"Not entirely wild."

She looked at him speculatively. "You were just bluffing."

"All right," he said amiably. "I was just bluffing. What's it all about?"

"Perhaps you've guessed that Barney doesn't know anything about it."

"Yes, I guessed that."

"And if I don't do what Van tells me to do, Barney's through."

Eric nodded. "So why not put it up to me? Perhaps I can help."

There was a pounding at the door, and the senator's voice roaring, "Hi, in there!"

Sally opened the door. Senator Larsen, in a white-and-green-checked beach robe, said blusteringly, "When you two lovebirds get through billing and cooing, meet me on the beach. We're having cocktails and supper there."

"Okay, Dad."

The senator went down the hall on his heels. Eric looked at Sally, and he wasn't surprised to see tears in her eyes. He said suddenly, "What ring is that?"

"Barney's." She had twisted the ring so that the diamond was inside.

His face was red. "Where's mine?"

"I had the jeweler cut it off again. I told him to send it to your apartment."

"When?"

"Early this morning."

"I'll meet you on the beach."

Eric went downstairs and into his father's study. He telephoned his apartment. Douglas answered. Eric asked him if a package had come from a jeweler.

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"Yes, Mr. Larsen. I don't understand it. I took the liberty of opening it, and it's your emerald ring again, sir."

"Get a messenger," Eric directed him. "Have him bring it here at once. Have him take a taxi. Any word from Featherly or Green?"

"No, sir. No one called but Mr. Polgreen, asking if you'd read his play."

Eric put the phone down. He put his elbows on the desk and looked at the alligator briefcase which was lying on the other side of the desk. He felt depressed and a little ill. He was at an impasse. The truth was, he had been at the impasse from the moment he had met Sally Porter.

Harry Seifert came in. His lower lip jutted unpleasantly.

He said brusquely, "Look here, Mr. Larsen. I think it's about time we had a showdown. I'm on the senator's pay roll and I don't like the way things are going. He was just telling me what a swell girl he thinks this Porter dame is, and how tickled he is that you're going to marry her. What are you getting by holding out on him?"

Eric settled well back in his chair, put his hands behind his head and looked up at this man who was, next to John Featherly, the senator's best undercover man.

"Let's have it all, Harry."

"Van Arden is up to something. He's a dangerous guy and a clever guy. The Department of Labor assumes this investigation is on the level. Is it on the level, Mr. Larsen? If something should break, it'll look like you and the senator have been shielding this dame. And that cuts me in and how about John Featherly? Have you really got something or are you carrying the torch for this dame? I've got to know."

Eric said, "I told you I'm handling this angle personally. That still goes."

Harry Seifert had the air of a man who would have liked to say more, but he was used to taking orders. His eyes were vague with uncertainty. "Okay, Mr. Larsen," he said, as he went out. "But I sure hope you've got something."

THE ring did not come until Sally was dressed for the dance. Eric took it up to her. He knocked at Sally's door and the upstairs maid, Yvonne, let him in.

Sally was standing at a window. She was wearing a shadow-printed gown of delphinium-blue organdie that brightened the copper-gold luster of her hair, deepened the blue of her eyes, and with its airiness made her face, with her bright coral lips, not only piquant but clever. The first impression of demureness was lost in her faintly blue eye-shadowing and all that remained was the gayest kind of sophistication.

Yvonne went out and Eric said, "This is one of the major tortures of unrequited love. Every new thing you wear makes you a different and more enchanting person."

Sally picked up the formal bouquet he had sent her, a quaint Victorian revival known as a tuzzy-muzzy, and said: "Why are we going to this dance?"

He said blandly, "Because we dance together so beautifully. Incidentally, it's orders. Coral Mayberry will be there."

She put the bouquet to her nose and looked at him over the blossoms. "And Barney?"

"Perhaps."

"Did you arrange that, too?"

"As a matter of fact, I did."

"As a matter of fact, you arranged it the other times, too."

His eyes were kindly. "I think we ought to start this evening off with a nice clean slate. Yes, Sally, I did. I'm going to tell you all about it later. I'm going to give you the surprise of your life. Now, take that ring off and put this one on."

He gave her the emerald ring. Sally hesitated. She was standing beside an open window and there wasn't a screen in it. She was tempted to throw the ring out the window. She had no choice but to put it on or throw it out the window. If she refused to put it on, there would be a struggle as there had been last night. And she recalled how strong he was.

He was watching her with a curious expression in his eyes. She knew he must be worried, but he did not look worried.

Sally took off Barney's ring and forced the emerald ring on.

"Some day," he said, "you'll fight anybody tooth and claw who tries to take that ring off."

"Is that the surprise?"

"No, my love."

THE Saturday-night dance was well under way when they reached the club. Amber floodlights on the clubhouse roof lighted the terrace. The orchestra was at one end of the terrace. At the other end, an outdoor bar had been set up. Tables were sprinkled about on the lawn surrounding the terrace.

The terrace was bright and gay with summer gowns, and the music seemed to come out peacefully and to drift off across the lawn and through the trees. Sally loved parties. She loved to dance and she loved dancing under the trees and the stars and the moon. If she had gone to Westport with Barney, they would now be married and they would probably be going to a party just like

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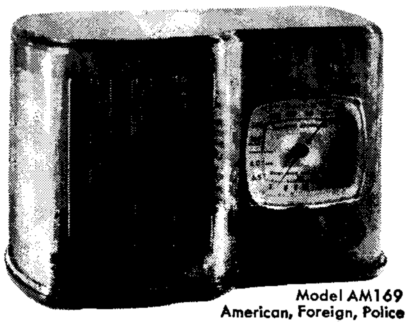

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this, dancing on the terrace at the beach club.

As they went onto the terrace, Eric said, "I'm going to warn you. Men all over the place are looking at you and wondering who you are, and in a moment a line is going to form of stalwart lads who never realized what a dear old buddy I am. If necessary, I'm going to use force. This is my evening and I'm going to be a selfish and jealous fiancé. Every dance is mine."

"Is that the surprise?"

They had reached the edge of the dance floor. They started to dance.

"No," Eric said, "but I have a perfectly marvelous idea for a honeymoon. We would dance our way around the world. We'd find out where the very best orchestras are, and we'd charter a plane and fly from dance to dance. From London to Berlin to Paris to the Riviera. That's what I think of your dancing."

SALLY saw the senator dancing with a blond girl in pink.

"I suppose," Eric said, "that doesn't rate a comment."

"You dance very well," Sally said. "You dance wonderfully. What did they call you in dancing school?"

"The Hairy Ape," he answered. "You know, you ought to do something about dancing in Let's Be Smart. A deb who estimates she has danced ten thousand miles since she came out last winter told me there are two definite types of dancers that all the girls especially abominate. One is the stomach pusher and the other is the neck breaker. The first type finds it easier to lead a girl if he leans slightly backward and balances the girl on his stomach. His dancing consists of pushing the girl around the floor by using the pushing power of his stomach. The neck-breaker type, however, places his right hand high on the girl's back and leans well forward. This causes the girl's neck to be pushed back over his right hand which finally rests well up behind the back of her neck."

Sally was laughing. "I know those types."

"Here comes a very sad sight. The girl in gray taffeta with the blond lad. They are said to be engaged. She is constantly calling him darling, hugging his arm and talking into his ear. He can be heard frequently asking if she loves him. It's phony. I wonder what people are saying about us."

Eric saw Barney Teel and Coral Mayberry across the terrace just as the music stopped. Sally, he was sure, hadn't seen them.

"There's something I want to show you," he said. "It's almost time for the surprise." He saw Clif Harrington stop Coral and begin talking to her, and he saw Barney, with his eyes on Sally, coming on.

Eric took her through the clubhouse and out onto the east porch. It was thickly overgrown with ivy except for a half dozen small bays which projected over the lawn. He found a bay that wasn't occupied and took Sally into it. The lawn fell away in a gentle slope to a thicket of trees, and beyond was the Sound, with the rising moon silvering a patch miles in area.

"Some of the best marriages on Long Island," Eric told her, "were inspired by this view. You'll notice we're completely secluded."

"Is this the surprise?"

She didn't look around at Eric. She was looking across the Sound. Somewhere over there in the darkness, beyond the moonlight, was Westport, where she should have been married this afternoon.

Her hands were on the rail. Eric was standing behind her. He said, "I never saw anything so lovely as the moonlight on your hair, and the way it silvers the curve of your cheek. I think you're only a dream. You're so young and so hopeful. It's time I woke up, isn't it?"

He slipped his arms about her waist. She turned her head. When she saw his face, she ducked her head quickly and clung to the rail. He turned her about, so that her hands were pulled from the rail. He held her tight against him and kissed her mouth, at first lightly, then deeply. It did not stop there. He kissed her as she had never been kissed before. It was devastating. It was shocking and shattering and demoralizing.

She pushed him away, and he dropped his arms.

"That," Eric said, "was the surprise. It was my goodby to romance and you. This is our last evening together. Your persecution is at an end. Tomorrow, you're going back to New York and, unless I'm completely cockeyed, out of my life. The lovely sound you hear is my swan song. I could hound you, Sally. I could make life so wretched for you that you might marry me to escape your misery. But I won't. I've given the best days of my life to showing you what a remarkable and worth-while fellow I am. But you're a clever girl and you know what you want and you don't want Eric Larsen. Barney and Coral arrived just when the music stopped. Did you see them?"

"No."

"I am going to be very noble, my love, and take Coral away from Barney for the rest of the evening. In other words, I am through being a banana peel on the path of true love. Altogether, it makes me pretty noble, doesn't it?"

"It does, if you mean it."

"I mean it. And your secret is safe with me."

"I've never seen you nicer," Sally said. "And now can I stop wearing this ring?"

"Of course."

She tried to pull it off. The ring would not come off. She pulled. She tried an unscrewing motion, but the ring would not come off.

She was still trying to take the ring off, whimpering a little, when Barney came into the bay.

He was smiling. He looked at her with that look she knew so well. He said gaily, "Hullo, there!"

And Eric said. "We were just starting out to look for you. Sally is awfully sick of dancing with me."

"Will you dance?" Barney said.

"I'd love to."

SHE took Barney's arm and they crossed the porch and entered the clubhouse.

He said amiably, "Another kiss in the moonlight," not with a rising inflection, but flatly.

"Barney, it's all over. He kissed me just as he did before, by force. Please believe me." She had the feeling that Barney was far away, that she was making no contact with him. "I'm never going to see him again."

"Why not?" Barney said lightly. He was once again doing the thing that she wished he didn't do so well. He was smiling and his eyes were amused and fond. Sally's heart was beginning to race, and along with its rapid pulsing went a feeling of desperation.

"You know what he's been trying to do," she said rapidly. "Only one thing—deliberately trying to break things up with us. He just admitted he sent for you at the Dubonnaix and at the Pelican too and at the Hey Nonny No. He did it purposely to infuriate you and humiliate me."

Barney chuckled. "Did he admit all that?"

"Darling, don't you believe me?"

"Of course I believe you."

She looked up at him doubtfully, but

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there was no constraint about his mouth and no suspicion in his eyes. They were clear and sparkling and gay, and his lower lip was protruding no more than usual. He had an air of hovering.

The fun-loving look in his eyes didn't deceive her. She felt faint and dizzy. "He isn't going to do it any more. He said he was in love with me and that he finally realized it was a waste of time, because of you. He meant it."

They had reached the edge of the dance floor. Sally lifted her arms. They started to dance. He danced well, better than Eric. But something was wrong. Physically close to him, she sensed that he was farther away than he had ever been. She had the panicky feeling that she had lost him at last.

"Barney! Don't you believe me?"

The senator's deep, rumbling voice said, "May I cut?"

Barney said, "Of course, Senator!" His voice had a note of elation. In misery, she watched him walking toward the stag line, glancing alertly about him, as if he were looking for someone. He was, of course, looking for Coral. Sally saw her, dancing with a scowling young man. She was in a crisp white gown, which set off her dark-skinned, black-haired beauty. Sunburn from the same sunning that had given Barney his attractive coppery color made her lips a luscious red. With her sleek, dark head thrown back, she was laughing up into the face of the sullen young man, flirting with him. She was wearing pearls. The crisp white gown cleverly displayed her slimness and her suppleness, and that, with her animated dark face, made her glamorous and alluring.

The senator was the vigorous, pump-handle type of dancer. He was saying blusteringly, "I knew you didn't want to dance with that young bounder, my dear."

SMILING in the curious dreamy way that men sometimes do when they stand on a pier and watch a ship sail away, Eric watched Sally cross the porch with her hand on Barney's arm. He reflected that she carried herself well partly as the result of having a beautiful figure and partly as a result of pride and partly as a result of always having carried herself so well. Girls who acquire a good posture after they have grown up never carry themselves so well.

She was looking at Barney with that anxious, eager expression that Eric had never seen in her face except when she looked at Barney; pleading with him, wanting to be understood and forgiven, wanting to please him.

"I still say he's a louse." But he didn't feel bitter about it. He felt devastated, swept by a horrible withering wind that, he knew, wouldn't subside for a long time.

"I'll never get over her. She's different from anybody I ever knew. There's nobody else like her in the world. And what a rousing flop my big renunciation scene was. She could have wept with sheer relief. She said I was a nice guy. The way she whimpered when she couldn't get that ring off!"

He now understood perfectly why some men bought one-way tickets to faraway places, and why other men drank themselves to death.

He watched them go into the clubhouse. "Now," he thought, "if I could just find a nice sharp tack to sit on."

He started determinedly for the bar. A steward came down the porch and said, breathlessly: "Oh, here you are, Mr. Larsen. Your house has been calling. They say it's very urgent, sir."

"May I cut?"

The scowling young man growled into Coral's hair, "Oh, heck," and grudgingly released her.

Barney, laughing at her, said, "Coral, you're causing a lot of eyestrain tonight."

She slipped into his arms and said, "Whose eyes?"

"And there's too much talk about you. Is it really true that you're a good girl?"

There was something in the way she laughed. Flattering a girl as smooth as Coral and making it stick was one of the hardest things he had to learn. Flattery, he had discovered, is the most important of all social tools, yet a man can make supposedly flattering remarks and they fall flat. Either they are too sincere and serious, or too extravagant. Somewhere between those two levels, Barney had found, lay the flattering remark that accomplished results. It carried enough sincerity and have-a-care-my-girl to make the girl believe it herself and yet not take it too seriously.

Barney was prepared, at last, to turn loose on Coral all the smoothness he had acquired. He hadn't seen Sally in Eric Larsen's arms, he hadn't seen the kiss, but a sixth sense had informed him what had happened, and Sally had had the unmistakable starry look in her eyes of a girl who has been seriously kissed. A girl, Barney knew, could be kissed in such a way that her eyes would remain starry for hours afterward. What delighted him was that it didn't matter. He was free of Sally at last. He was happy. He was jubilant.

Coral sensed in his gaiety something new. There was something new in the very way he was holding her. There was a lilt in him she had never detected before, because, she suspected, she had never been privileged to detect it before.

Something had happened behind the scenes, something to do with Sally Porter perhaps, something about which she would probably never know the smallest detail. It didn't matter much. Whatever had stood between them was gone now. He was in love with her and, before the evening was over, he would seriously make love to her. And to that there could be but one answer.

Coral wasn't too sure of Barney. She didn't think he knew the meaning of moral honesty, because she didn't think he was on honest terms with himself. But of two things she was sure: she had to have him on any terms; and he would be happy with her because she could advance him socially and because she was rich. She need only take care that her money remain in her own name. Her lawyer would draw up a pre-marital agreement whereby, no matter what happened, Barney could never claim any of her money. . . .

The senator said, "I'm afraid I'm not as young as I used to be. Would you like something to drink?"

"I'd love something long and cool," Sally said. They went to a table and Sally saw Barney and Coral dancing in a secluded corner that was missed by the amber floodlights. As Sally watched, the light suddenly turned blue. It was a cold and lovely light. It made all the dancers ethereal, and it made what she saw in that far, dim corner as painful as a white-night dream. Barney and Coral were talking. Because of the dimness, because they both wore white, and because they were clasped so close in each other's arms, they seemed like one person. They danced slowly and with a trancelike grace. Now and then Coral looked up at him and smiled, and he seemed to hold her closer.

"A planter's punch?" the senator said.

It took an effort to withdraw her eyes from that dim corner. She was aware of a bitter taste in her mouth and of empty glasses on the next table with queerly bent and twisted straws sticking out of them.

"I think I'll change my mind and have a straight Scotch," she said.

A STEWARD came to the table. "Senator, a Mr. Kresco is in the lounge and wants to see you. He says it's very important."

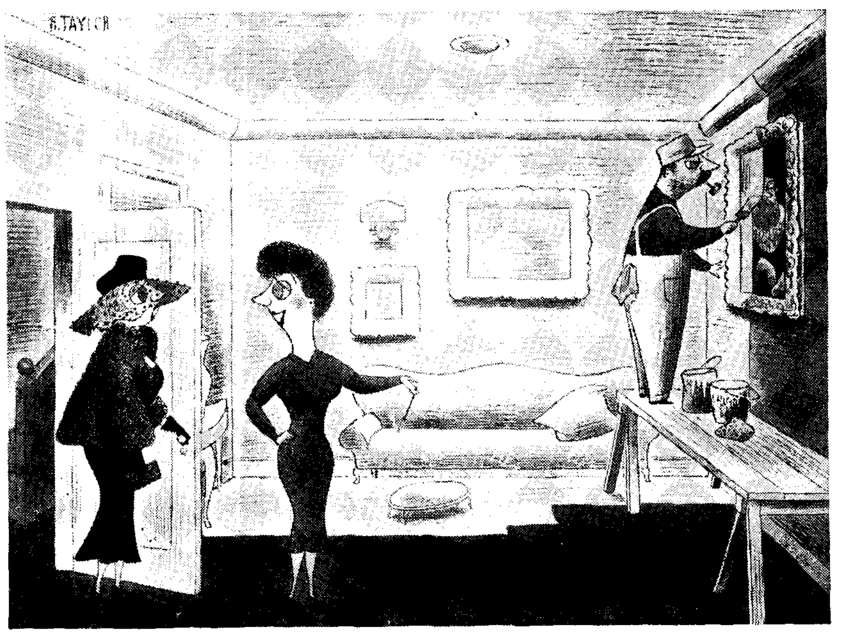
The senator rose. "Come along, my dear. Let's see what Kresco wants. He told me he was on the trail of Van Arden's girl, but he wouldn't tell me her name. He wouldn't have gone to all this trouble if he weren't prepared to talk. This will interest you."

"Yes," Sally said huskily, accompanying him, "I'm sure it will interest me."

His attitude was alarming. He was like an old war horse, playful and kind until the moment he scented battle. His mustaches, even his eyebrows suddenly had a fierce look. His massive jaw hardened. He plainly wore the label, "Dangerous when aroused." All he wanted was to find the girl that Sally Porter happened to be.

Eric had said he would be ruthless, once he found it out. She was frightened. She looked about for Eric as they skirted the dance floor. But she did not see him.

The contractor was sitting in a chair in the lounge, smoking a cigar and looking ponderous. Sally was perspiring, her heart was doing things and her knees were suddenly weak. She hadn't the courage to face this. But it wasn't the senator's wrath that she feared. It was his disillusionment and disappointment.



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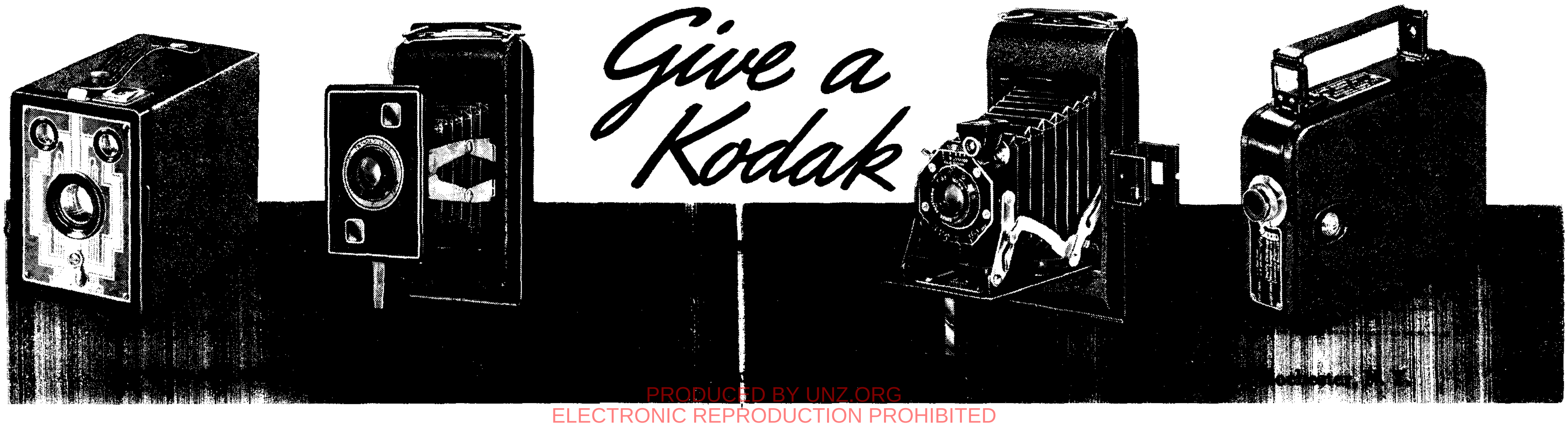

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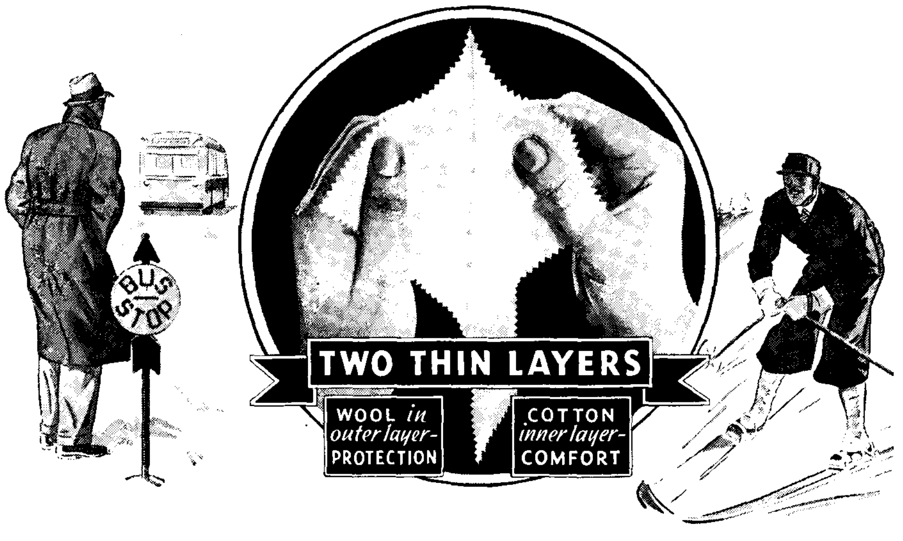
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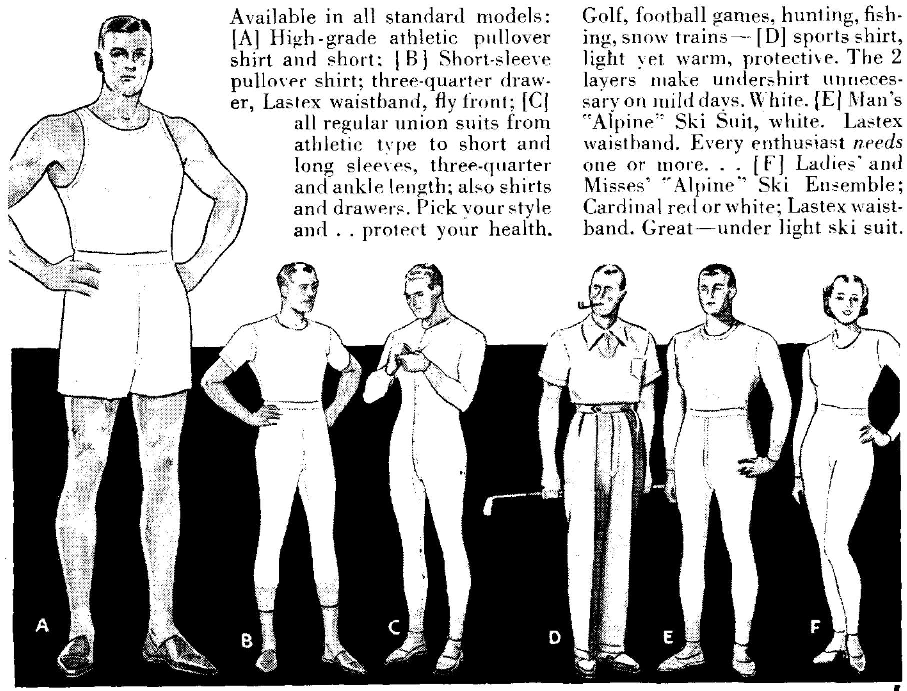
Golf, football games, hunting, fishing, snow trains—[D] sports shirt, light yet warm, protective. The 2 layers make undershirt unnecessary on mild days. White. [E] Man's "Alpine" Ski Suit, white. Lastex waistband. Every enthusiast *needs* one or more. . . [F] Ladies' and Misses' "Alpine" Ski Ensemble; Cardinal red or white; Lastex waistband. Great—under light ski suit.



Duofold, Inc., Mohawk, N. Y. Dept. C-13. *Send FREE Fabric Sample; tell me where I can get Duofold ☐ Men's and Boys' Underwear; ☐ Children's and Infants' Underwear; ☐ Sportswear.*

Name ....
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Town .... *State* ....

The white linen suit Pop Kresco wore was wrinkled and baggy. He started to grin when he saw the senator. The grin vanished when he recognized the girl in delphinium blue with the senator. With his deflated air, his astonished eyes, he was ludicrous.

He said in his soft, whispery voice, "So you got her."

"Harrumph! What?" the senator said. "I'm delighted to see you, Pete. Miss Porter, this is Pete Kresco. Pete, this is my son's fiancée. You can talk freely. She has my unlimited confidence."

Pop's cornflower-blue eyes traveled down the delphinium-blue gown to Sally's cutaway silver sandals.

"Yeah, I know her," he said. Then as the incongruity of the senator's introduction became apparent: "Is this a rib?"

Senator Larsen looked a little baffled. He said gruffly. "What in Sam Hill are you talking about?"

Pop Kresco's cornflower-blue eyes came up, filled with frost. "Are you trying to kid me, Senator?"

The senator's face was red. "Huff! Puff! What are you saying?" and he looked more baffled.

"This girl," Pop whispered. "Is it a gag? Am I talking out of turn? Don't she know you know it?"

The senator said violently, "Know what? What are you blithering about, Pete? Talk sense, will you?"

POP KRESCO didn't answer for a moment. He looked at Sally, who was pale and biting her lip, and he looked at the senator's red, baffled face.

"Can you tie it!" Pop marveled. "You don't know it! She's so smart she's engaged to Eric! She's so smart you've gone goofy over her!"

The senator's mustaches were trembling. "Pete, are you drunk," he blustered. "or crazy? What are you talking about?"

"This girl."

"What girl?"

"This girl right here."

The senator glared at Sally with fierce eyes under bushing brows.

"Miss Porter?"

"Van Arden's errand girl. The carrier pigeon. The girl who delivered the interne suit to Zorane."

"Wait a minute," the senator stopped him. "What's your game, Kresco?"

Pop Kresco's face was growing red. Sally could see the red creeping up into his scalp under his clipped gray hair until it reached and absorbed the deep white scar which ran diagonally across his crown. His thick lips seemed to puff up, and the whites of his cornflower-blue eyes became pink.

"Listen, Senator," he whispered, and the sound came sibilantly through his teeth. "You asked me to get you the lowdown on Van Arden's girl. I said I would get it. You said you were available to me day or night. I said I would contact you. So I am here, contacting you with what you asked for. The lowdown. This is it. It's her. This foxy little dame right here!"

Senator Larsen burst out, "You must be drunk. Of all the rubbish! Of all the idiotic nonsense! This girl— Why, this girl—" He puffed with labored futility. "This girl is practically my daughter-in-law!"

Pop Kresco picked up his hat. His face and scalp were still crimson. He looked weary. His eyes were cold and leaden. He waved his hand flippantly. "Okay, Senator. You know all the answers. You know what you're playing. Sorry to interrupt your pleasant evening."

He walked away, limping slightly. The senator stared at his short, thick figure, then he stared indignantly at Sally.

"Now, what do you make of that?" he said. "Huff! Puff! The man must be out of his mind. Or up to some mischief. You can't trust these tinhorn politicians, my dear. Harrumph! I never heard of anything so ridiculous in all my life! What's his game? That's what I'd like to know. I wonder if he's in with Van Arden. Where in the devil is Eric? Just wait till he hears about this!"

"Perhaps," Sally said huskily, "he's right. Perhaps I am the foxy little dame you're looking for."

The senator looked at her. His eyebrows flattened out and his mustaches assumed a more familiar pattern. They began to quiver. He laughed with heartiness. "Of course you are, my dear! And I'm Schnozzle Durante! Let's have that drink. Let's find Eric. What was his game? That's what I want to know. What was his game?"

Sally said she couldn't imagine.

"I think it's time for us to join Coral Mayberry. I'm depending on you, Sally. Do you know where Coral is?"

"With Barney Teel, I think."

"Ah, yes. Of course. Let's join her, anyway. I think we should sound her out."

A steward said, "Pardon me, are you Miss Porter?"

"Yes."

"A gentleman gave me this note for you."

The envelope had her name, and it was sealed. Sally apologized to the senator, tore it open and took out a sheet of blue-lined notepaper.

Sally:
See me at once. Third car to the left of the east porch.—V.

She took a deep breath, held it and bit her lip to drive back a wave of faintness.

She said huskily, "I'll meet you at our table on the terrace. This won't take a moment."

She went out and found the third car to the left of the east porch in the parking lot. It was a dark sedan and it was not lighted inside or out. There was not enough light for her to see whether there was a man in the car or not. As she hesitated, the door opened and Van Arden's voice, pitched very low, said:

"Sally?"

"Yes."

"Get in."

HE WAS behind the wheel. She got in beside him and shut the door.

"What is it?" She could hear her sharp heartbeats punctuating each word. She tried to see his face, but she could see nothing but the angle of his felt hat against the dimly moonlit horizon over some trees.

"I've some very shocking news for you. Zorane is dead."

"Oh, no."

"He was killed last night at a little after two."

She said in a frantic whisper: "But Barney and I were there then! I saw him then!"

"Yes, Sally. He was killed just afterward."

"Who did it?"

Van Arden didn't answer. Sally's heart was suddenly cold. There was a sensation as if ice were being pressed against the small of her back. Her stomach gave a convulsive jerk, then turned hard.

She said thinly, "Who did it?"

"Sally." He took her hand and pressed it. "You've got to pull yourself together. It's very serious. The police don't know. They won't be notified until we're ready."

"Did Barney—"

"Don't talk so loud. Yes."

(To be continued next week)

Passing Brave

Continued from page 14

small school but pretty tough for a B-team to play."

"Playing both ends against the middle," Heddon said. "That's Bat all over. He disciplines me by taking me off the varsity list for the trip to New York and then he wants me to handle the sophomores against Trent."

Barstow reddened and smiled uncertainly and Heddon was sorry for him. The coach said: "The truth is, I'm going down there with B-squad and I asked Bat if you could come along. After I found he'd cut you from the other list."

As Heddon hesitated, Barstow pushed his advantage: "Of course, they'll be laying for you down there. . . ."

"I'm not afraid of anyone down there. I just don't like being made a sucker by Thomas."

"I'm asking you to do me a favor, not Thomas."

"Oh, I'll go, all right. I'll go."

"Thanks, Ben," Barstow said, grave again, but Heddon had turned away.

SATURDAY was gray and the journey over familiar land not a happy one. Heddon had made it too often, entering the city by evening so as to encounter as few people as possible. It was a city devoted to its small college, Trent, and its people still resented the fact that Heddon, once a high-school star there, had chosen to go to the larger state university rather than to Trent. That he had failed to make the varsity at State was known all over the city of Fontaine.

Thinking of these and other things that were past was not good, Heddon decided, and turned around to look at the sophomores behind him in the bus. A few of them were singing. Heddon wondered how many he knew by name. If he was going to quarterback for them, he should know as many of their names as possible. Snake Ames, the little halfback, who was sure of the varsity for next year; Rowan, the big center with the kid's face; Kalett and Borosowski, the tackles, powerful youngsters with thick, square bodies; but they were all Heddon knew by name.

Barstow came swaying down the length of the bus and sat in the seat next to Heddon.

"Glad to get home for a while?" Barstow said.

"Not too much."

"Why not?"

"Oh, down here they think I should have gone to Trent instead of State."

"I suppose. When I said that they'd probably be laying for you, I wasn't more than half serious, but I guess they really might be."

"They will, all right," Heddon said.

"They probably can't do you much damage," Barstow said. "You're not hurt any place, are you?"

"A few bruises. Nothing bad."

"We'll take them, all right," Barstow said, almost absently. "We'll take them." Barstow stopped talking suddenly.

The bus was going through the streets of Fontaine, passing Heddon's own home, closed now for the winter, making him feel even lonelier. Then the high-school field, where he had played and, finally, Trent, the old, red buildings, the big trees, the small, now empty stadium.

As they dressed, the gradual hush that always comes to a dressing room before a game came now to this one, and in that hush Heddon dully hoped that Barstow would say nothing about this being Heddon's home town and how the team should play hard to give Heddon a win.

"This is a tough ball club you're going up against today," Barstow was saying. "As small colleges go, they don't come much tougher. But if you'll block and keep trying you oughtn't to have too much trouble with them. You've never lost a game as freshmen or as the B-team and don't let your record be broken now."

Heddon wondered why Barstow, instead of trying to make the team more serious by belittling their chances, was almost optimistic. He said that Heddon would be acting captain and Heddon felt a sudden lift. Their cleats were noisy on concrete, then softly drumming on the clay of the passage into the little stadium. The crowd made a polite noise.

After they had run signals to warm up, Heddon walked to the center of the field where men in white waited near one player in Trent's scarlet. Heddon recognized him, Bill Cain, with whom he had played in high school, now Trent's captain. "Hello, Heddon," Cain said. "Didn't expect to see you here."

Heddon said: "I thought I'd come down and give the local yokels a show."

From the opening kickoff, Heddon knew what he was in for. He took the ball and came back behind his own men for thirty yards, breaking clear behind their good blocking and almost getting away.

Mechanically but skillfully he brought the B-team along for three first downs. The Trent guards were easily drawn out of position by cutbacks; the center was fooled by spinners; so Heddon sent his backs through big holes in the middle of the line. The sophomores blocked well. Then Heddon rose from a pile-up, dazed and with blood from his nose smeared over his mouth and chin. There was really not much point in going through with this, Heddon could believe. Some of his own sudden uncertainty, his own lack of fire, seemed to transmit itself to the sophomores and suddenly they could not gain. Heddon was unaware of what had happened to them. He knew only that it had become necessary to punt.

THE sophomores stopped Trent cold on defense and, coming back with the return punt, Heddon side-stepped one of the red jerseys but stumbled a little and was off balance when two more of them hit him, unresisting. As he lay like a sack of grain on the turf he heard them say: "What's the matter, big shot? Can't you take it? We weren't tough enough for you here, huh?"

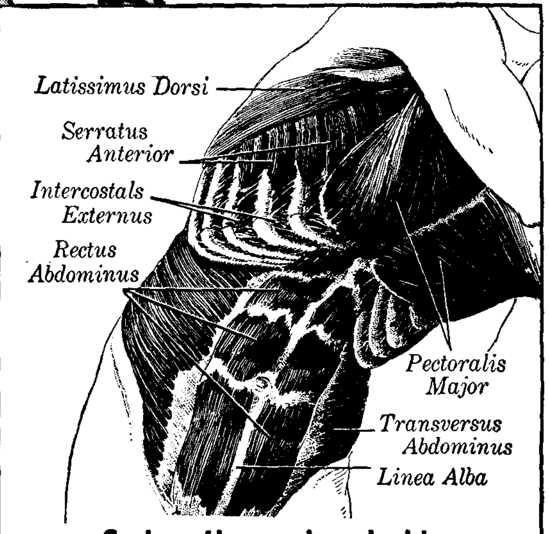
Heddon did not speak. Cheap kid stuff, he told himself. He had a scorn for the men who hacked and kicked him as the half went along, but his anger was slow. So that his own players looked at him curiously. He would bring them along nicely for a time, then he would be hurt again, lose interest or be slightly dazed and the sophomores, as though responding to his moods, would play badly. They outgained and outplayed Trent but the half was almost over and there had been no score. Again he brought them down deep into the red shirts' half of the field and again he was hurt and almost decided to leave the game when the trainer came out to him. After all, he thought, what do I owe Thomas or Barstow, even? But the half was nearly over and Heddon stayed in. On the fourth down he dropped back to kick a field goal. As the ball left his toe, half the red line barged into him, knocking him down and falling on him. Lying there, he heard Rowan say: "Hey, ref, what the hell kind of ball is that—roughing the kicker?"

"He's your captain. It's up to him to make any complaint."

"That's a bright remark," Rowan said. "That's enough from you or I'll throw

All over the Court on Saturday

–but an easy mark on Sunday



Curious Happenings Inside Overworked Muscles

After exercise, lactic acid settles in the muscle fibers, fluids filter in. The muscle swells, presses against its sheath. This is the cause of the pain and stiffness you feel.

Absorbine Jr. brings an *increased supply of blood* to the overworked muscle. This carries away the lactic acid and brings fresh fuel for renewed energy. Rub on after exercise. Spread over wide area.

In handball, arm, shoulder, chest and abdominal muscles are in constant service. Players are advised to "warm up" gradually to their speed.

Why Overworked Muscles are Slow to Come Back . . .

How Absorbine Jr. Limbers Them Up—has them Supple and Ready for your Second-Day Play

A LITTLE "warming-up" practice beforehand limbers you up for any sport. It's the blood circulating through your muscles that does it.

But *after* the game we never think of "warming down"! That's the reason so many "week-end" athletes play a terrible second-day game!

Here's the reason back of it!

Muscular exercise produces toxic waste products *in the muscles themselves*. Notably, lactic acid. After heavy work, *lactic acid* accumulates *in the muscles*. Fluids filter in. The muscle swells. Feels stiff and sore.

Relieves muscles *after* the game

The only relief is a free flow of blood to the sore muscles, for only blood can carry off the lactic acid.

There's a quick way to relieve soreness. Absorbine Jr. has the ability to bring blood immediately to tired muscles! Apply it right after the game, and 2 or 3 times during the day. Stiffness is avoided, and your muscles will stay limber!

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Relieves Muscular Pain

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See, also, Parker's new and original creations in Pen Desk Sets of onyx, marble, glass, chrome, rare woods and leather, complete with Parker Vacumatic Desk Pens.

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Because it eliminates the old-time rubber ink sac and piston pump, this modern marvel has room for 102% more ink than our famous Duofold. Hence it requires filling only 3 or 4 times from one Christmas to the next.

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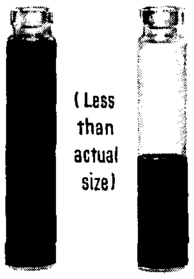

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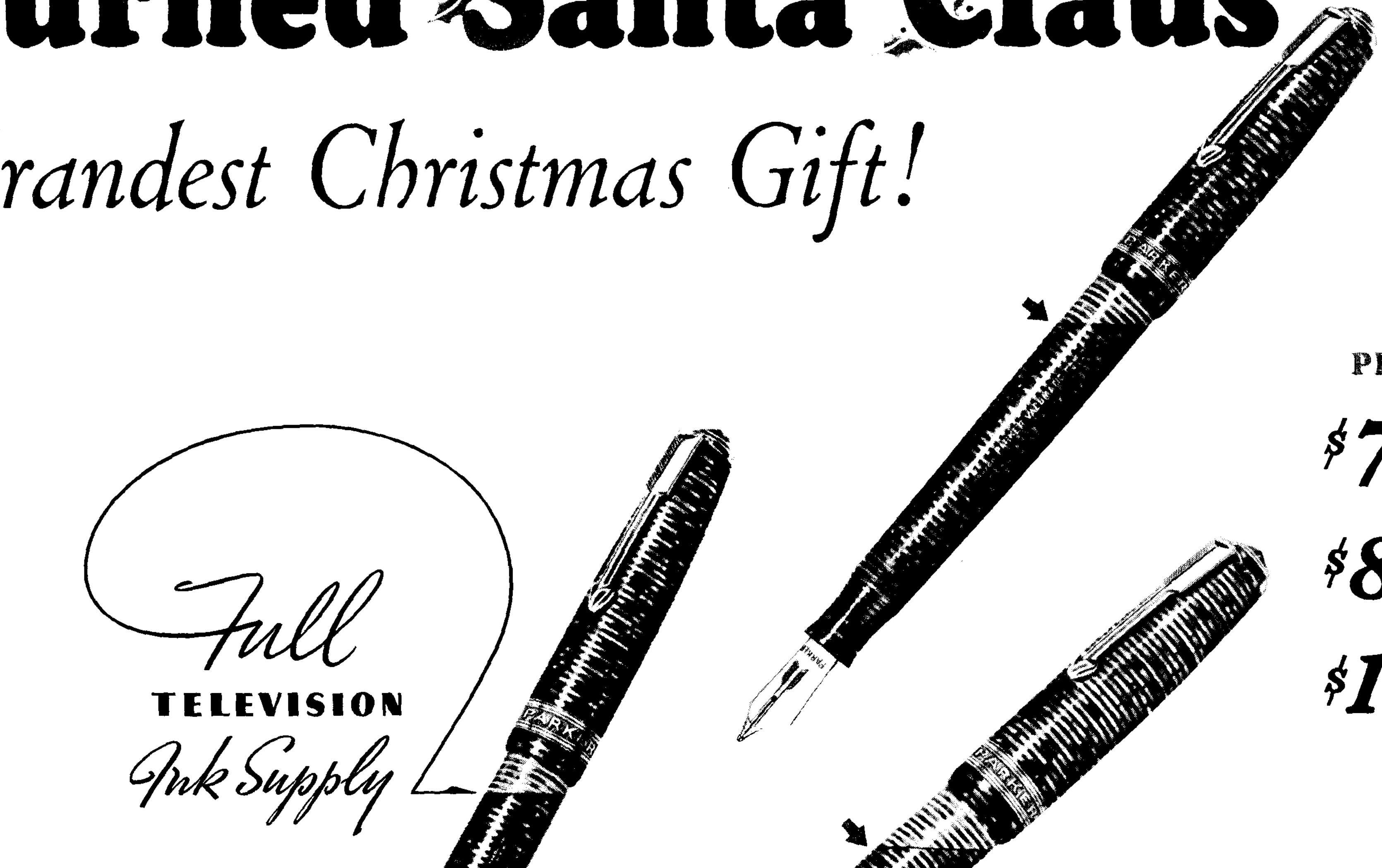

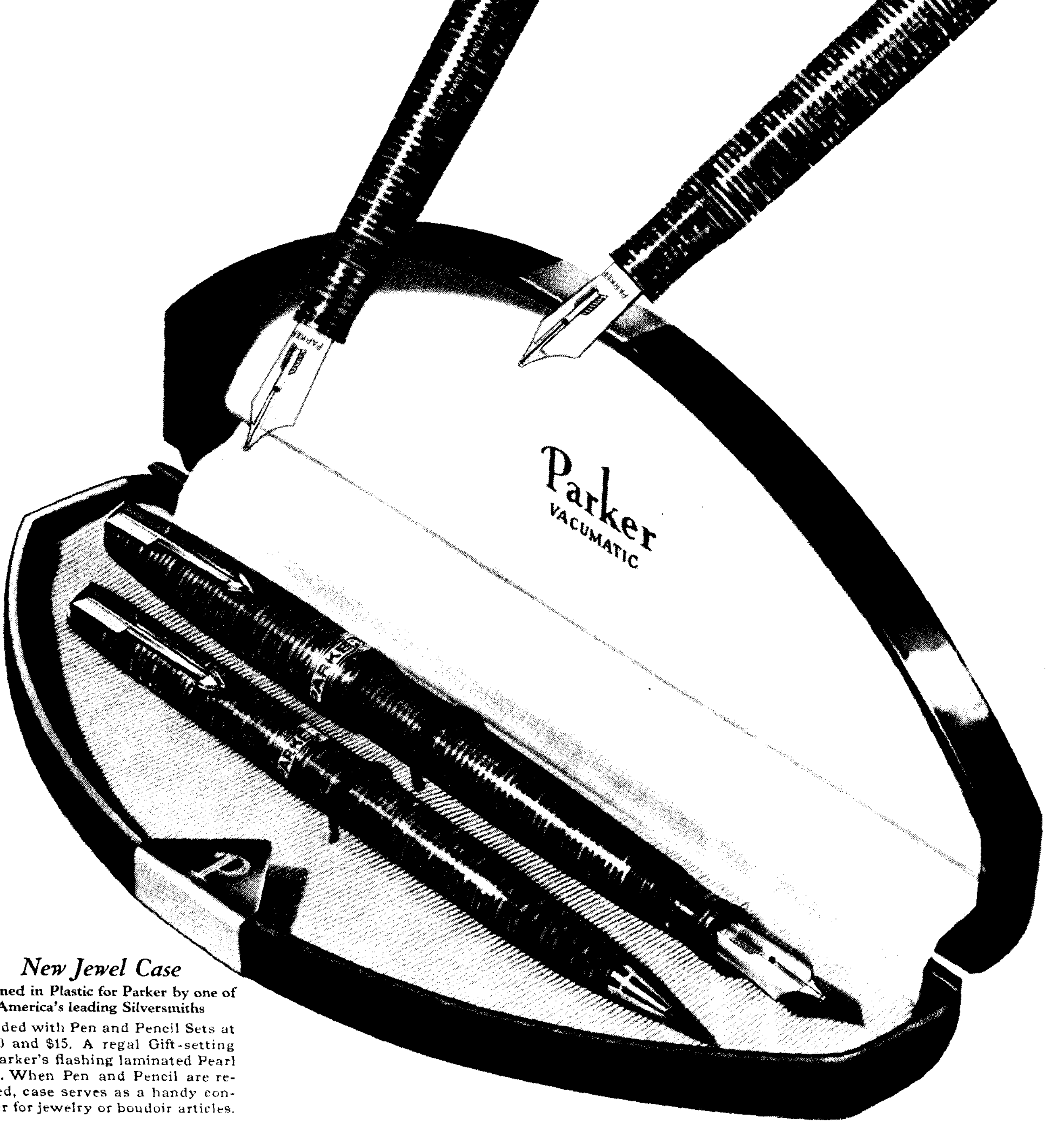

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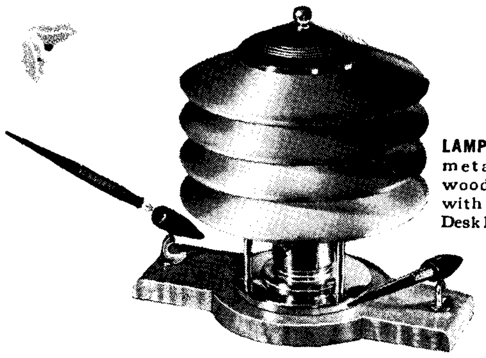
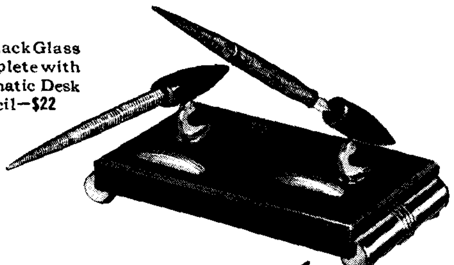


LAMPDOM — Moderne metal Desk Lamp, wood base, complete with Parker Vacumatic Desk Pen and Pencil—$25



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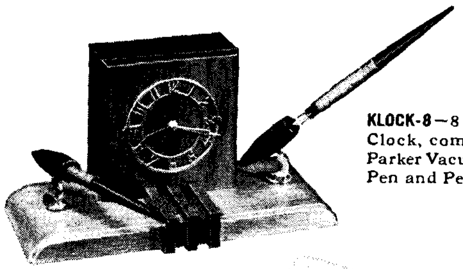

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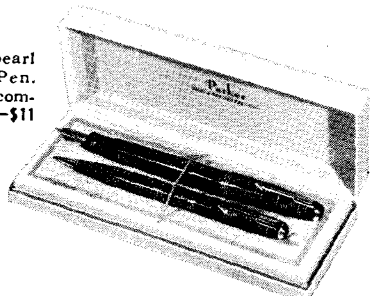

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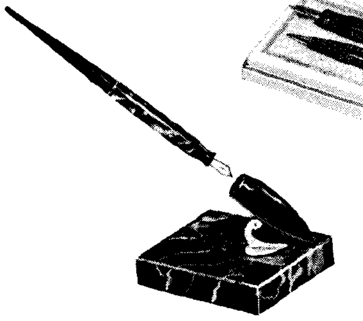

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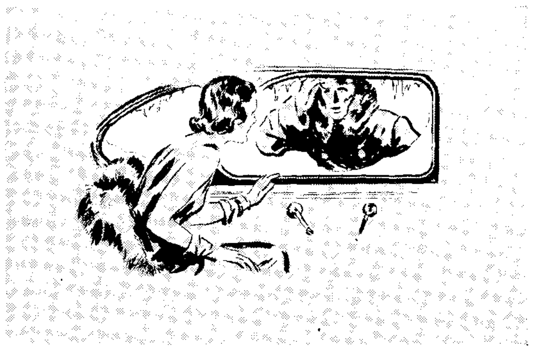

Drive through a dust-storm without soiling your clothes . . . no more cold drafts or window-steaming in winter. 70° in your Nash when it's 'way below zero!

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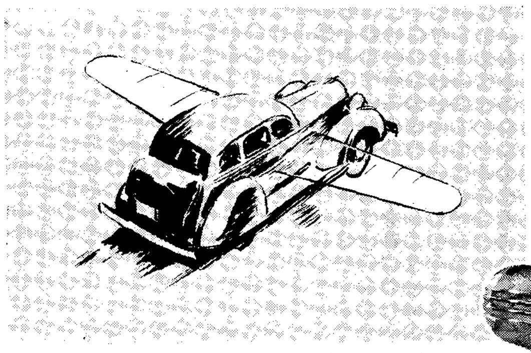

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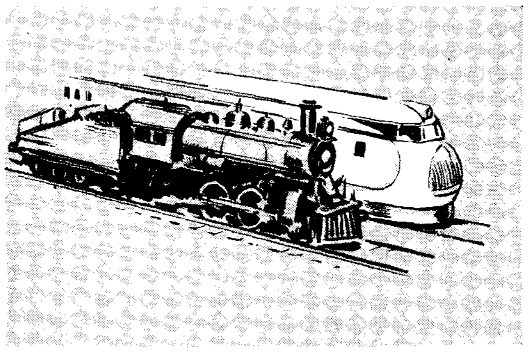

New design, as far ahead as today's "streamliners!" Greatly increased power and economy.

It's the hottest new-car news of 1938: Nash *comes through with SIX sensational, new features.*

CONDITIONED AIR for winter driving is one of them . . . a tremendous Nash "First"!

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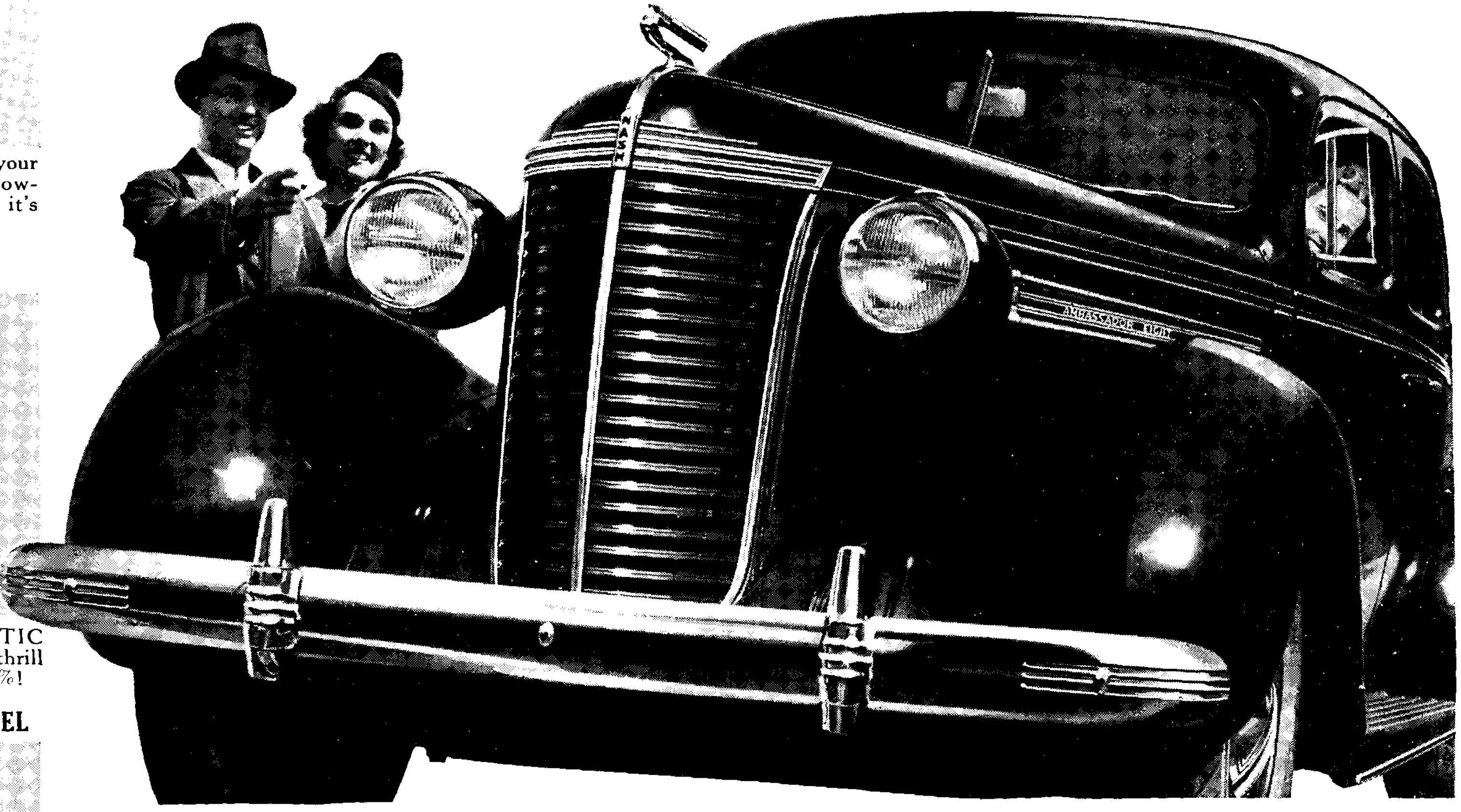
Then . . . talk about SMOOTH RIDING! This car really licks the bumps, jolts and bounces . . . with "SEA LEGS"—giant sky-liner type shock-absorbers mounted like the brace of a sailor's legs.

You can see these sensational new cars at your nearest Nash salesroom right now. And you'll be kicking yourself all year if you don't see them quick.

THREE GREAT 1938 NASH SERIES: *Nash LaFayette, 117-inch wheelbase; Nash Ambassador Six, 121-inch wheelbase; Nash Ambassador Eight, 125-inch wheelbase. Price savings as much as $150.00 against other cars of comparable size and specifications!* NASH MOTORS DIVISION, *Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Kenosha, Wis.*



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The dazzling big Nash LaFayette has it all over the "small cars" for room, fine engineering, riding comfort . . . in *everything.*

But the difference in price is too small to count one way or the other. Compare local delivered prices and figure it out.

Put the cars side by side and take a long careful look. Drive them . . . make them show their stuff. Compare the VALUE!

Your Nash dealer is eager to help you get facts and make thorough comparisons. He doesn't talk generalities, but shows you, point by point, what your money buys.

See him: You'll find he's the type of man you like to do business with. This year, enjoy the kind of motoring you've always hankered for . . . the kind of economy that *saves you most* in the long run . . . the kind of car you'll really *be thrilled to own!* Don't buy any car till you drive a Nash.

[illegible] a NASH ***THE GREAT INDEPENDENT***

you out of the game," the official said.

"Don't bother, Rowan," Heddon said, getting up. As they walked off the field, the half having ended, Heddon looked at the scoreboard. It said, 3-0.

"Nice boot," someone said. Heddon didn't answer or look at the speaker.

In the dressing room, Heddon lay on a slanted rubbing table and let two managers half undress him, wash cleat scratches and tape again an ankle that had begun to puff. He heard Al Barstow talking to the others.

"—And you haven't done a thing," Barstow was saying, "not a thing but make a few first downs. You're a better team than they are, just as big, with better plays. But you're simply not trying." Heddon wondered whether Barstow's voice was faintly desperate or not; whether he saw uncertainty in the faces of the sophomores. With sudden insight, he knew that this uncertainty was because of himself. What do they want from me, Heddon asked himself angrily, the old college try all the way? To hell with him, he thought, his anger, long delayed, now centering on Bat Thomas. To hell with him, I'm not nurse for his B-team.

AS THEY filed from the dressing room and through a line of hostile or mocking faces onto the field, Heddon looked in the crowd of faces for that of the girl he had kissed a few nights before. It was not there, of course, and he was startled by the sudden fancy that she might be present. He began to remember, for no reason, casual things she had said.

The second half was not five minutes old when Heddon let the trainer help him off the field. He was no more badly shaken than he had been several times in the first half. He could have stayed in the game but felt that by so doing he was paying Bat Thomas an allegiance the man no longer deserved.

"You all right?" Barstow said.

"Not bad. Kind of shaken up."

"They sure did a job on you."

Heddon looked at Barstow as they both sat on the bench, but already the coach was watching the play and he turned also to look at it.

Before him on the field he watched a curious thing happen: a young, strong and skillful group of men go to pieces. It began gradually, almost imperceptibly. First the B-team could not gain, then the reason for this was clear—some fierceness had gone out of their blocking, they ran indifferently; principally, they seemed unsure. Their timing was bad and guards, pulling out to run interference, bumped into backs. They began to argue among themselves and their new quarterback, a boy with a young face, looked bewildered and frightened. On defense the B-team guards didn't submarine, the tackles stood high. Trent began to gain, scoring early in the last quarter to lead, 6-3.

"You know," Barstow said, without looking at Heddon; "they miss you."

"You wouldn't kid me, Al?"

"I mean you held them together nicely. If you weren't hurt I'd put you back."

"I'm through," Heddon said. But some part of him was uneasy.

The Trent quarterback returned a punt over twenty yards and was downed near the B-team's bench. When the sophomores lined up, Heddon could see their faces clearly, some of them bewildered, others dull, most of them marked by fist or cleat. A Trent back went off-tackle for eight yards. Steadily the red jerseys broke through the green of the B-team.

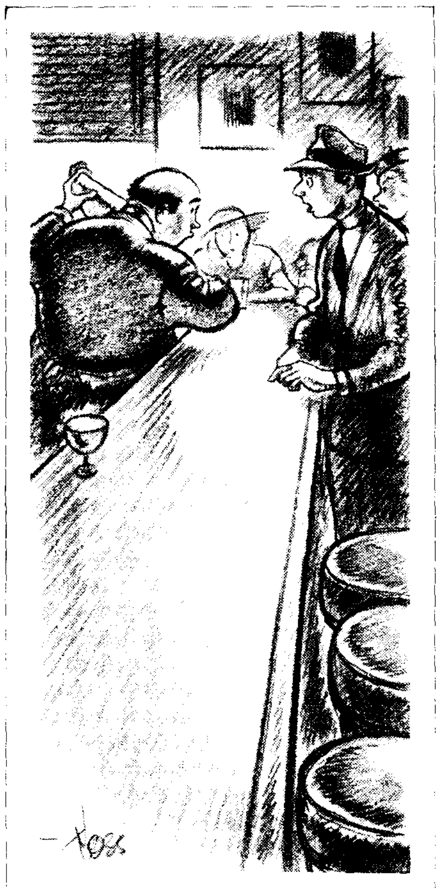
"If they score on us, the game will be on ice and these kids will never get over it," Barstow said. "They've never lost, as freshmen or this year."

"They'll get over it," Heddon said.

"I don't know. They're a jittery outfit," Barstow said. "They're not like any ballplayers I ever knew. That big Borosowski is studying art and Rowan was reading poetry, of all things, on the way down here."

"He's a good ballplayer," Heddon said. "You should worry about what he reads." He quickly felt responsible for the sophomores. "It's only a game but it seems important now." A nameless girl had said it but it came to Heddon now with a strong accent. For two more years it would be more than a game to the sophomores. Suddenly, Heddon was nervous again, keen, his lips dry as he watched the play sharply.

There was a pile-up on fourth down on the B-team's seven-yard line. It stopped the latest Trent march, but Rowan was slow getting up. The acting captain called time and the trainer went out but Rowan wouldn't leave the game. . . . If they lose now, if they lose now, Heddon kept thinking, but couldn't quite finish the thought. It would be a bad thing. Just why it would be bad was something he couldn't put into words at the moment. But these youngsters shouldn't be hurt because he was angry at Thomas. They were Thomas' men and if he saved them he would save Thomas also, Heddon knew; save games for Thomas in the years to come. . . .



"Was my wife in here looking for her mother?"

A. ROSS

Heddon was standing without remembering that he had gotten up. "I'm going in, Al." He did not look at Barstow.

"You're sure you're okay?"

"Oh, sure." Then Heddon was trotting toward the teams, adjusting his helmet as he moved, feeling that strange breathlessness that he had always known at the beginning of a game.

"The boy wonder is coming back for some more," someone in a red jersey said.

Back on the seven-yard line, the ball now in the B-team's possession, a punt was the thing to call, but in the huddle Heddon said: "Now get together and stop letting these bush-leaguers here look like a ball club. Stamp on them. We'll cross them and pull 61 from punt formation, Ames back." It was an off-tackle sweep and it shook Snake Ames loose for twenty-three yards.

While Trent was still confused by the unorthodox play, Heddon called for a pass that carried to midfield. Trent substitutes came in and the going became tougher. The gains were smaller and time went fast, but three and two and five yards at a clip the sophomores hammered out first downs. Heddon called plays and blocked, never carrying the ball. His body felt heavy on his legs, which hurt him, but in the huddle he talked to the others, now fiercely, now quietly, and saw them respond in their faces before they did in their play. When he blocked he usually dropped his man but almost always he would feel a knee in his ribs or the edge of a hand along his jaw.

"Come on, wise guy," a new Trent end called. "Send one here."

"Here it comes," Heddon said. The play he called started toward the end, then came back, with Ames cutting in over the weak-side guard for seven yards and a first down on the eleven-yard line. His own coolness, his own lack of anger at anyone, Thomas or the Trent players, amazed Heddon.

Someone kicked him two plays later and anger blinded him. He called for a delayed slant off the weak side and mouse-trapped a big tackle as he came, clipping him hard. It was not the right play; Heddon had called for it simply to please himself; there had been no gain. It was fourth down, three to go on the four-yard line. Time was almost up.

"Kick another field goal," one of the sophomores said.

"Sure, kick one and tie them," another voice spoke in the huddle. It would be easy to do, Heddon thought. Too easy. It would be something to have tied Trent with points he had personally scored. But he would leave the sophomores something better than that.

"I'm quarterback," he told them sharply. "We don't play for ties. We play to win. Pull 79."

It was a very short pass over center, thrown to a point only two or three yards beyond the line of scrimmage. Heddon threw it himself. Carter, a tall end, took it, held it momentarily, then fumbled it as two red jerseys hit him at once. Trent had the ball on its own three-yard line.

HEDDON felt the sudden weariness come up in him like fear or passion. He knew then how badly he had wanted to win, for himself as well as for the sophomores. But he had given them something, he knew, against the years to come. They were crouching now, cursing and calling the Trent players lucky. Young Carter was swearing through tears. The red jerseys, shaken, were lining up to rush the ball for the last play. Instead of smothering the ball with a sneak to kill time, the quarter called for a buck. Then, like water pouring through a broken wall, the faded green jerseys had gone through in a wave and half of them hit the runner hard—so that Rowan, taking the fumbled ball while it still hung in the air, ran awkwardly two steps across the goal line.

Then Heddon was yelling with the others, for a moment one of them, of that strange race of sophomores, apart from other men. Yelling as they moved off the field, not bothering to kick the point after touchdown now that the gun had cracked as they scored. Yelling with them a defiance and a triumph as they shouldered their way through the sullen crowd. Heddon stopped a few seconds before the others did and as their noise beat in on him, he had never felt so pleased, so powerful. He thought of Bat Thomas again and the man seemed unimportant. Then Heddon thought of a girl without a name and that the sophomores would never know what they owed to her, and he began to hope that the bus would get back to school early enough that night for him to find her.

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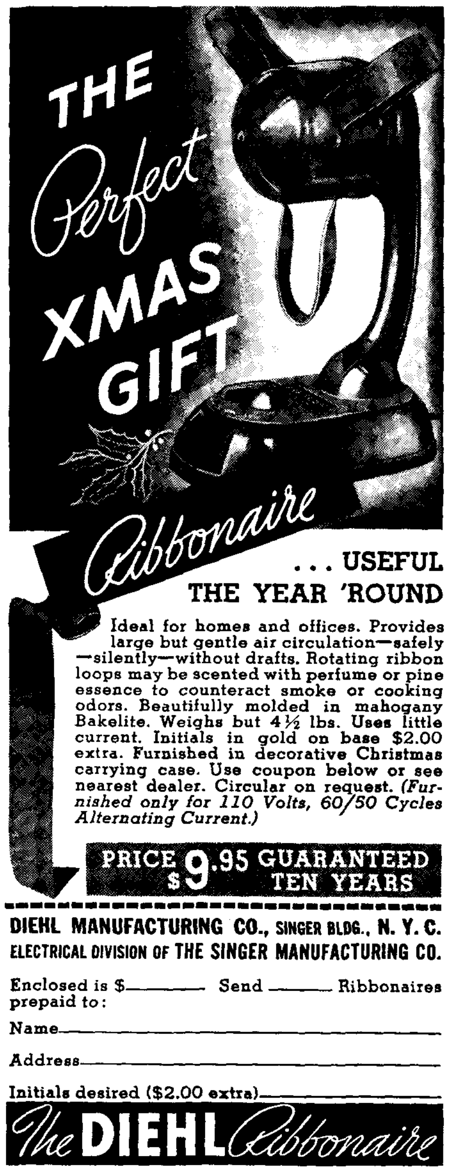

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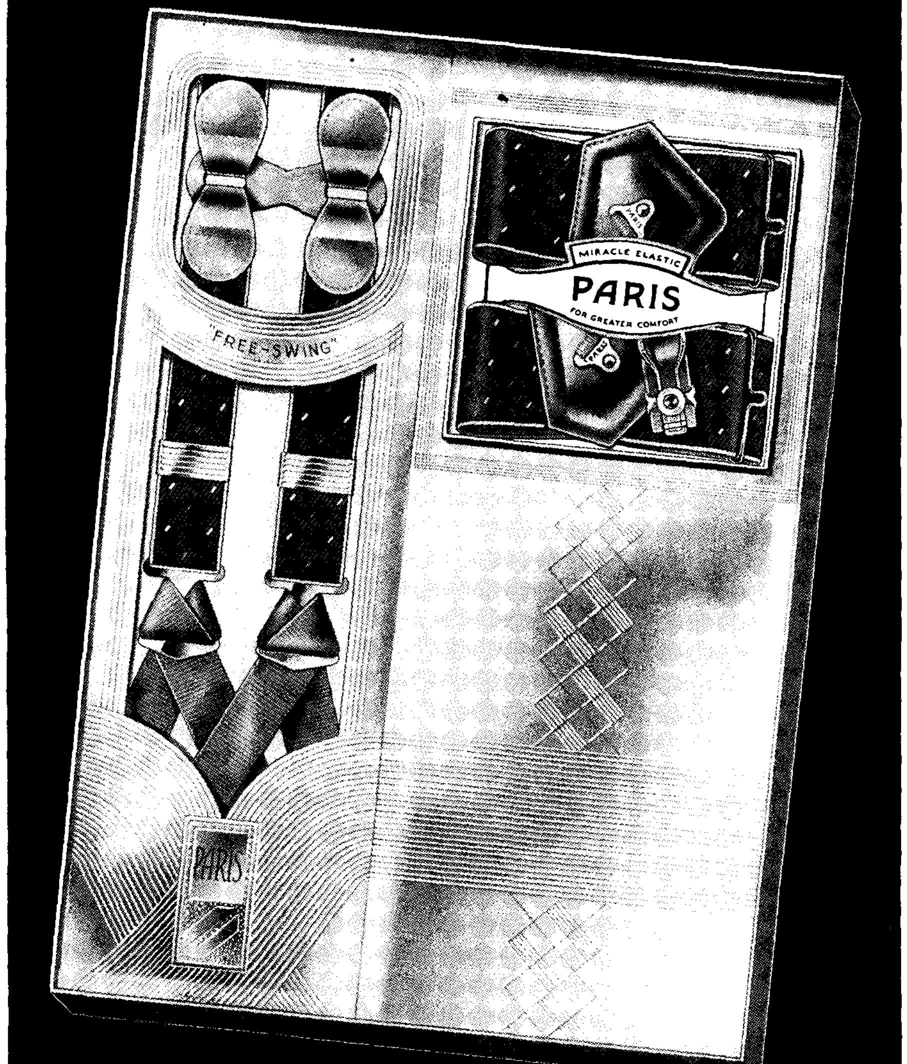

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The Man Who Could Make Gold

Continued from page 10

laughed, and I detected a mocking note in her laughter. "You do? I knew you would. You are a great hunter, are you not? And you use the same methods as the hunter in the song, don't you?"

"I'm a good hunter, but a very bad shot," von Genthner said, smiling. "I guess it's because I like to hunt, but don't like to shoot."

"It gets late," she said. "I think I should go."

"Stay behind a little while, Mademoiselle," von Genthner said softly, so softly that only she and I heard. "I have a story to tell you. And our friend has some excellent brandy you and I must try. Greek brandy it is, Metaxa brandy, that won the Grand Prix at the California Fair in 1915."

FINALLY the others left and there we were, the three of us, looking into the flames and for a while saying nothing.

"It was a nice dinner." Colette smiled at me. "Quite the nicest I've been to since I came to Berlin. You know, von Genthner and you are the only ones I've met in Berlin who can laugh and mean it."

"Are they so gay, then, in your country?" von Genthner asked, casually stirring the fire with a long poker.

"Paris is always gay," she said a little breathlessly.

I got the Greek brandy and three glasses and filled them. I like Greek brandy very much—it isn't as strong as French brandy, and as for that German brandy, Weinbrand, it isn't fit to use for washing dishes.

"Once during the war," von Genthner said slowly, "I had to do a terrible thing."

"Really," I laughed. "I've heard lots of Americans and English tell of how they won the war. I've never heard a German tell how he won it. Have another drink, Genthner, and win the war for us."

"You know," von Genthner went on, "beauty is the only thing in this world that is absolutely true and honest. Once I had to destroy a beautiful thing and for months afterward I was sick. Before the war I studied at Louvain. I spent a great deal of time in the library at Louvain, one of the most beautiful buildings ever created. I loved that building."

"I saw that library six months after the war ended and it wasn't so beautiful then," I said.

Von Genthner nodded. "During the early days of the war we were marching through Belgium. Louvain's defenders were stubborn. We were ordered to bomb Louvain. I myself had to carry bombs and drop them on this city I loved so. I dropped one bomb and saw it hit the library. I saw it explode and I saw that lovely building die. It is a horrible thing to destroy beauty, and I promised myself then never again to be guilty of such a crime."

"And where does that bring us?" I asked.

Von Genthner lifted his head. "That brings us," he said softly, "to the story of Anton Bordemann, the man who could make gold. He was a great, great man—Anton Bordemann."

"Was? Was?" A strangled cry broke from Colette and, when I looked at her, her eyes were wide and staring and her hand was at her mouth.

Von Genthner apparently didn't hear her. "It is an interesting story, which begins hundreds of years ago."

"Where does it end?" I asked.

Von Genthner put his hand into his breast pocket. He took out several faded yellow pages of what looked to be manuscript. He held them for a moment and then threw them into the fire. The fire blazed brightly as they flamed and threw dancing shadows on the walls and ceiling. We watched the fire eat into those pages—von Genthner solemnly, I puzzled, and Colette with an expression I couldn't fathom.

"The story ends there," von Genthner pointed toward the fire. "You know, I suppose, what the Philosopher's Stone was? Generally speaking, it was a chemical substance that had two properties: it could transmute metal into gold and it could prolong life indefinitely. Many men thought that they had found it. You know the idea isn't as fantastic as it may sound. Pliny—and many other wise men—discussed it, gave it serious thought."

"Nonsense!" I protested. "Von Genthner, you know as well as I do that the alchemists were all fakers who had nothing but a pagan philosophy and the ability to deceive credulous fools."

"Many kings spent fortunes maintaining alchemists who claimed they could find the secret of transmutation and the elixir of life—the secret of life everlasting. Now there is little evidence to support the claim that these alchemists ever found such an agent as the Philosopher's Stone. That is, until we come to 1600.

"Then a man named Alexander Seton appeared and there is no evidence to disprove his claim that he could transmute metals into gold. He lived on the seacoast near the city of Edinburgh, which is in Scotland."

"Yes, and we are in Berlin, which is in Germany." My sarcasm was lost on him. He was for the moment living back in 1600.

"A Dutch vessel was shipwrecked on the Scotch coast about this time and several of the survivors were taken to Seton's home. He grew very friendly with one of them, the pilot, James Haussen. Seton was an alchemist and one night in a burst of confidence he told Haussen that he had found the Philosopher's Stone. Haussen didn't believe him but he listened good-naturedly. It was a secret too terrible to reveal to the world, Seton said.

"Haussen finally went back home and a year or so later Seton visited him. He lived in Arksun, which—"

"Yes, I know, which is in Holland. Go on, teacher. . . ." I remembered hearing the story of Alexander Seton back in college, in freshman chemistry.

"HAUSSEN couldn't keep his news to himself. Here at his humble home he had a man who claimed that he could make gold. The rumor spread and one day the learned men of the community assembled and asked Seton to give them a demonstration. Reluctantly he did and the report of it is preserved in the archives of the library in Amsterdam. They sat around while he built a fire under a crucible and put sixteen ounces of lead into it. He added sulphur and other common enough chemicals and then when the crucible was glowing and the lead melting he added three grains of a black powder.

"Immediately the flames changed to blue and purple and the molten lead seemed to writhe and then bubble angrily. When the crucible had cooled, the lead had turned to what appeared to be gold. They gave it every known test but it stood each one. This, they decided, was real gold—they had seen it made in front of their eyes. The notoriety which ensued caused the retiring Seton to flee Holland. He sought refuge in Cologne, and there he was befriended by a chem-

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ist, a man named Anton Bordemann."

I heard Colette draw a sharp breath. Von Genthner's voice went on smoothly, evenly, as though he were telling a story to a sleepy child.

"Seton and Bordemann became great friends. He told Bordemann what he had discovered and Bordemann agreed that it was too dangerous a secret to reveal to the world. They both thought, as the ancients did, that this substance which Seton apparently had discovered also contained the elixir of life. It was that, even more than the thought of the world being inundated with gold, which kept their mouths closed. Now Christian II, Elector of Saxony, heard of Seton and invited him to court to demonstrate his ability as an alchemist. It was a royal command which Seton could not ignore. He went and before the greatest scientists in Germany he did transmute lead and make gold. The scientists gave it every known test.

"SETON was promised great rewards if he would reveal his secret, but he refused. Then he was hurled into prison and tortured. The rack, the fire and the scourge couldn't loosen his tongue. Physically a wreck, mentally destroyed by the torture, he was able to write one letter and bribe a guard to smuggle it out of prison. It was a letter to his one friend, Anton Bordemann, of Cologne. Shortly afterward he managed to escape, but he didn't linger long. The torture had been too great and he died."

"And his secret died with him?"

"That's what the world believed, and that's what the world still believes. Now consider Anton Bordemann for a moment. He was an obscure, diffident chemist living quietly and contentedly in Cologne. When he opened a letter from Seton, imagine his feelings to find that Seton had bequeathed the secret of making gold to him. Why, he could be the wealthiest man in the world. He could have power such as no man had ever had. But he was content to be a small chemist in Cologne. He would forget the secret, renounce it.

"Should he tear up that letter from Seton? If he did the secret would die when he died. He couldn't bring himself to do that. Instead he did a rather curious thing. He built a strong box and directed that when he died the strong box should be buried with him. In his will he directed that his grave should be opened in three hundred years and that the strong box and its contents should go to his direct male descendant, who should use his discretion as to the disposition of what he found there. Anton Bordemann died in 1637."

"Three hundred years ago," I thought aloud.

"The story of the strange will always remained in the Bordemann family. There was always a direct male heir to the original Anton Bordemann. Each one knew of the will. No one thought of violating the grave by anticipating the terms of the will. Which brings us to January 1, 1937."

"You've taken a long time to bring us here."

"There was another Anton Bordemann now, a tall, blond, smiling Anton Bordemann, with large blue eyes that were eager in their search for knowledge. Like his ancestor, he had studied chemistry.

"He had studied at Goettingen and he had studied at your Harvard University and at Vienna. Of course, like any scientist in his line, he knew all about Alexander Seton and he knew, too, the family tradition. To him the whole thing was a pleasant legend, an interesting part of his family history—and nothing more."

"Did he open the grave and take out the strong box?"

Von Genthner nodded. "Yes, the voice that came to him out of antiquity was too strong to resist. He did it good-naturedly, thinking perhaps the strong box would contain some personal memoirs of his ancestor, amusing but unimportant to a scientist who was interested not in the past but in the future. To get permission for the opening of the grave he had to go to the local authorities. Now it happens that I have an agent in Cologne . . ."

"Good heavens, Genthner, we are not alone." I have said that von Genthner always worked under a cloak of anonymity. It seemed careless of him to give Colette a hint of his true standing in official Germany.

"Mademoiselle Colette already knows my position. She knows who I am, do you not, Mademoiselle?" He spoke very gently.

"Yes . . . yes." There was no laughter in her voice now, only a dull acceptance of something which I did not understand.

"The agent informed me of the Bordemann legend, and of the opening of the grave. I have dabbled in chemistry and in biochemistry and a little in metallurgy. I knew the Seton story and I knew a little about young Anton Bordemann. He was rapidly making a name for himself in the scientific world. Out of curiosity, or perhaps following what you would call a hunch, I went to Cologne. I met young Anton Bordemann and I was captivated by him. He knew something of me and when he found out that I could discuss metallurgy with him intelligently, we became quite friendly. He asked me to be with him when the grave was opened. I was still following what you call a hunch. I asked him to allow me to supervise the opening of the grave and to allow my men to handle the whole affair. Of course I had to reveal my official position to him. He laughed and told me to go ahead. We opened the grave at one minute after midnight, January 1."

"THAT seems like a swell New Year's Eve party. Did you wear paper hats and sing Auld Lang Syne?"

"The strong box was intact. Even its seals were perfect—after three hundred years!"

"They must have made lovely coffins in 1600," I suggested.

"It was not a lovely coffin, but a strong coffin made of zinc. I took the strong box and, with Anton, went back to his home. We opened it and there was nothing in it but five pages of closely written manuscript. They were only slightly yellowed and the writing stood out boldly. I left Anton alone with the manuscript. I told him I'd see him in the morning. But it was he who phoned me and his voice was urgent. He asked me to hurry to his home. When I arrived his face was solemn and his eyes were full of excitement.

"'Von Genthner,' he said, 'I was wrong. These are no memoirs written by a talkative old man. These pages contain the clue to Seton's secret, if such a secret ever existed. It would take a very, very clever chemist to extract anything from these notes—but, forgive me, von Genthner, I am a clever chemist.'

"I nodded. He was indeed a clever chemist, one of the greatest.

"'And if you succeed?' I asked him.

"ANTON ran his hands through his blond hair and he looked puzzled. 'I hadn't thought of it as anything but an interesting experiment. Suppose I find that Seton was right. Good heavens, man, what a dangerous secret to own! If I succeed what shall we do with it?'

"'I don't know,' I told him. 'I only know that in your experiments you should be careful. No one must see those notes but you. Suppose an enemy of Germany surprised that secret? Any country can win a war if given sufficient funds. War today is merely a matter of finance.'

"'What would our own government do with this secret?' he whispered.

"'We have a militaristic government,' I said bluntly.

"'I hate war more than anything else in the world, von Genthner,' he cried. 'I would never give this secret to any government—that is, assuming that I am successful. And yet, as a scientist, I cannot keep from pursuing this experiment to the end, no matter what that end.'

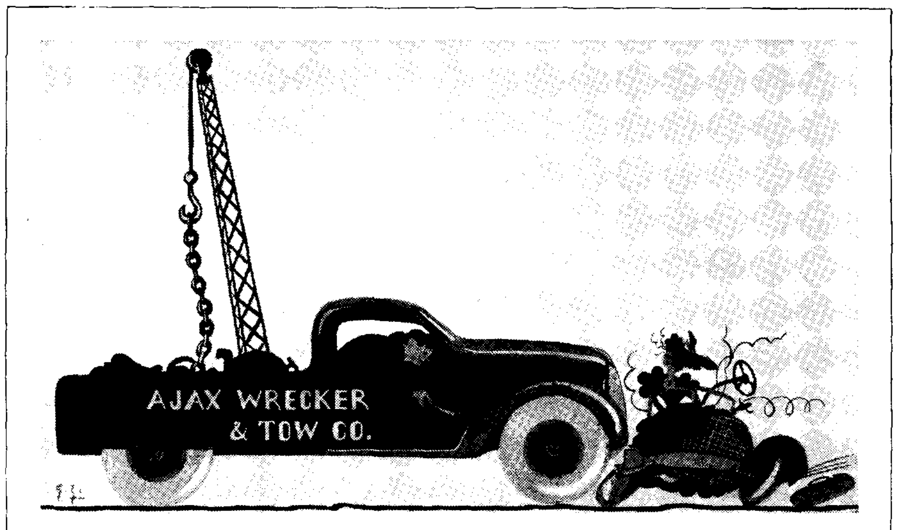
"I nodded again. I could understand that.

"'Only you and I know of this,' he said quietly. 'Suppose we work together. If we discover what I think we may discover, the secret will die with us. To us the reward will be knowledge which we haven't now. That is reward enough for any scientist.'

"We shook hands on that. I told him that my duties would prevent my working with him but that I would visit him as often as possible and discuss the progress that he was making. So I left him to his crucibles and his laboratory and I came back to Berlin. Unknown to him, I had guards placed around his home. They didn't know what they were guarding but they knew that Anton Bordemann had to be guarded carefully. They made notes of everyone who entered or left the house and that was how I heard of Francine Tesayre."

"May I?" Colette handed me her glass, and I filled it to the brim with brandy. She took it and lifted it to her lips. Not a drop spilled.

"It developed," von Genthner went on, "that Francine Tesayre had been visiting Anton a great deal. This troubled me vaguely. I don't know why. In any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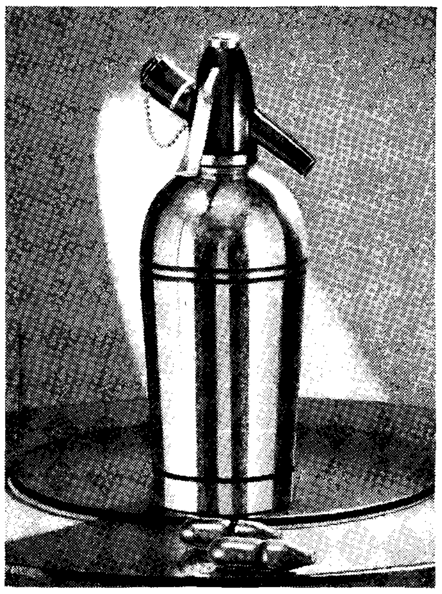

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case, I visited Anton and I found a laughing, happy Anton, a strong, young Anton, confident of his ability, fascinated by this game he was playing, this game of trying to open a gigantic door with a very, very small key. And there was a new light in his eyes, too. He told me of Francine Tesayre. She was half Irish and half French, an interesting combination indeed. While visiting relatives in Dublin she had met Professor Eric Dougherty, who had once taught Anton at the University of Dublin. She had told him that she was on her way to Cologne to study music under Hanfel and then the professor recalled that his famous pupil, Bordemann, lived in Cologne. He would give her a letter of introduction to Bordemann.

" 'She is coming this afternoon,' Anton told me. 'You shall see for yourself. She is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.'

" 'And the work, Anton?' I asked.

"He grew serious. 'It progresses. It progresses. It is the old story of experimentation and elimination. It is tiresome and I wish I had an assistant to help me. If there were only someone we could trust.'

" 'We can trust no one, Anton,' I said.

"He agreed reluctantly. Anton was so fine that he could not conceive of anyone using scientific knowledge for an unworthy end.

"THAT afternoon I met Francine Tesayre. She was everything that Anton had claimed. She was beautiful and she was charming and she was obviously very fond of Anton. They seemed to share little secrets. Sometimes when I talked I surprised them smiling into each other's eyes, hardly listening to what I was saying. She was vivacious, was Francine. She was a bit excited. Her brother was coming to visit her in the morning. Her older brother whom she adored. Strangely enough, he, too, was a chemist and he, too, had studied under Eric Dougherty at Dublin.

"Well, finally I left, completely entranced with Francine Tesayre, but still vaguely worried. I was busy now with other things and had to go to London for two weeks. When I returned I found some disquieting reports on my desk from Cologne. Francine's brother, Jean Tesayre, had arrived. He and Anton had become very friendly and now he was working in the laboratory as Anton's assistant. I hurried to Cologne. Anton had changed. His eyes were feverish now and he had grown thinner.

" 'You're working too hard, Anton,' I told him.

"He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "Of course. That is the job of a research man, isn't it? But I am getting somewhere, Genthner. I swear I am getting somewhere. It sounds fantastic—don't laugh now—but within a month I expect to make gold. Six months ago I would have ridiculed any scientific man who made that statement. It still seems fantastic, Genthner, but I am on the right track.'

" 'And your new assistant?'

"Anton was full of enthusiasm. 'He is splendid. Not at all like Francine. He is quiet, studious, a fine man in the laboratory and, like ourselves, detached, interested only in the answer to this problem.'

" 'You've told him everything?' My heart sank.

" 'No,' Anton said. 'Just enough to direct his experiments. No one has seen the notes my ancestor left, not even Francine. I am in love with Francine,' he added quietly.

"I knew that, all right. I went into the laboratory with him and met Jean Tesayre. He was short and stocky and he peered at me through heavy glasses. He had large hands but when I saw those hands pour solutions into glass test tubes I knew that here was a chemist, a skilled laboratory worker. He was pleasant enough, but he didn't say much. He was evidently too engrossed in his work. We walked out of the laboratory.

" 'There's one favor I want to ask you, Anton. Tell me, where do you keep your notes?'

"Anton laughed. 'In my head,' he said. 'I've gotten so far along that I no longer need the trail pointed out to me by my ancestor. I have gone far beyond where he ended. Actually I keep the original notes here in this safe.'

"I looked at the safe and winced. Any cheap Berlin second-story man could have opened that safe with a can opener.

" 'Anton,' I said, 'if someone were to steal those notes and get them into the hands of a scientist as clever as yourself that secret might eventually be discovered and turned against the world. Would you not trust me with the notes? I have better facilities for safekeeping than you have. On my honor, they will be safe with me.'

"He hesitated, then smiled. 'Of course, my friend. Take them.'

" 'I will prepare what will look like a copy of the notes,' I told him, 'and we'll place them in your safe. They will be meaningless. Yet should someone break in and steal them they will look like your original notes.'

" 'But why go to that trouble?' he asked, puzzled.

" 'Because if it is discovered that the notes are forgeries, someone might attempt force to make you reveal what was in them. That was once done to a man named Alexander Seton.'

" 'But that was in 1600,' he protested.

" 'Greed is greed, whether it be 1600 or 1937,' I told him. 'Men still plunder and murder and torture. I know, Anton.'

"So he gave me the notes. I prepared what seemed like a duplicate and put them into his safe. The originals I kept in my own safe, closely guarded.

"I RECEIVED a letter about a month or so ago from Anton. He was heartbroken. Francine was going back to Dublin to spend a fortnight with her mother, who was ill. Still, he added, philosophically, much as he hated to let her go for even a month, it would give him time to finish the experiments. 'I have it,' he added in his letter. 'I am sure that I have it at last. Within two or three weeks I will have torn the last veil of mystery away. Then you and I will have to decide what to do with our knowledge.' "

Von Genthner paused. He looked into the fire, which was low now. Then he got up and threw a log on it. The fire flamed up and threw grotesque shadows on the wall. Von Genthner sat down again and looked into the fire.

"For no reason at all except that I am naturally a suspicious man, I had Francine Tesayre followed. She didn't go to Dublin, at all. She came instead to Berlin. She has been living here ever since under another name. We have had her every movement watched. No, she did nothing suspicious—except change her name. Her mail was all read by us before it reached her, but there were only brotherly greetings from Jean and letters from Anton. These had been sent to Dublin and had been forwarded by someone in Dublin to Berlin. She sent letters to Anton but she sent them via Dublin. Why? That's what I racked my brains to find out.

"I TOOK a flying trip to Dublin to talk to Professor Eric Dougherty. He had never heard of Francine Tesayre, nor of her brother, Jean Tesayre. I hurried back to Berlin. This was two days ago. I phoned Anton and he was frantic with excitement.

" 'I've got it! I've got it!' he cried, and for a moment I detected what I thought to be a touch of madness in his voice. 'An hour ago I reached the end of the road. Von Genthner, I can make gold. Von Genthner hurry to Cologne and I'll show you.' His voice was trembling, hysterical, and I tried to calm him. Now I was worried. I told him I'd hurry to Cologne immediately. I phoned my men there. I told them to arrest Jean Tesayre when he left the laboratory that evening. Then I flew to Cologne. My men were there to meet me. They looked solemn-faced and I knew that something was amiss.

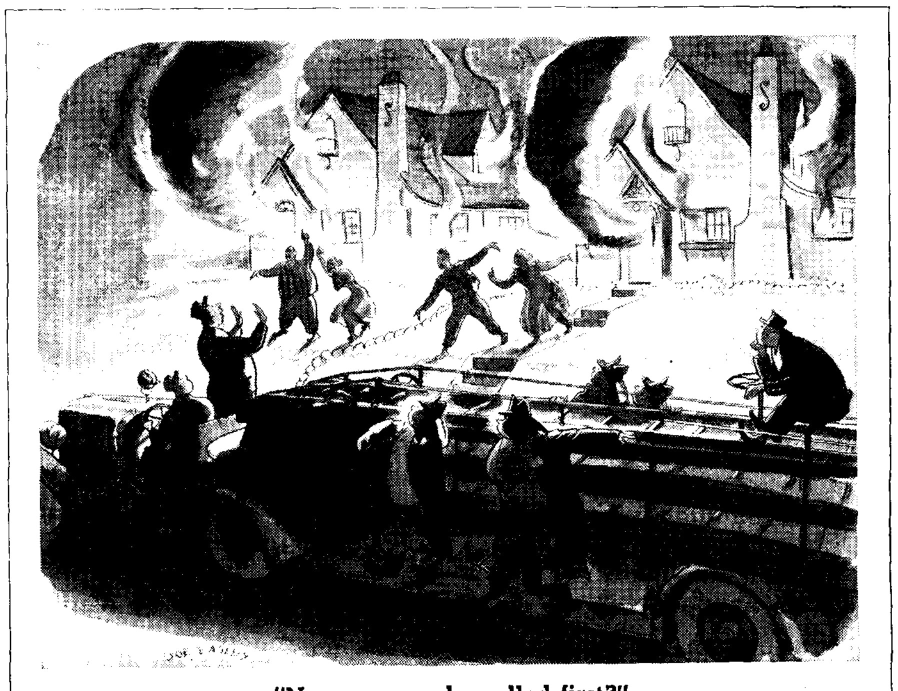
" 'Didn't you arrest Jean Tesayre?' I asked them as calmly as I could.

"They nodded. 'We did,' my chief subordinate said unhappily. 'He asked to be allowed to return to his hotel room for clothes. That seemed reasonable. You told us merely to hold him for questioning. He was not, to our knowledge, a criminal. We remained with him. He opened a bag and before we could stop him he had pulled a gun from it and sent a bullet through his head. He died instantly.'

" 'Perhaps,' I told him, 'it is just as well. Did you find anything on him?'

" 'Only this,' he said, and then he handed me the bogus copy of old Anton Bordemann's original notes—the ones I had substituted for the real notes. . . .

"Then I froze. How had he gotten these? I hoped against hope that he had



"Now, now—who called first?" JOE EASLEY

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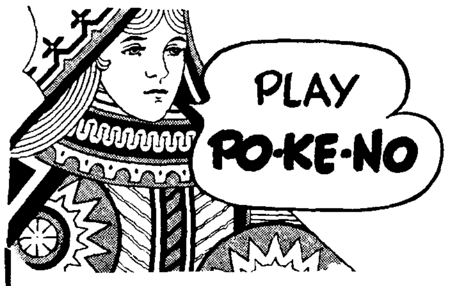

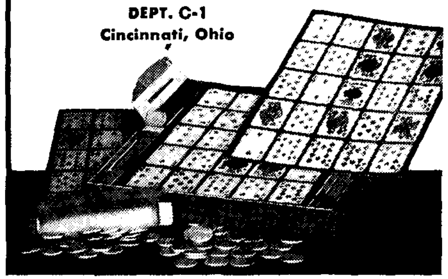

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merely stolen them. I hoped against hope. We hurried to Anton's home. We went in and I cried loudly, 'Anton! Anton!' I had grown very fond of him. He was such a handsome young man, and so brilliant. Even lying there in the laboratory with his head smashed to a pulp. Lying there quite dead, with a puzzled look on his face, a look which seemed to ask, 'But how can you kill knowledge? Killing me you kill knowledge.' "

Von Genthner stopped and peered into the flames. I glanced at Colette. Her face might have been set in stone. Her eyes stared straight ahead, and as I watched, those eyes seemed to lose their brightness and their life—it was as though something within her had died.

"Mademoiselle," von Genthner's voice was as impersonal and as casual as though he were asking her to pass the sugar. "You should have gone to Dublin. You should not have changed your name. That was a grave error. Then, too," a note of harshness crept into his voice, "you should not have allowed Anton to love you. That was not playing the game according to the rules. You should not have allowed Anton to love you, and you should not have made him believe that you loved him."

She stood up, slim, erect, and the gleam of the light of the fire danced on the diamond brooch at her breast. Her face was drained of all life, and she looked straight at von Genthner.

Von Genthner said gently, "The story I have told you is true, is it not?"

She nodded dully. Von Genthner stood up. Now he was the Prussian officer giving commands, confident, precise.

"According to our laws, Mademoiselle, you are guilty of treason, for, technically speaking, the secret for which Anton sought belonged to the government. In Germany the punishment for treason you well know. There is a car waiting for you outside, Mademoiselle. There are police officers there who are expecting you. I think there is no more to say. You will leave, please."

I instinctively reached out a hand toward her and smothered a cry. I knew the punishment for treason in Germany. I couldn't take my eyes from that black hair curling rebelliously at the nape of her slender neck. I could visualize the gigantic executioner of Hamburg dressed in his white tie and full dress, walking toward her . . . carrying . . .

"No . . . no . . . Genthner." The cry came involuntarily from my throat.

SHE shook her head and smiled quickly, a queer smile, the kind of smile one gives tolerantly to a child who doesn't understand.

"There are rules in our game," she said. "There are high stakes when we win. There are severe penalties when we lose." She turned toward von Genthner. "I am at your service, Baron," she said, and there wasn't a tremor in her voice. He nodded and she walked slowly toward the door. Von Genthner opened it for her and stood aside to let her pass.

"I am sorry, Mademoiselle," he said simply.

"Your story was almost all true, Baron." Her voice was low now, and tears quivered on her long eyelashes. "It was true except for one thing. I did love Anton. I loved Anton. Oh, how I loved him, and how I hated myself. I loved him and I will love him as long as I live. That, Baron, is the one part of the story you missed."

They looked at each other for a moment and then von Genthner took her hand. He lifted it to his lips.

"Good night, Mademoiselle," he said, and she turned and left. I heard her footsteps on the marble stairs and they were steady and unfaltering. Then they faded. I walked to the doors which lead to my balcony and threw them open. I walked out on the balcony. It was quite light now, but the moon still hung in the heavens. I looked down into the street. A man was holding open the door of a large black sedan. He helped "Colette" in, bowed, and then climbed into the front seat. The motor roared and the big car trembled, then shot down the street. We stood there, von Genthner and I, listening to the fading echoes of that car. The palms of my hands were moist. My mouth was dry and I was filled with an impotent anger. Anger at von Genthner; anger at whatever person it was who involved her in this game; anger at the system which allowed such a thing to happen.

"Look at the moon," von Genthner said evenly. I lifted my head. A cloud was passing in front of it.

Von Genthner said, "The moon is veiling herself with a wisp of cloud. The moon is a coquette, trying to persuade us to let her stay longer. The moon . . ."

"For God's sake, Genthner," I cried angrily. "How can you talk nonsense when you know that within a few hours that lovely girl will be on the headsman's block? How can you talk of beauty when the most beautiful thing either of us ever saw is on her way to destruction?"

Von Genthner took my arm. "Destruction? Come, now, didn't you hear me say tonight that once during the war I destroyed a beautiful thing, and that for months afterward I was filled with the horror of what I had done. I told you that I promised myself then never again to destroy beauty. There is too little of it in the world, you know. Of course I wouldn't allow that beauty to be destroyed. My men in that car have orders to take her to the border. They have a passport for her which will allow her to enter her own country. No, my friend, Colette—or Francine—will not be fodder for the man in Hamburg."

I laughed. I laughed and then I found that I was only half laughing. The other half of it was sobbing. "Von Genthner, forgive me. Forgive me. I should have known better." I threw my arms around him. "I'll never forget that. I'll never forget your saving that girl. But if it gets out, von Genthner? If it is known that you effected her escape? What then?"

Von Genthner lit a cigarette and slowly blew a smoke ring. Then he shook his head and smiled mockingly. "Tonight at our dinner the following very important government officials were present: Herr Minister Trauber, General von Hoelke, Ernest Ederle, and Frau Magda Roebling. Yes, they are all very important government officials. If the story ever comes out, though I see no possibility of that happening, no one can question the fact that she thoroughly duped four . . . yes, five . . . of Germany's leading government figures. Oh, we shall be chided a bit, perhaps—but no one will suspect that there was connivance. Oh, no, my friend. Did you think I asked those people to dinner merely to eat your excellent food? Frankly, I find them all very dull. They were, let us say . . . what is the word . . . Oh, yes . . . they were here merely to act as unconscious stooges. I am quite good with my Americanisms, am I not?"

"You're quite good. Me, I'm quite thirsty. There's half a bottle of very old Greek brandy left. It's as old as it's going to be. Come inside."

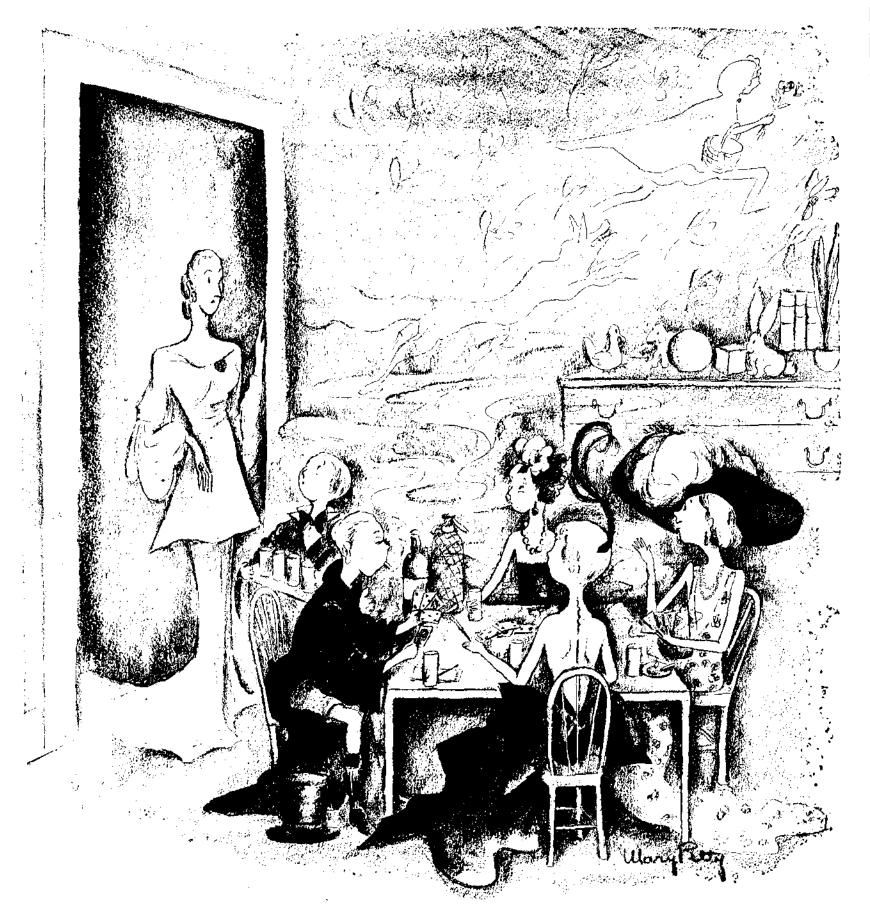
SO WE sat down and I filled the glasses and looked into the fire and through the flames there danced the face of that girl, and I knew that I'd never look into a fire again without seeing her. There were some crumbled black fragments of burned paper on the hearthstone. I kicked them back into the fireplace.

"And these notes you threw into the fire, von Genthner?"

"They were the original notes left by old Anton Bordemann. If there is a secret contained in them, we'll let it die in the ashes."

"Do you think that Anton Bordemann really had discovered the Philosopher's Stone?"

Von Genthner looked at me for a moment and then said slowly, "Do you? I know that he was a fine scientist. I also know that the last time I spoke to him he didn't seem himself. He talked wildly. Had the strain of these few months done something to him? Had it warped his reason a little? I don't know. No one will ever know. Now may I have just a spot of that brandy?"



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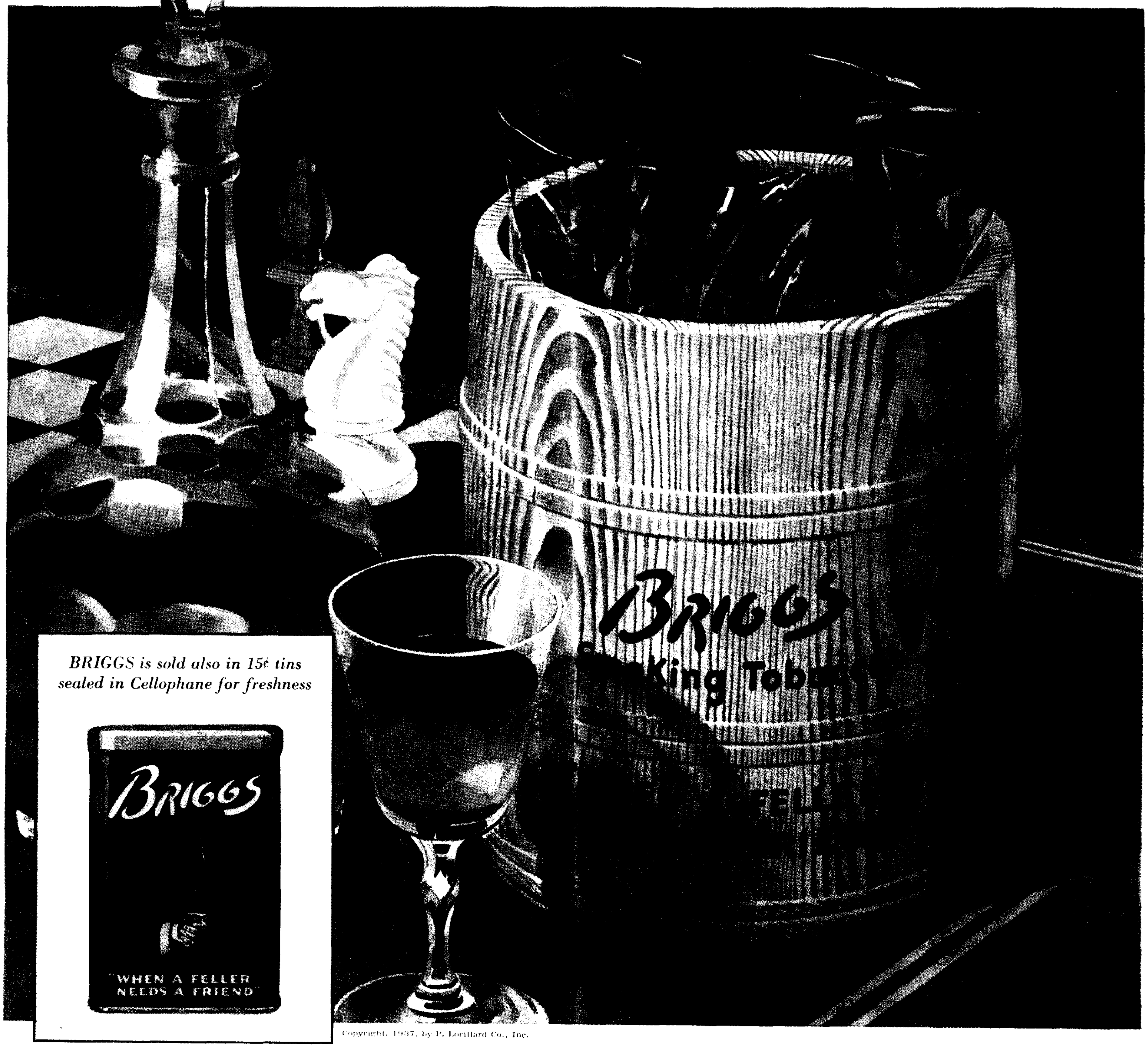

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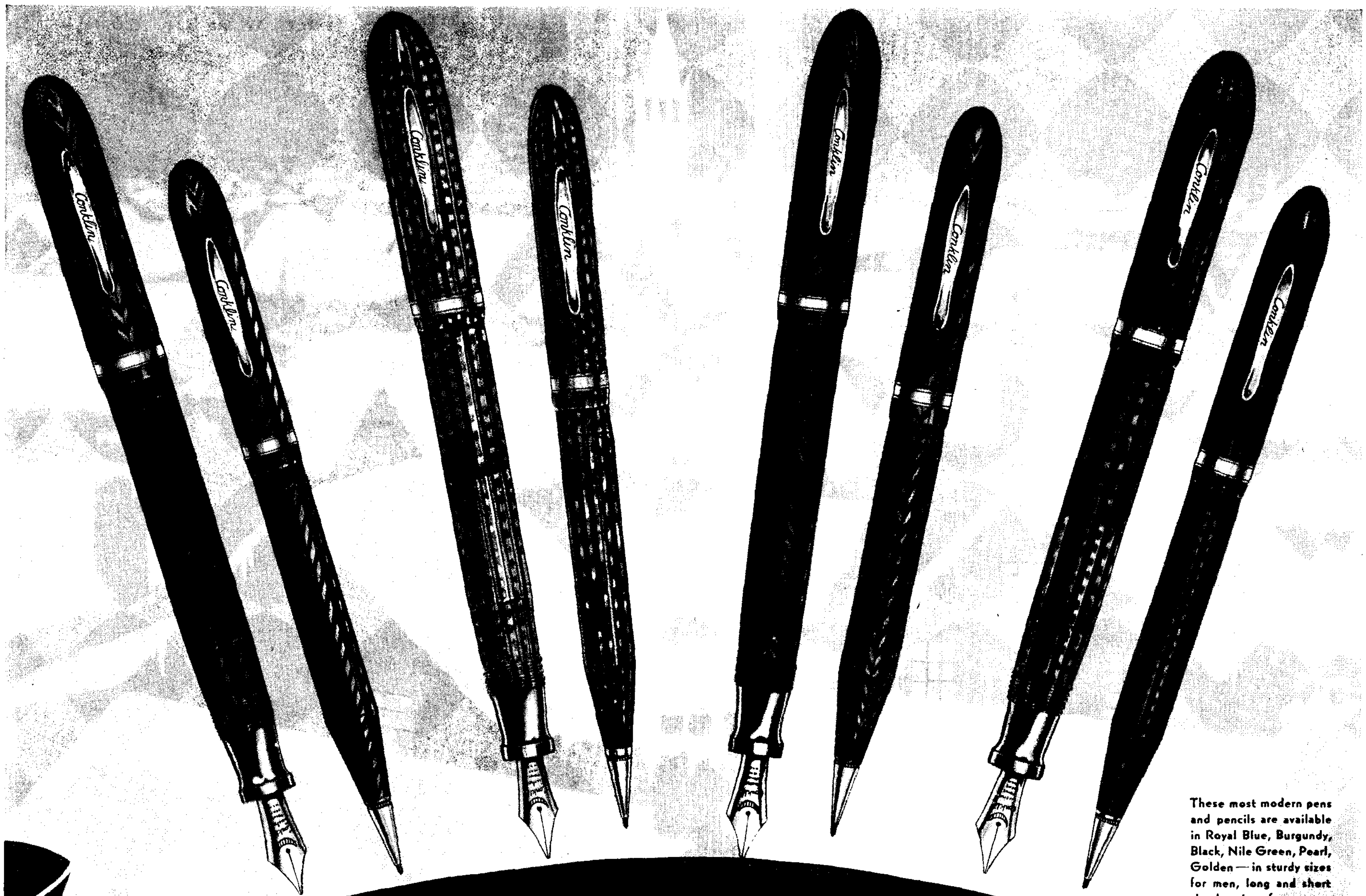

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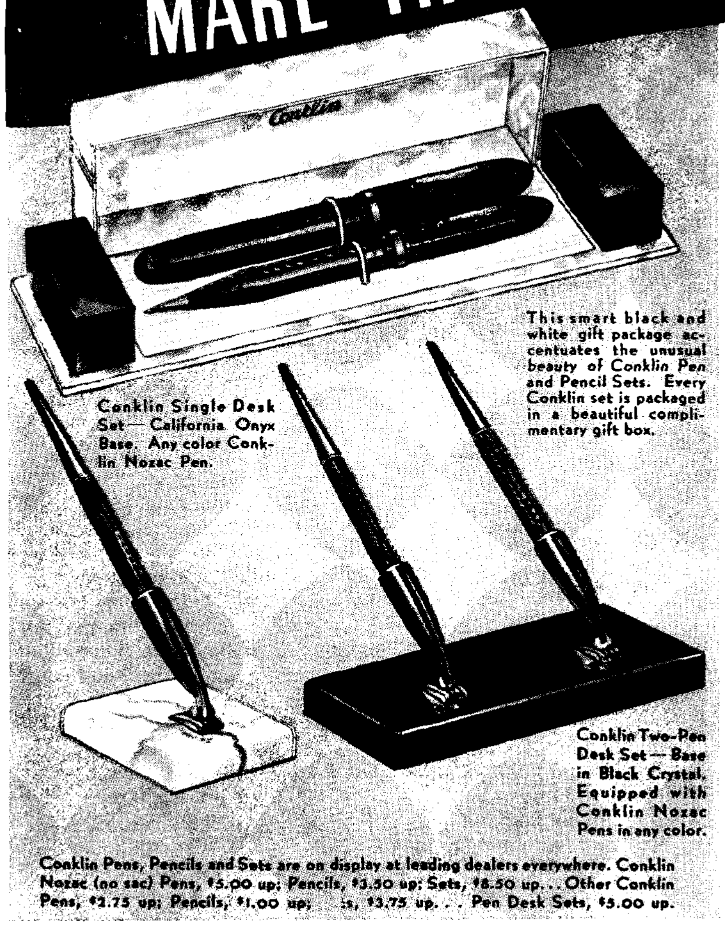

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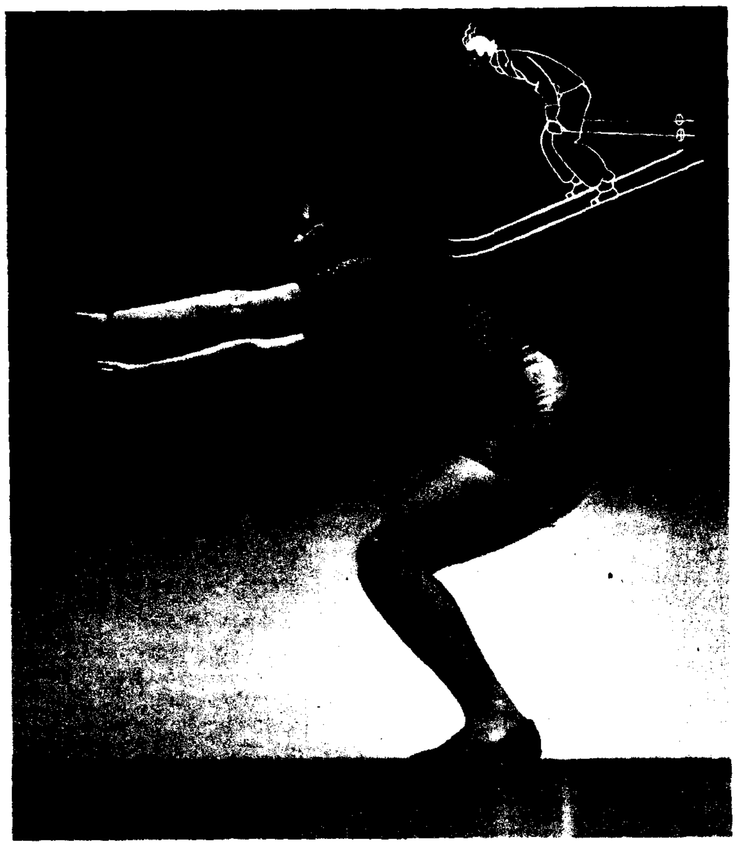
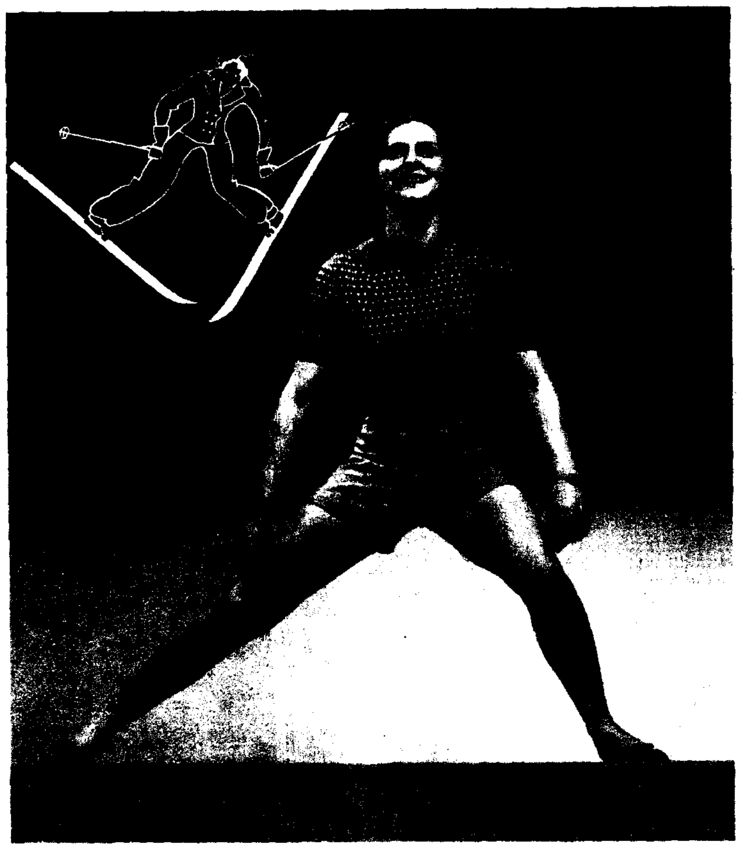
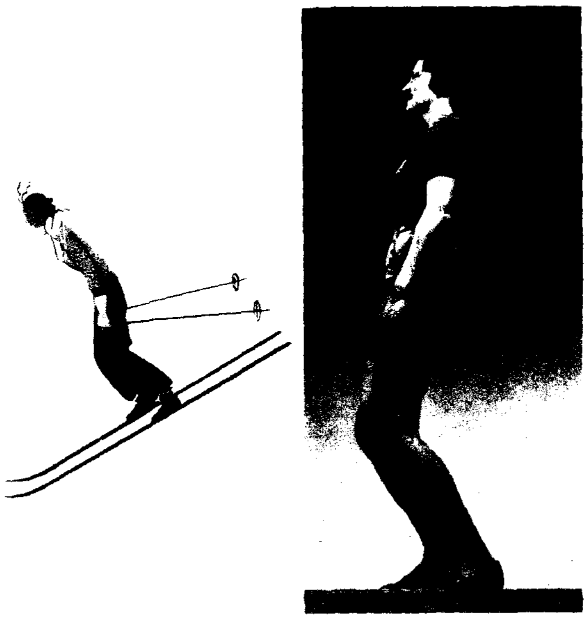
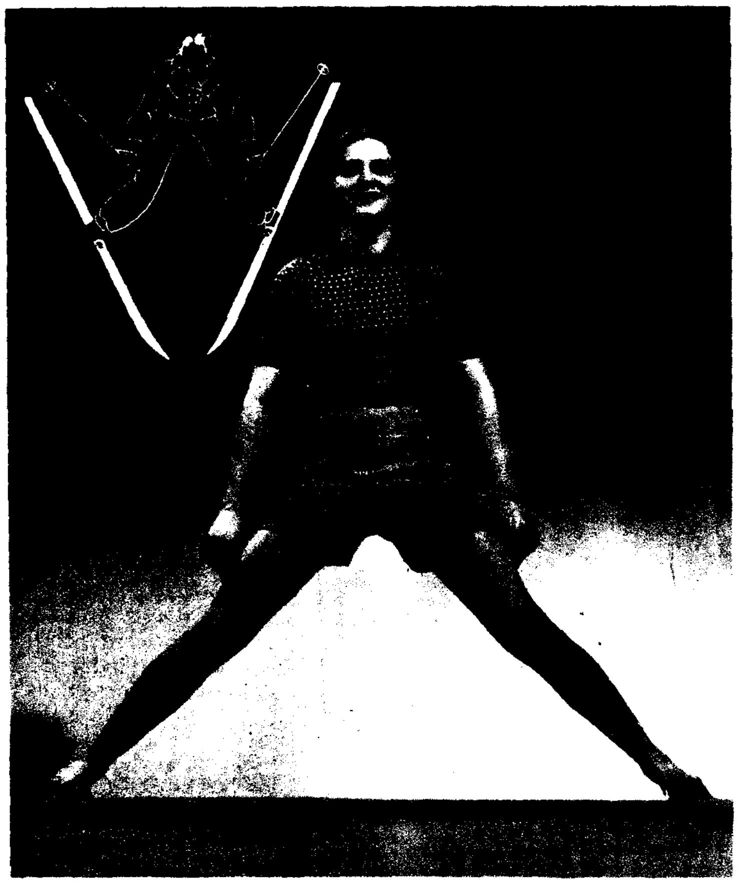


Right, Maria Springer in low-crouch position for safe and fast running downhill. Try it first at home by squatting down and springing up, heels flat to the floor, knees out ahead of toes



Far right, practicing for a stemming turn, left knee bent with an easy spring, right leg straight but not stiff. This will turn you to the left on a snowy slope, and give your hips a workout





Below, left, starting and ski running position. Right, position for snowplowing or stemming to slow down when the scenery begins to fly by too fast. Dip as though you would like to sit down—then you won't

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By [illegible] Sprin[illegible]

SEVEN years ago, upon my first visit to New York, I stepped off the Berengaria and handed my racing skis to a porter. He looked at them questioningly and said: "Ma'am, do you expect me to carry them long boards? What does a lady do with them things?"

Today the picture is entirely different. With a phenomenal rise skiing has become the world's most popular sport, with bathing as its only rival. People ski not only in the northern countries and the Alps, but also in the South American Andes, in Australia, Japan, New Zealand, Tasmania and the high plateaus of India. In the United States skiing is estimated to be already a twenty-million-dollar industry. All over the country men and women are praying for a white winter and my friends who a few years ago considered my skiing enthusiasm as slightly abnormal are now eagerly seeking my advice, for I have become a ski expert . . . a new career for enterprising young females.

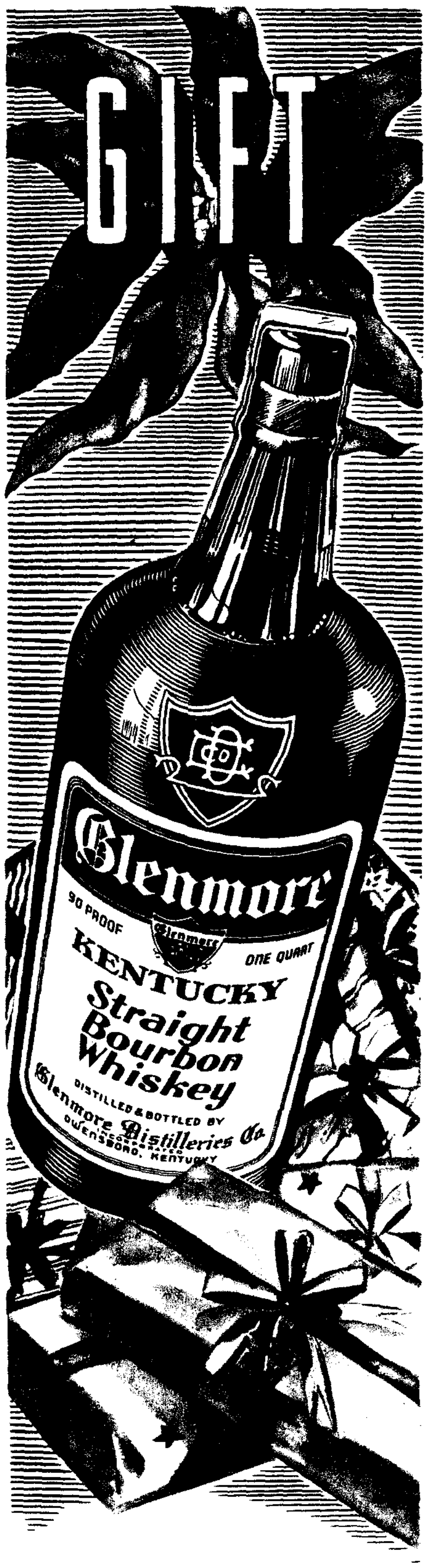
Gone are the days of the stuffy Sunday routine when you slept long, ate a heavy dinner, wrestled with the Sunday paper, paid a round of calls in the afternoon and finally landed in a movie. Americans now have learned from their very own experience that the real rest and recreation is to get up and out into the pure, brisk winter air, away from city life, parties and everyday routine.

Formerly girls used to wear for skiing anything they could scrape together, never minding how they looked. Corduroy breeches, which got heavy and soggy after the first fall; bulky turtleneck sweaters, in layers of three and four; pert berets, ready to fly off in the wind. They donned riding breeches, so tight in the knee it was impossible to ski in them; leather jackets, heavy and cramping high-laced hiking boots.

Most of these young people were laboring under the idea that they would freeze to death in the brisk zero air . . . never realizing the amount of warmth generated even when walking on the level on skis. So I had the idea of turning my hobby into money by helping to guide the novice as a female ski adviser.

You wonder what kind of a new racket this job is? I am in the Ski Shop to see that the novice starts her new sports adventure on the right foot and doesn't spend a dime for something that would give her a headache later in the season. In dressing for skiing, you have to protect yourself against two entirely different things: Cold and wind. Skiing is an extremely warm sport as long as you keep busy wrestling with the Telemark and Christie. But when you stop to rest or to watch others, it quickly turns into a cold business. So when moving you need something that will keep you warm without overheating; and when stationary you need something that will keep the wind and cold *out* while keeping *in* the heat. This difficult combination of requirements is met by the lightweight, hard-surfaced, closely woven worsteds, hard twists, gabardines and poplins on the market. The great advantage is that they may be worn on very cold days with a sweater or two underneath and on warmer days they are quite comfortable alone when a wool jacket would be too warm.

However, it isn't just general advice that is asked from the ski expert. People come to me with their own special woes. There is the girl with the poor blood circulation who gets great relief when she learns that she can keep her hands warm by wearing heavy wool mittens (never gloves) over which a windproof mitten is pulled. The outer mittens should have a long cuff which



● You don't have to worry about whether "he's already got one," or "somebody else thought of the same thing"—for if there's anything better than one bottle of Glenmore, it's two. The *gift of a lifetime,* produced by men who've spent *their lifetime* making it—totaling nearly 600 years of whiskey-making.

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can be drawn tight around the sleeve.

Many girls want to know how to protect their complexions from cold weather and wind. The snow beauty greases her face thoroughly; she massages the cream in carefully to give a polished rather than an oily look. If the weather is extremely cold you can dust on powder lightly because it forms a protection from overexposure to cold. Never use make-up, except lipstick to prevent your lips from getting chafed and burned from the glare of sun on snow. Later, in February and March, you will have to apply the protective sun-tan lotions which you use on the summer beach.

Your feet are the most important part of your skiing anatomy. First, second and last: Keep them warm. Nothing is more miserable than cold feet. Socks of unscoured wool, with the natural oil still in it, are best to keep your feet dry and warm. Always wear a short sock of soft wool underneath. Every time you go skiing, don't forget to rub your feet with a foot balm, keeping the skin nice and soft despite heavy socks and boots . . . at the same time this will help you to preserve their natural warmth.

A whole book could be written on the subject of ski boots alone. Boots should *always* be fitted over two pairs of socks and should be snug but never tight. Be sure that your toes can wriggle comfortably in all directions. Don't mind if a ski boot is a little stiff. It has to be that way, for it is the only means of giving support to your foot. Don't say your ankles are weak and tire easily. Rather wear an elastic ankle band between your soft and your heavy sock.

The boots must be greased every now and then with a special leather oil, preferably when they are still wet. Oil the boots once or twice and then treat them for a time with ordinary colorless shoe polish; the wax it contains will close the pores and act at the same time as a water repellent.

Suit Your Style

But the modern American girl is not satisfied with just being practically dressed. She insists on looking smart and feminine even on skis . . . and she is right. Every girl now can suit her own individual style on the snow just as she does on the sand. There are classic gabardine suits; plus fours, very smart with cable-stitch stockings of heavy wool; colorful tweed jackets, the latest rage on the continent; short coats of shepherd Loden; windbreakers in that loveliest of becoming shades, ice blue; rough wool mittens with a touch of hand embroidery, and peasant sweaters.

Of course, the ski expert does not confine her advice to clothes. There is the mother who wants to know if little Pete, six, is already old enough to learn skiing. But I don't think that children below the age of eight should venture on the long wooden runners unless they tower above their classmates. And there is the slightly graying matron who would like to try her skill but is afraid she has passed the age mark. She needn't be worried. Skiing isn't exactly a sport for the infirm, but it is a sport for old and young alike. In my native Austria you can see sedate gentlemen, well past fifty, and gray-haired ladies accept the challenge of the ski and you would be surprised how often they outdo the youngsters. Contrary to belief, it is not at all necessary to be a first-class ski runner to taste the thrills of skiing. Its exhilaration is the same for beginner and expert.

Girls come to me believing that they would develop hard muscles by going in for the white art. Quite the contrary, to contract and strain your muscles is entirely wrong . . . it would only make you stiff and inflexible. The various turns are based upon balance and a graceful swinging of the body. Be limber and entirely relaxed.

However, don't think you can buy an outfit today and go skiing tomorrow. To most people, beginners or not, the first day on the hickories is quite a strain. With a suddenness you do not realize you begin to exercise muscles you never dreamed of possessing, with a vigor they naturally cannot stand. A very hot bath with plenty of Epsom salts in it, taken right after you come in from skiing, will help you to take the resulting soreness out of your muscles.

Although skiing is the most exciting form of all outdoor sports, it is right in the bedroom where the future expert and the master of the nursery slope is made. Long before the first snow falls, everywhere in Europe the real ski fanatics do so-called dry-ski exercises, to take the creaks out of their joints and to instill in their bodies the proper sense of balance. Here are a few of the exercises which provide a short cut for mastering ski technique.

Your knees are the most important part of your skiing anatomy. They act as spring and shock absorbers when you glide over the bumps out in the open. Stand in your stocking feet or heelless slippers, one foot a little in front of the other, knees locked, weight well forward on the ball of the foot. Then dip by bending your knees with a springy movement, trying to bring them well out in front of your toes. By doing this extremely simple exercise, you will soon find yourself master of the ordinary ski-running position.

Hannes Schneider, the originator of the world-renowned Arlberg technique, has found that in high-speed running it is safest to lower your center of gravity by going into a low crouch. When traveling at breakneck speed, he holds himself as though he were sitting in a chair, weight thrust forward, knees bent well over the toes and legs slightly apart. The best way of catching up with the master is to practice this stable and safe running position by squatting up and down to a low crouch, pushing the knees forward as far as possible and keeping your heels firmly glued to the floor. As a by-result you will soon find your waistline shrinking.

Maybe you don't care particularly for traveling straight downhill at breakneck speed, but rather long to slow down when you see the landscape flashing past you and feel ice forming on your lashes. Then it is time to go into a snowplow or stem. So take the precaution to practice this position at home. Stand with your feet spread apart as far as possible, toes pointed sharply inward, heels turned out and firmly planted on the ground. The weight of the body again rests over the ball of the foot, knees are slightly bent, shoulders relaxed, and then you dip elastically in the knees as if you would like to sit down. Watch all flabby flesh disappear from thighs and legs.

To learn how to make turns when running downhill is also of vital importance. The most important step is the stemming turn or Stemmbogen. Practice in advance by again standing with your legs spread apart and as pigeon-toed as possible. Then gradually shift all the weight to the right foot by bending the right knee forward and low, keeping the other leg perfectly straight, but not stiff. This, on the ski hill, will turn you to the right. Dip elastically in the knee, go back to starting position and do the same on the other side. You will be surprised what this exercise does for your hips!

Quick Stop

To stop the glory of your downhill run you can apply your emergency break by simply sitting down. But you will want to master the Christie, the skier's graceful way of stopping or changing his direction quickly. It is performed from good speed and it is, therefore, advisable to start out by trying it first on the safe ground of your boudoir and see at the same time all surplus weight melt away from waistline and diaphragm. To practice the Christie stand with feet parallel, knees locked, weight well forward on the ball of the foot. With a graceful *swing from* the shoulders, via the hips, dip to a low crouch at the right, turning knees, head, hands and shoulders at the same time to the left. Do this also to other side.

The first snow falls and joyously you start out for the white slopes. Then you know the truly intoxicating delight of speeding over soft virginal snow under a glorious winter sun.

ROAD MAP
JAY IRVING

Gunplay

Continued from page 22

feet, he brought the gun to his shoulder and broke the three targets separately before they reached the ground.

When Hicks was nine years old, he had a .22-caliber rifle bought by saving the little money he earned plowing the fields on his father's farm near Mackinaw, Illinois. He could shoot better than any of the boys and most of the men in the Illinois River bottoms.

One day his Uncle John from Chicago came to visit and took Milt and his rifle out back of the barn.

"They tell me you're a pretty good shot," said Uncle John. "Can you do this?" He picked up an old tin can and tossed it into the air and put seven bullets through it with the .22 before it hit the ground.

Little Milt's eyes were wide with wonder. He had never thought of doing such shooting. Squirrels and birds and small fixed targets had been the acme of his aiming.

With tin can in his left hand and the rifle in his right, little Milt went to work, tossing the can into the air, whipping his rifle to his shoulder and banging away. He shot and he shot; but the tin can led a charmed life. He didn't hit it once.

"Here," said Uncle John, "start on something bigger." He fetched a three-gallon pail. "Ready?" He tossed the pail high into the air. Little Milton threw his rifle to his shoulder and pulled the trigger.

Bang!

The pail turned over and over and fell clattering on the ground. There was no need to look at it. Milt had missed again.

"Quit aimin' so long," said Uncle John. "Go ahead and shoot when you get your eye on it."

Milt tried again. *Zing!* He hit it. There was no stopping him then. Within three days he had progressed from the three-gallon pail to the tin can.

Mother Was Right

In 1915, Hicks was working as a mechanic in a garage in Fort Dodge, Iowa. The garage was next door to a National Guard armory. The guardsmen drilled every Tuesday, and Hicks was impressed by the fact that every man had a mighty fine rifle of his own. So he joined the National Guard. When his mother heard about it she wrote to him, saying: "I just know now there'll be a war somewhere."

One month later Hicks was on his way to the Mexican border with the Second Infantry. The first time out on the range he made the expert-rifleman class. Someone showed him how to adjust the sling, and that was all he needed to know.

When Hicks returned from the border in the spring of 1917, he was mustered into overseas service and transferred to the 168th Infantry. A little before Christmas he was in England with seasoned British troops. They had a game. Tin Germans (figures ten inches high) on a string were made to hop up and go bobbing along the ground to be shot at. Hicks never missed. Thirty minutes later, he was yanked out and sent away to be trained as a sniper. He came out of that with a bayonet wound in his leg and a Croix de Guerre.

"After the war," he said, "I was restless. I wasn't content to work for fifteen dollars a week in a small town. I bought a garage and that went blooey. I learned to fly. Finally I got me a job as salesman for an ammunition company.

"I knew a lot about firearms. But I found when I went to work for the ammunition company that I did not know much about ammunition. I had to learn about that.

"Then I found that I was not making enough sales to keep me warm. But I had an idea. Why not show people what could be done with modern ammunition? I decided to give a demonstration.

"I gathered together all the stunts I'd ever heard of and selected the most spectacular. Then I practiced for a couple of days.

Start with a Tin Pail

"I put on my show at night in a store with a huge plate-glass window on the main street of Two Rivers, Wisconsin. A big crowd was there. I shot chalk out of a man's teeth with a rifle. Using two .38-caliber revolvers, I broke three clay targets (two stationary and one swinging) with two shots. On a sheet of tin, with a .22 rifle, I drew an Indian's head from memory with bullets, reloading ten times and hitting the 150 imaginary spots necessary to make the outline in three minutes.

"The stunt worked. The dealers sold their entire stock of .22-caliber cartridges. All the kids in town were trying to do the things they had seen me do. After that success I really went to work thinking up difficult shots.

"Here, give me a penny. Now look. I hold it between the thumb and forefinger of my left hand so the surface is visible. I'll toss it into the air in such a way that it stays flat. I can't hit the surface unless I can see it."

This was on the pistol range in Tampa.

Hicks tossed the penny into the air. A stock model .30-.30 rifle was in his right hand, balanced casually at his hip. No sooner was the penny on its way into the air than Hicks' left hand was on the forearm of his rifle. With one movement of his right hand the rifle was at his shoulder. And in less time than it takes to read this, he had his sights on the penny and his finger had pressed the trigger. There was a bang and a hole through the penny.

"I can make that a lot harder," he said, handing over the coin for a souvenir, "by hitting the edge of the penny, making the bullet kick it higher and then hitting it again. After that you're through, there's no more penny. You ought to try it. Start with a tin pail, then a tin can, then a walnut and then a penny.

"Most inexperienced shooters grip the rifle too tightly and close one eye while aiming. It's instinctive in everyone to close one eye. A prospective gunner should train himself, or herself, to keep both eyes open. You can appreciate the reason for this by closing the left eye and looking at some small object with the right eye. Now press the fingers of your left hand over the left eye and open it. Do you notice how much less strain there is on the right eye; how much easier it is to see with it? Some gunners wear a patch over one eye; but it is far better to school yourself to keep both eyes open. That goes for all types of shooting—pistol, rifle, shotgun."

The only bad effect all this shooting has had on Hicks physically is a slight thickening of the left eardrum.

Wherever there is high-class gunplay, you'll find him. He travels around the country with a small arsenal, performing peaceful miracles with bullets to show experts what his ammunition is capable of doing. That's the way he phrases it. But try to do it.

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Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

A Queen's Ransom

Continued from page 18

waiter. "Cancel the order. Two Scotch and sodas instead."

"Make 'em triple Scotches," said O'Rourke.

His expression dazed, the waiter hurried away.

Crane felt perfectly justified in disregarding the major's orders about liquor. He belonged to the pleasure school of detection. He never found that a little relaxation hindered him in his work. His best ideas came while he was relaxed. However, it was hard to make a client see this. Clients were often stupid. That's why they had to hire detectives.

"Give me a jit," he said to O'Rourke; "I'll make that phone call we came in for."

When he returned, he was smiling. "Doc Williams and Eddie Burns are in town."

O'Rourke looked up from his half-finished drink. "So that phony plate of spaghetti did get here after all!"

"Yeah, the count's over at the Glorioso. Burns is with him on the beach and Doc's trying to make up some sleep." Crane raised his glass above his head. "Here's to the major."

THEY drank and ordered another and O'Rourke asked, "What about this book?"

"Oh, yeah," said Crane. "That's culture. That's what you need, a little culture."

"What is it, a book on etiquette?"

"No. Look. You look all right; you dress all right; most of the time you act all right."

"I act all right all the time."

"Okay, you act all right all the time. But sometimes you don't say the right thing." Crane took a long drink. "That's good. A good bar. But here's how the book'll help you."

"How?"

"You're a strong, silent guy at the Essex's house, see? Most of the time you don't say anything but yes and no and thank you. But every once in a while, to show you got culture, you spout one of the quotations in this book; whatever'll fit the occasion."

"You mean I gotta learn everything in this whole book?"

"No. Just a half dozen or so quotations. Look up the ones on women and liquor and love; those'll fit in easiest."

O'Rourke thumbed through the book. He halted somewhere in the center. "You mean like this?" He read:

"I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet."

Crane said, "Why, *Mister* O'Rourke!"

"Well," said O'Rourke, "that's in here."

"You have to use judgment," said Crane. "Or some big strong man will elope with you."

Ice clinked against the bottom of O'Rourke's glass as he set it down. Okay. I'll drip culture all over the place. Now what about another drink?"

"I think we ought to have a sandwich."

"What! No drink? No toast to the major?"

"Oh, sure. But we ought to have a sandwich. Waiter, two triple Scotches and two roast beef sandwiches."

"Two triple roast beef sandwiches," said O'Rourke.

"That reminds me," said Crane. "The word trun. You do not use trun."

"No?"

"No. You do not use trun. We are going to be trun to the alligators."

"You're tellin' me?"

"If you really have to use trun, use it this way: he fell like a trun of bicks."

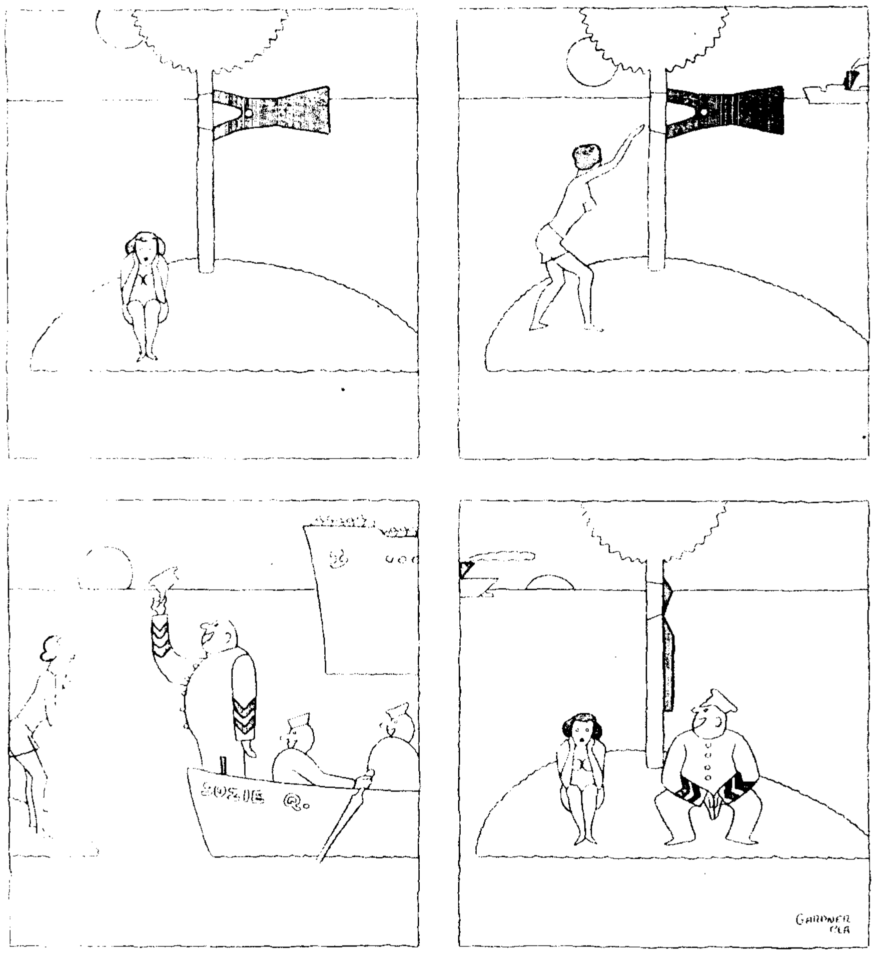
"You mean a trun of bricks."

"Or a one-trun tuck."

"You seem to be confused," said O'Rourke. "Perhaps a sip of this harmless beverage . . ."

ON THE curving stairs inside the Essex house they met the servingman who had brought them beer on the previous night. "Mr. Essex has been inquiring about you, sir," he told Crane. "Everyone is having cocktails by the swimming pool."

They climbed the stairs and Crane went to the balcony and peered down at the patio. In the boxlike swimming pool the water looked like lime pop; in the ocean it was royal blue. Under a gay red-and-yellow-and-green sunshade, in the place where breakfast had been served, was a long table covered with bottles, glasses, ice, hors d'oeuvres. A servant flourished a cocktail shaker.



Crane said, "O'Rourke! Babes!"

ONE of the women by the pool didn't count. She was past fifty and her figure had lost most of its shape. There were three others who did count, however. One of these Crane recognized as Camelia Essex. She was about to dive into the pool and her figure was supple under a French blue brassiere-and-trunks suit. Another woman, English-looking, athletic, slightly horsy in the better sense of the word, stood talking to Tony Lamphier and another man. Her hair was brown; her face was aristocratic; her legs were long and slender; her breasts were firm, her hips narrow under a silver-gray swim suit.

But the third woman held their eyes. Even from the balcony they could see the golden sheen of her tanned arms and legs. She was an egg-yolk blonde and O'Rourke described her by saying, "Look out, Mae West!" She was talking with the major and Penn Essex. Her breasts pushed so strongly against her white silk suit that the dip of the fabric in to her flat stomach was entirely without wrinkles. Her shoulders were rounded gracefully and her hips had a curve neither soft nor muscular.

O'Rourke spoke in Crane's ear. "Am I glad I came! Where're our suits?"

ESSEX, when they entered the patio, saw they were given planter's punches and took them around to the others. The woman with Tony Lamphier had nice teeth and her name was Eve Boucher and she was about thirty years old. She said, "How d'you do?" The man with them was Gregory Boucher. Black hair grew in patches on his chest, on his arms, on the backs of his hands. His face, with a large curved nose, was French, almost Semitic; he looked cunning and unreliable. He was over forty and Crane wondered how Mrs. Boucher happened to marry him.

Sybil Langley was the name of the older woman. She was seated by herself in a cushioned deck chair and she held in her hand what looked to Crane like half a glass of straight whisky. Her face was white and tragic, long, with huge violet eyes. "So glad," she said in a deep, glowing voice. She was wrapped in a purple beach robe.

When they left her, Essex said, "She's an aunt of ours—was a top-flight actress once."

Crane asked, "Peter Langley, out in Hollywood, her brother?"

Essex said, "Yes." He said, "Dawn, this is Mr. Crane . . . and Mr. O'Rourke." He turned to them. "Dawn Day."

Miss Day was even more appealing at close range. Her eyes, baby blue, passed over Crane's wiry body, lingeringly appraised O'Rourke's beautifully muscled shoulders, his prize fighter's waist. "I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. O'Rourke," she said. She sounded as though she meant it. "And you too, Mr. Crane."

Her voice made Crane think of burlesque houses.

Major Eastcomb was scowling at the glasses in their hands. "Have a good time in Miami?" he asked.

Crane said, "I had a good time, but it was awfully hot." He added, "We hurried back."

Essex was interested. "What time did you make?"

"Forty-seven minutes."

"Not bad, but I've made it in an even forty in my car."

Crane was genuinely surprised. "That's better than seventy-five-an-hour average." He didn't believe Essex, but he didn't say so. "You must have pushed her."

"I had her up to a hundred and ten twice."

Miss Day said, "You boys and your cars." She smiled at Essex. "You won't mind if Mr. O'Rourke gives me a swimming lesson? I just know he's a wonderful swimmer." She rolled her eyes up to O'Rourke. "Don't you think it would be fun?"

O'Rourke replied enthusiastically that he thought it would be fun. "Let's go to the shallow end of the pool," he said.

"Oh, no." Her tone was a caress. "Let's try the ocean. It's so much bigger."

THIS was obviously true and she and O'Rourke started for the beach. Crane gazed after them with envy. Miss Day's back, a glistening brown to a point inches above the base of her spine, was perfect. He'd like to teach her to swim.

Major Eastcomb said, "What d'you find in Miami?"

Crane started to say, "A good bar," but he thought better of it. Instead, he said, "I ran across the trail of a friend of Miss Essex."

"Who?"

"Count Paul di Gregario."

Anger made the major's face tomato-red. "What's that impostor doing here?"

"Probably up to no good," said Essex.

Crane said, "I don't know, but we have a couple of men watching him. They came down with him from New York by plane. Eddie Burns and Doc Williams."

Major Eastcomb's teeth were clenched so tightly his jaw muscles showed white. "I'll teach him to follow Camelia down here. Where's he staying?"

"At the Glorioso."

A noise somewhere between a squeal and scream carried to them from the ocean. O'Rourke's arms under her back, Miss Day was floating on the surface of the water, her kicking feet sending up a column of white spray. The surf had subsided; small waves licked the shore daintily, like kittens' tongues after cream.

"I'll teach him," said the major.

Essex's eyes were on the sea. He said, "What are you going to do about the note you got?"

"I told him," said the major. "I warned him to keep away."

"What can I do?" asked Crane. "Except wait. I am going around to see Roland Tortoni tonight."

Essex's pale, youthfully dissipated face was surprised.

Crane asked impatiently, "He *has* twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of your I O U's, hasn't he?"

"Yes, but I'm not going to pay him. He's crooked . . . his wheels are crooked. He can't collect."

"Hasn't it occurred to you he might be using the notes to make you pay?"

Essex clenched his hands. "He wouldn't dare." He frowned. "Besides, we're friends. He's given up trying to collect."

They could hear Miss Day's laughter, high and piercing.

Crane said, "I never heard of anybody giving up twenty-five thousand dollars without making a try for it."

Essex's hand pressed Crane's arm. "I'll see you a little later." He hadn't heard what Crane said. He went off in the direction of O'Rourke and Miss Day.

"Look here," said Major Eastcomb fiercely; "this won't do."

"What won't do?"

The major gestured toward Miss Day and the Atlantic Ocean. "You're hired to work; not to sop up liquor and go running after women."

"Why not mention it to O'Rourke?"

"I'll do that." The major flattened his eyebrows in a scowl. "But the important thing is to keep an eye on Essex. One of you should have stayed here."

"You really think he's in danger?"

"I wouldn't have asked Mr. Hastings to hire detectives if I didn't."

The major left him. Crane went over to the big table and had the servingman make another planter's punch. He ate five caviar canapes. He felt better. He still wanted to punch the major on the nose, but he now felt he could control this impulse. He took a drink and put his glass on the cement ridge of the swimming pool and dove in the lime-colored water. It was cooler than he had expected. He was glad he had sent the major the nasty telegram.

At the other end of the pool he encountered Camelia Essex and Tony Lamphier. They seemed glad to see him.

She asked, "How was Miami?"

Crane said, "Miami was wonderful."

She said, "Aren't the tourists splendid?"

"I am a sailfish," said Tony Lamphier, writhing about on the surface of the water. He seemed to be drunk, too.

"Your friend sort of goes for Penn's girl, doesn't he?" she said.

"She wanted to learn to swim."

"She always wants to learn to swim."

"I am a fish," stated Tony Lamphier.

Crane noticed a girl in black Chinese pajamas coming across the patio.

Camelia Essex said, "At least you drink like a fish, darling."

"I can stop," Lamphier said. "Any time you will."

"Fishes can't stop, Tony."

"I can stop, darling."

EVEN from a distance Crane could see that the girl was different from any he had ever before seen. She had black hair and a white face and she walked with short, gliding steps, as though her feet were bound.

"Don't stop, dear," said Camelia Essex to Lamphier. "You're so much more fun this way."

"Who's that girl?" asked Crane.

"What girl? Oh. That's our mystery woman. She's a dancer . . . a friend of Penn. Her name's Imago Paraguay."

"She's exotic," said Tony Lamphier. "Don't you think she's exotic?"

"Would you like to meet her?" Camelia Essex asked Crane.

"Why not?" said Crane.

Miss Essex put her chin over the side of the pool and called, "Imago, this is Mr. Crane."

She had halted by Sybil Langley. Her figure, small, sharply breasted, slender as a lotus plant, was virginal. "How do you do?" she said in a soft voice.

"She's exotic," said Tony Lamphier. "Don't you think so?"

Crane swam the length of the pool and climbed over the edge. He picked up his drink and went over to the table where the two women were now sitting. "May I get you something to drink, Miss Paraguay?" he asked.

"Tha-ank you." Her voice was lazy. "A sherry, please."

Miss Langley's violet eyes, large, heavily mascaraed, blank as a sleepwalker's, were fixed on him. "I think perhaps I will," she said. "My nerves

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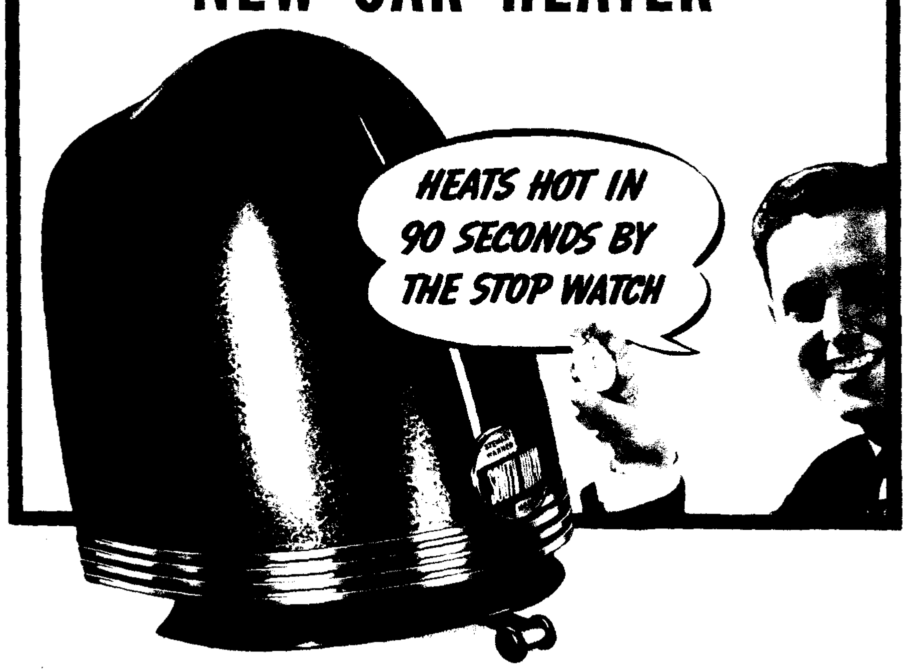

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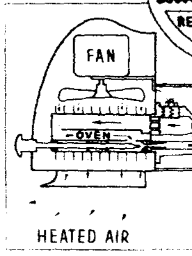

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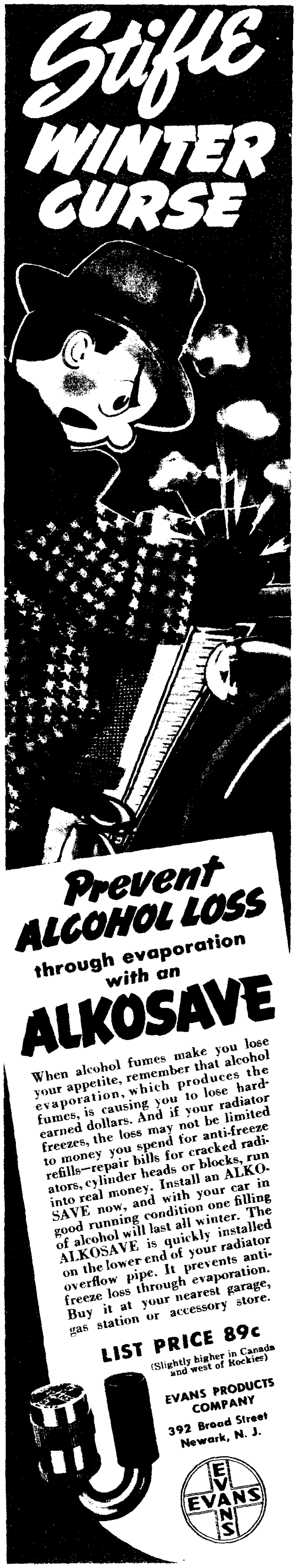
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. . . I become so tired . . . so terribly tired."

Crane took her glass. "What were you drinking?"

"Oh, nothing but Scotch. I feel that to mix it impairs its medicinal value." She swayed a little to the left, as though she were going to topple from her chair, but caught herself. Her face did not change expression. "Just a little, Mr. Crane. Do not fill the glass more than halfway . . ."

Crane poured half of a pinch bottle of whisky in her glass. A dipsomaniac, he thought. What a lovely household! A drunken old actress, a prize fighter (where did Brown keep himself, anyway?), a supersex strip queen right out of burlesque, a dancer who looked more Chinese than South American, an exceptionally sinister butler, guards. He felt the disadvantages of being rich almost outweighed the advantages.

"Have you some sherry?" he asked the servingman.

The servingman poured a glass of sherry and Crane went back to the table. Miss Langley was sitting very close to the dancer. She accepted the glass of whisky, said, "Oh, you filled it so full."

"Would you like me to get a smaller one?"

"Oh, no. Don't bother. I shall drink what I can." She was being very brave. "I'm so tired." She put a hand on the dancer's arm. "So terribly tired." She smiled mistily at the dancer.

Uninvited, Crane sat down. He felt an extraordinary interest in Imago Paraguay. "The sherry all right?" he asked.

SHE smiled just a little. Her face was like an ivory temple mask; calm, bland, contemptuous; delicately dusted with rice powder, tinted under the eyes with blue, slashed with scarlet at the lips. The thin arch of her jet black brows might have been made with a bamboo brush.

"Tha-ank you, yes," she said.

One hand clasped by Essex, the other by O'Rourke, Miss Day ran by the swimming pool. She was laughing loudly. She called to Crane, "When are you going to give me a lesson?" Her big blue eyes said that nothing would give her such a thrill as a lesson from him. So tight was her white suit that her breasts hardly moved when she ran.

"Any time," said Crane.

The three went on to the servingman, ordered him to make Bacardis. Without turning her face in his direction, Imago Paraguay asked, "The tall man?"

"A friend of mine," said Crane. "His name's O'Rourke."

He felt her oblique eyes upon him. "He is ha-andsome." There was lazy malice in her tone. "No?"

"Oh, yes," said Crane. "Very handsome."

"And the Miss Day, Señor? She is beautiful?"

"Well," said Crane, "she has a certain appeal."

"I thi-ink so, also."

He glanced at her suspiciously, but her slant-browed face was serene.

Miss Langley's hand was resting on the dancer's knee. "That woman," she said, looking at Miss Day's bare back. "To think . . ." As if conscious of their eyes, Miss Day looked around at them, smiled warmly at Crane. He was aware of a sudden tension in Imago Paraguay's expression. Miss Langley dramatically put a hand on her forehead. "Oh, I feel unwell," she said throatily. "Imago, come for a walk beside the sea." She rose unsteadily.

For an instant Imago Paraguay's hand was in Crane's; her sloe eyes on his. He felt his nerves suddenly become tense. "Go-ood-by, Señor," she said, her voice flat.

"Come, Imago," said Miss Langley.

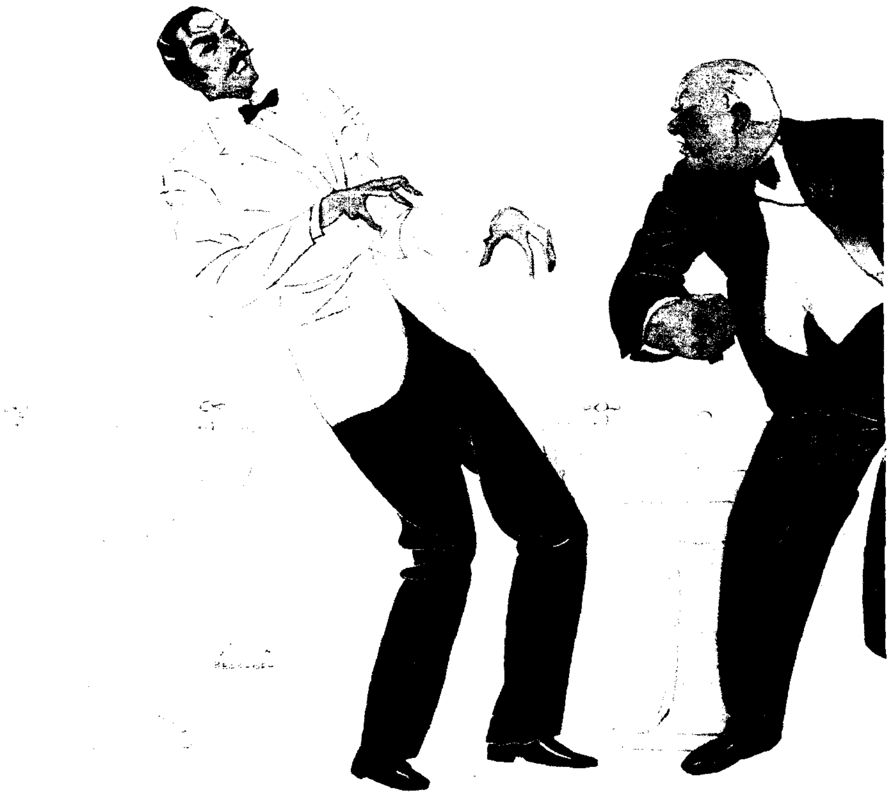
"I am co-oming." Imago Paraguay's Asiatic face was without expression.

They walked toward the sea, Miss Langley leaning on the dancer's arm. Because he would have liked to talk to Imago Paraguay, Crane felt a sudden anger and abruptly drained his glass. He would have drained Miss Langley's glass, too, only it was empty.

WILLIAM CRANE was slipping a silk handkerchief in the breast pocket of his white dinner jacket when O'Rourke came through the bathroom from his room. The Irishman looked fine in a Burma shade dinner jacket, black trousers, a white silk shirt with a dark green bow tie, a dark green cummerbund and dark green silk hose. His black hair, flecked with gray, was parted on the side.

Crane whistled. "Boy! You'll slay 'em tonight."

"I thought I'd get dressed up for Miss Day. She's gonna show me some dance steps in return for the swimmin' lesson."



"That isn't all she'll show you," said Crane darkly.

"Aw, you needn't be jealous," said O'Rourke. "She thinks you're cute."

"I am," said Crane. "Real cute." He adjusted his black tie. "Did you know she was Essex's girl friend?"

O'Rourke's broad shoulders moved forward, upward. "That's his lookout, not mine." He grinned at Crane. "Besides, I found out a lot of stuff from her."

"What?" asked Crane suspiciously. "That she doesn't wear corsets?"

"No. Seriously, she gave me an earful. She says, for one thing, that the major's after Camelia . . . wants to marry her."

"Who wouldn't, with all that dough?"

"Well, Camelia's really considerin' him, Dawn says. She has it figured out this way: Camelia don't like the major, being still soft over that count. But if she gets married a part of the estate comes to her, a couple of million, Dawn says. Then, with this dough, she can divorce the major and marry the count."

"So," said Crane.

"And Dawn says Camelia talked with di Gregario over the phone today. They're going to meet somewhere tonight."

"Let her," said Crane.

O'Rourke grinned. "Dawn says Tony Lamphier's soft about Camelia. He's got dough, too, so it ain't that he's after."

"What about the Bouchers? What've they got to grind?"

"Dawn don't know. As far as she can make out they're just friends of Camelia's."

"How'd you get all this out of the dame, anyway?"

"She likes to talk . . . to the right guy."

"Yeah?" asked Crane. "For two bits I'd go after that babe myself and cut both you and Essex out. I'll show you who'll get her to talk."

"You better stick to that Chinese dame you were talkin' with," said O'Rourke. "She's the mystery lady in this joint."

"I'm good at mysteries. What's the one about her?"

"Well, Dawn says nobody knows what she's doin' here. She's been here a week and hasn't opened her mouth to anybody. She's supposed to be Penn's friend, but he don't see anything of her."

"Maybe he liked her when he invited her here."

"No. Dawn says he's afraid of her. He's always wanting to get away from where she is."

"So, he's afraid of her." Crane frowned. "That's just fine. You may make a detective some day, O'Rourke."

O'Rourke said, "I get more information in an hour than you do in a day and that's all the thanks I get."

"That's all you get when you can play around with a gal like Miss Day in getting it."

"You're jealous, that's what."

"I'm hungry."

"Jealous of your old pal? Tsk. Especially when there's champagne and plenty of liquor waiting for you downstairs."

"And food." Crane brightened. "I'll bet they even have food for dinner."

EVERYBODY except Miss Langley was very gay after dinner. Miss Langley had a dizzy spell and had to be carried up to bed. Miss Day whispered to Crane, "I don't know what's come over her. She don't usually pass out until ten o'clock." Crane had made a considerable play for Miss Day at dinner and both O'Rourke and Essex were watching him. O'Rourke, however, was amused.

They had a smooth Spanish brandy

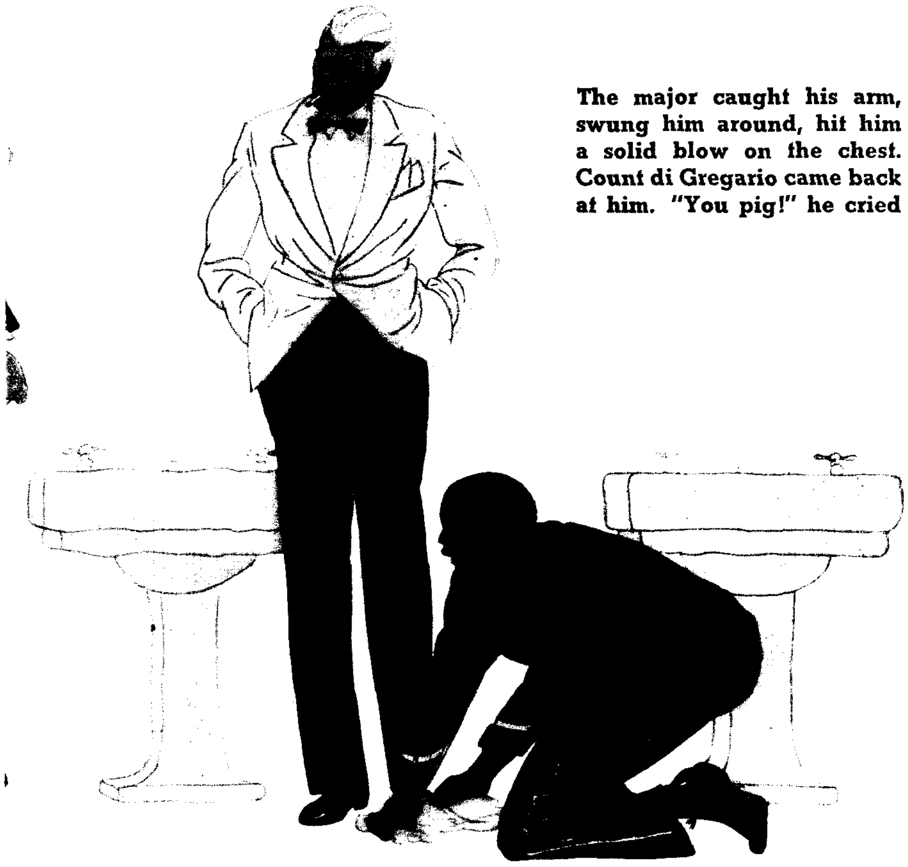
in the patio, and Crane suggested they go to Roland Tortoni's Blue Castle. Everybody except Camelia Essex thought this would be fine. "D'y'know," said Mrs. Boucher, "I feel disgustingly lucky." Crane thought she looked English. She was handsome in that lean, athletic way only English women can achieve without becoming masculine. Her long figure, in a black evening gown, had interesting curves. She would look well, Crane thought, on an Irish hunter, in tweeds on the King's course at Gleneagles, on an African safari, or at breakfast in pajamas.

Camelia spoke in Crane's ear. "Do you think Penn will be safe there?"

"If Tortoni's after him," Crane assured her, "it's the safest place in the world for him."

"Aw, come on, Camelia," called Miss Day, moving her torso slowly from side to side. "I'd like to do a little truckin'."

That settled the evening's program.



The major caught his arm, swung him around, hit him a solid blow on the chest. Count di Gregario came back at him. "You pig!" he cried

Crane and O'Rourke went up to their rooms while the cars were being sent around. Taking five one-hundred-dollar bills from his wallet, Crane gave them to O'Rourke. "Let's both of us watch Tortoni's wheel," he said. "Maybe one of us will see something crooked."

They discovered two cars in the driveway. Penn Essex was at the wheel of a black-and-chromium touring car, and Dawn Day sat beside him. He called to Crane, "You and O'Rourke take Miss Paraguay in the other car with the Bouchers." He raced the motor, sending smoke from the exhaust. "Cam and Tony and the major are coming with me." With a deep-throated roar, the car rolled away, and a chauffeur brought up the other one, a sedan. "Would you care to have me drive?" he asked.

"I'll manage," said Boucher.

Moving in that short-paced glide of hers, Imago Paraguay came toward them from the door. Crane felt her curious attraction. She was wearing a bolero for a dinner jacket, of black crepe. Her skirt, split eight inches up the side, was of black crepe, but her blouse was red. Snug around her thin waist was a red sash, the bright tassel of which hung down in front to her feet, splitting her skirt in two. On her left hand she wore an enormous rectangular-shaped ruby.

"I am sor-ry to have made you wait," she said.

"The evening's young," Crane said, helping her into the sedan.

"So are we," said O'Rourke, closing the door. "Let 'er go." He probably would have yelled "yippee!" but for Crane's elbow in his ribs.

They went toward Miami at a comfortable fifty-five miles an hour. Mrs. Boucher seemed to be interested in Imago Paraguay. She lit a cigarette and asked:

"You like gambling, Miss Paraguay?"

"Oh, yes. I ha-ave gamble very much." She might have been a cat talking, so meowish was her voice. "One time, in Ha-abana, I win thirty thousand do-lars in a night."

"What did you do with them?" asked Boucher. "Buy a house?"

"Oh, no. I lo-ose them another night."

O'Rourke said:

"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould."

Crane gaped at him in utter amazement.

Mrs. Boucher said, "That's a pretty compliment to Miss Paraguay's youth, Mr. O'Rourke." Her voice sounded amused.

"But I do not spurn the gold," said Imago Paraguay in her flat voice. "Oh, no."

THE Negro doorman at Tortoni's said, "Good evenin'." His square teeth were white against suède skin. "Good evenin'." He pulled open the doors of the car.

Crane got out, reached an arm up for Imago Paraguay. For an instant, before she stepped on the ground, she leaned against his chest. Her perfume was like the heavy odor of sandalwood.

He stiffened his arm, held her away from him. "The butterfly has a stinger," he said.

Her face was calm. "At times." She walked alone, ahead of the rest of them, into the house. Penn Essex, Tony Lamphier and the major met them in front of the booth occupied by the blond hat-check girl. "The gals will be along in a second," Penn Essex said, turning to Crane. "We've got a table . . . thought we'd dance a little first."

The hat-check girl said nasally, "Check, Mister?"

O'Rourke handed her his Panama. "Double check, baby," he said, looking into her eyes. He leaned an elbow on the counter.

"Nix," said Crane.

The other four men had moved a little farther along the hall, were talking. As if muffled by heavy drapes, music came softly to their ears.

"I'm wondering . . ." said Crane. "You know that Imago dame . . . ?"

"Do I?" O'Rourke ostentatiously adjusted his dark green bow tie. "Didn't she hold my hand all the way from Essex's house to here?"

"Did she? She held mine, too. But she didn't fall in your arms when you helped her out of the car."

"I didn't help her out of the car," said O'Rourke. "That's why."

"Anyway," said Crane, "she's carrying a dagger tied to her leg with red ribbon."

O'Rourke bit his lower lip in mock dismay. "That makes two."

"The major's luggin' a pistol the size of a French seventy-five."

"How d'you know?"

"I saw it under his coat."

There was a sound of women's voices. Crane turned and saw Miss Day walking toward the group with Essex. She had the most provocative walk he had ever seen, or the most provocative hips. He didn't know which. They were connected in a way, but not in the usual way hips are connected with walking.

Her hips were sheathed in silk the color of flame, pulled so taut that light rippled over the fabric when she moved. They flowed under the dress like heavy and seductive liquid, like molten metal. They gave her the appearance of a big jungle cat, graceful, stealthy, dangerous.

The other women came from behind the purple door. With Mrs. Boucher walked Imago Paraguay. Her eyes, under the slanting brows, sought Crane. There was a suggestion of amusement, of malice, in them. He felt goose-pimples rise on his body.

Their table was beside the dance floor. "Champagne," Essex told the headwaiter. "Six bottles . . . to start." O'Rourke gazed at him and nodded his approval.

Almost as luxuriant as a tropical jungle was the room around the black composition dance floor. Out on the floor, out of blue boxes, grew banana trees with broad green leaves and clusters of green bananas. Vines clung to the trunks of the trees, bearing fragile blossoms; pink, orange, bronze, henna and cream white. Half the room had no roof and overhead there were stars.

O'ROURKE was seated across the table, between Camelia Essex and Mrs. Boucher. Miss Day looked at him, then leaned toward Crane. "I think your friend's kinda cute," she said.

"You do?"

"Well, he says the cutest things." She leaned toward Crane and his senses reeled under the impact of about four dollars' worth of Essence Imperiale Russe ("The essence that quickened the pulse of kings"). "J'know what he said to me?"

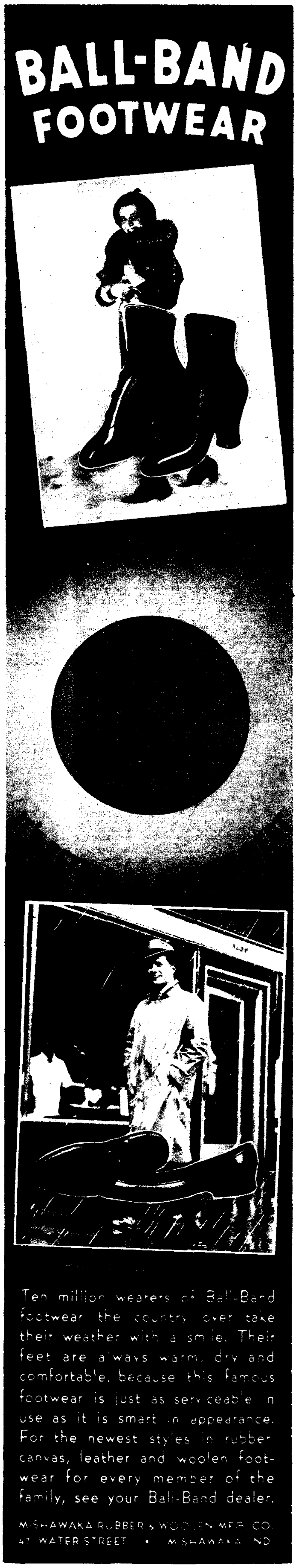
Crane said he didn't know.

"Well, I asked him what I oughta wear tonight, my black dress or this? And he said—" She giggled a little. "He said, 'A lovely lady is garmented in light from her own beauty.'"

"You should have slapped his face," said Crane.

"Oh, Mister Crane! He didn't mean for me to come nak . . . nude. He just meant it didn't make any difference what I wore."

"You should have slapped him anyway."



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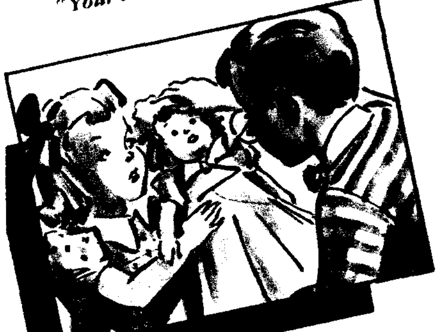
DOCTOR TOMMY DIAGNOSES AND PRESCRIBES

"Your child has a cold, madam?"



"Hm—head stopped up—"

"—raw, inflamed membranes—"

"Madam, I prescribe Luden's!"

Very good, Doctor Tommy. It's true that Luden's help to clear cold-choked passages, and to soothe inflamed membranes. Equally important, Luden's help to build up *resistance* to colds, because they contain an *alkaline factor*. We quote this from a Medical Journal: "The researches (of these doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe various alkalies."

LUDEN'S 5¢
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

The orchestra leader raised his arms, made a one-two movement with the baton. Drum and violins carried the melody for a minute; then out of the trumpets rolled muted notes like balls of quicksilver, round and smooth.

"Come on, Penn," cried Miss Day. "Let's go."

Crane turned to Imago Paraguay. Her jet eyes watched the dancers on the floor.

"Would you care . . . ?" he asked.

"If you wish."

He imagined her body would be soft, but the back muscles were firm against his arm. She was taller than he thought and she danced beautifully. Her face was exquisite, like a painted ivory mask, but her hair was the remarkable thing about her. As black, as dull, as coarse as soot, it skullcapped her head and bunched in an ebony knot at the nape of her neck. Its distinction was its lack of luster. It seemed to pocket the rays from the lamps. It might have been dead.

The floor was not crowded and he pivoted a few times, ending up near the orchestra. A man in a green gabardine suit scowled at him from beside the stand. Before he danced away he noticed the lobe of the man's ear was missing.

Imago Paraguay said, "You da-ance quite well."

They had made three circuits of the floor when the music stopped. They went back to the table and found a tall, dark man with a mustache talking to Camelia Essex. He was handsome and his brown eyes were lively.

"Paul, I'd like to have you meet these people," said Miss Essex. Her voice was excited. "Miss Paraguay, this is Count Paul di Gregario."

The smile fled from the count's face. He drew back a step from the dancer. His skin was the color of a peeled banana.

"We ha-ave met before," said Imago Paraguay in her soft flat voice.

The count bent over the dancer's hand. Imago's face was serene. Crane nodded to the count when he was introduced, made no offer to shake hands with him.

WITH the sush-sush of bird shot in a gourd, the orchestra started a tango. The count nodded to Tony Lamphier and took Camelia Essex onto the floor. Crane would have danced again with Imago but for the fact that the waiter was pouring the champagne. Boucher took her instead.

The major was off somewhere with Mrs. Boucher and that left only three of them at the table. The waiter started to put the champagne bottle back in the bucket, but O'Rourke said, "Wait." He drained his glass and held it toward the waiter. The waiter filled it and Crane, holding out his emptied glass, said, "Me, too."

Between them the quart vanished. "Have another, Mr. O'Rourke?" asked Crane. "Why, yes," said O'Rourke. "Another," said Crane to the waiter.

Tony Lamphier was watching them. "Do you mind if I join you?" he asked. "It looks like fun."

They didn't mind at all.

Lamphier rose to his feet. "Gentlemen, I propose a toast."

"To the queen . . ." said Crane.

"Yes, to Camelia Essex."

They drank that toast. They drank a toast to the United States of America. They drank to the Army and Navy. They drank to "the Stuarts o'er the sea."

People at the neighboring tables began to eye them.

"Now, gentlemen," said Crane, "I give you the finest toast of all . . ."

They waited attentively.

"I give you our regiment . . . The Seventh Hussars."

They drank the toast.

Tony Lamphier said, "Now I want to give a confusion."

O'Rourke was surprised. "A confusion?"

"Yes. I drink to the confusion of Count Paul di Gregario."

"Good," said Crane.

"May he take the count," added O'Rourke.

"That's very good," said Crane. "Don't you think that's very good, Tony?"

"Yes. I think that's very good."

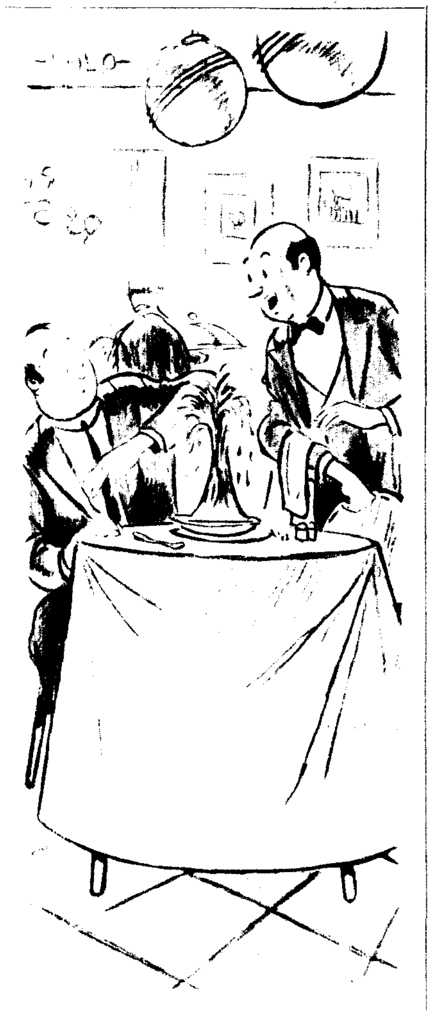
"I wish I had said that," said Crane.

As they were drinking, the orchestra stopped. Crane walked away from the table, skirted the dance floor, and came out into the hall leading to the front door. He saw the blond hat-check girl and went over to her.

"Madam . . ." he began.

"To the left," she said. "Down that hall."

Doc Williams and a Negro attendant were in the washroom. Doc Williams' Christian name was Orville and he was employed by the same detective agency as Crane. He was slapping *eau de cologne* on his face. "Hi," he said. He was a dapper man with a waxed mustache and pouches under his eyes. He was wearing a green gabardine suit with a sports back, a tan silk shirt, a maroon necktie; and there was a streak of perfectly white hair over his left temple. Chorus girls always thought he looked "distinguished."



"Our soup always takes a little while to settle"

SALO ROTH

"Hi," said Crane. "What's the word?"

WILLIAMS glanced warningly at the attendant, who was rubbing his patent-leather shoes. "Our guy's here."

"I saw him."

"He's got three pals with him, too."

"So," Crane said.

The attendant finished the shoes, pushed the dirty towel through the swinging opening of a green metal container.

"Another thing." Williams flipped the attendant a quarter. "A guy I used t'know in New York told me . . ." He looked at the attendant, said, "You don't mind if we go off in the corner and whisper?"

The Negro rolled his eyes. "No, saaar."

In the corner Williams said, "Tortoni's in a jam and is plannin' on leavin' in a couple of days."

"A money jam?"

"Not exactly. That is, it doesn't have to be. He's been cuttin' in on the slot-machine racket, accordin' to my friend, and some people are kinda mad."

"How mad?"

"A week ago they knocked off Tony Ghenna, Tortoni's muscle man."

"That's pretty mad," said Crane.

Major Eastcomb came into the washroom. His face was flushed from drinking; his bloodshot eyes were angry; his jaw was set. His shoulders were bulky under his black dinner jacket.

"I can't possibly make it," Crane said to Williams. "I haven't time for golf. I'm down here on business."

"It's a darned good course."

"So I've heard. But nothing doing. I'll try to look you up some afternoon, though, Doc."

They shook hands and Williams departed. The major scowled at Crane. "Who's that?"

"A fellow I used to know in New York."

THE colored man filled a bowl full of warm water and laid a face towel beside it. Crane washed his hands and face and dried them. On a glass shelf in front of the long mirror was a large assortment of perfumes, pomades and powders in fancy bottles, jars and cans. Fascinated, he stared at them, inwardly struggling against a desire to try them on himself.

Through the mirror he saw Count di Gregario come into the room. He saw the count was really handsome in a Latin way. That is, handsome and pretty. He was tall, almost as tall as O'Rourke, but his figure was slender. His dinner jacket, of heavy linen, was tailored in the Cuban style, padded and squared at the shoulders, pulled tight at the waist. Long, curling lashes shaded his brown eyes and his skin, cream-rose, was as smooth as a girl's.

Major Eastcomb saw him a second later. He swung around and said, "Ha!" He looked ferocious.

The count halted abruptly.

"So you're around again," said the major.

The colored attendant bent down and began to wipe off Crane's shoes.

Count di Gregario began, "I assure you . . ."

"You bloody scoundrel." The major mumbled his words, as though he were talking with his mouth full. "I told you to keep away from that girl."

The attendant got down on one knee, *turned his face so he could look at the* two men. Crane could see the whites of his eyes.

Count di Gregario laughed. "Since when must I obey your orders, Major Eastcomb?"

The major was shaking his head from side to side. "You be out of town tomorrow or . . ."

Count di Gregario smiled and turned to leave the room. The major caught his arm, swung him around, hit him a solid blow on the chest. Count di Gregario came back at him. "You pig!" he cried. He got a hand on the major's face, shoved. The major stepped backward; his buttocks striking a porcelain washbowl, his head the mirror, cracking it vertically. A piece of soap skidded across the tile floor.

Hands fluttering, the count followed. "Aah!" *he said. The major rolled off the* washbowl, jerked an Army automatic from under his coat, and thrust it at di Gregario.

(To be continued next week)

Get Its Number

Continued from page 40

But it was only a start. Doctors were doubtful of this new method. Many of them had developed special techniques of their own for dealing with pneumonia. Quite a number of their patients survived. So why be bothered? The great Dr. Osler had said "pneumonia is a self-limited disease."

The story shifts to this side of the Atlantic. Dr. Rufus Cole of the Rockefeller Institute believed in the serum treatment, and got laughed at for his faith. Nevertheless he persisted. Presently he and others working with him had a body of facts that the medical profession could no longer laugh off. Serum treatment became more common. European doctors have shown interest, and the gift that Europe had lightheartedly tossed to us has been gratefully taken back again. Dr. Lloyd D. Felton, now of Johns Hopkins University, found a way of standardizing the serum and preparing it in such a way that it is easy to administer.

The Serum Acts Swiftly

And so we now have an important weapon in our war against pneumonia. It is true that for some of the thirty-two types no serums have yet been produced. But we have enough to start with: serums exist for about two thirds of the half million cases of pneumonia that occur in this country each year.

If you include the cases of the disease that comes as a fatal complication of influenza, pneumonia is now the third cause of death in the United States. It heads the list of those diseases traceable to infection. Only heart disease and cancer answer for more lives.

The onslaught of the disease is sudden and is usually easy to spot. First comes what appears to be a cold; this is followed by a chill, a pain in the side of the chest, a fever and a cough. The temperature mounts fast, and in a few hours the patient may be coughing up rust-colored or bloody froth. As the disease takes deeper hold, breathing becomes difficult, and pneumonia is in full possession. (Not all of these symptoms are present in every case but, with exceptions, there are enough of them present to make the diagnosis safely.) It is here that serum comes to the sufferer's rescue. Before its invention doctors could only watch the grim struggle between the invading hordes of germs and the patient's native powers of resistance. Comfort and plenty of air could be provided and, if things got bad, oxygen for the laboring lungs. But there was no way of getting directly at the attackers. The patient had to carry on the battle alone.

Now one of the first moves is to take a sample of sputum or a swab from the patient's throat. This is rushed to the laboratory, and the technician goes to work on it. Under the microscope all pneumonia germs look alike—pairs of dark ovals enclosed within a pale capsule. The technician divides his specimen, mixes each batch with a different serum. Presently, if luck is with him and with the patient, the capsules in one batch begin to swell. The pneumococcus has been given his number. He has been forced to tell his last name.

The appropriate serum is rushed to the patient and administered immediately. This is the stage at which delay may spell disaster. The action of the serum is swift. In it are contained those mysterious protein molecules known as antibodies; they begin immediately to neutralize the harmful products of the pneumonia germs, meanwhile attacking and weakening the germs themselves so that the patient's white blood cells can deal with them.

Within a few hours, if the serum has been given early enough and in sufficient doses, the patient's condition begins to change for the better. Down comes the temperature; pulse and respiration rate drop; breathing becomes easier; the chances of complications are reduced, and the whole picture is much rosier.

The New York State Health Department has collected figures that clearly show how successful this method of treatment is. In Pneumococcus Type One pneumonia the death rate without serum is usually 30 per cent. With serum this is reduced to less than 10 per cent. In Type Two, mortality is reduced from 40 to 20 per cent; in Type Five, from 30 to 15 per cent; in Type Seven, from 25 to 10 per cent; and in Type Eight, from 20 to 10. One expert reports that in fifty consecutive cases of Pneumococcus Type One pneumonia in which serum was administered early not one death occurred.

Although specific serums exist for each of a dozen or more of the various types of pneumococci, only three or four of them are generally available to physicians throughout the country. States with active pneumonia programs distribute only serums for pneumonias due to Type One and Two, although several of them contemplate providing serum for some other types (Five, Seven and Eight) in the near future.

The first state to place pneumonia control in the forefront of its health program was Massachusetts. In 1931 the state health department inaugurated the "Pneumonia Study and Service." The purpose of this campaign was to encourage and instruct physicians to use the best techniques known. By 1935 there were 65 laboratories in the state prepared to carry out typing, and about three or four times as many cases were being typed annually as in 1931.

Pneumonia's Double Attack

Encouraged by the successful demonstration in Massachusetts, New York State has, in the past few years, gone even farther. Its program follows the same lines. At present there are 100 diagnostic laboratories and supply stations outside New York City.

It is now only a matter of time until similar plans are adopted by other states. Active programs are already in progress in Connecticut, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota and Michigan and in the cities of Detroit and Pittsburgh. Plans are under way in New Hampshire, New Jersey, Ohio and Pennsylvania. There are reports that Alabama, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, Vermont, Virginia, Washington and West Virginia are likewise considering action.

It is likely that before long this all-important weapon—serum treatment—will be made even stronger. There is every likelihood that as a result of recent research the quality and effectiveness of the serum will be improved.

But, important though serum is, it is by no means the whole story in pneumonia treatment. For one thing, no effective serum exists as yet for the fairly common Pneumococcus Type Three and there are a number of other types for which no serum has ever been made. In such cases and all through the general treatment of pneumonia the established medical procedure of past years must be relied on. Foremost among these tested methods are the use of oxygen and skilled nursing care.

Oxygen is of first-line importance be-

"It's the flavour"
HIGHLAND CREAM
BOTTLED BY
Teacher's
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HIGHLAND CREAM
4/5 Quart
86° Proof
Perfection of Blended
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Teacher's is the Scotch any man's glad to get . . . men talk about Teacher's taste. They praise its full, rich body and the mildness that gives it smooth balance. So turn to Teacher's at holiday time. It's the friendly thing to do.

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DON'T SET

TWENTY years ago the United States government took over the American railroads as a war measure.

It gave those roads back to their owners in 1920 —on the eve of a depression.

And it gave them back with operating costs thrown all out of balance with income — under a law which put rigid limits on earnings but made no provision for future losses.

THEN started an uphill job. Stretching ahead of railroad men and management were such tough problems as these:

They had to find ways to meet greatly increased operating costs with lagging revenues.

They had to repair and replace war-worn equipment.

They had to face new forms of competition.

They had to serve a nation increasing in population — extending its industrial frontiers — demanding better transportation than ever before.

And they had to operate under rules, regulations and restrictions more complex and bewildering than those imposed on any other business in America.

IT was a job to test courage and challenge enterprise — but the railroads started the long slow climb.

Let us look now at the progress they have made:

Great new locomotives have been developed— twice as able as the engines of 17 years ago.

Freight moves today 50% faster than in 1922.

Curves have been straightened — stronger bridges built — thousands of miles of heavier rails laid to make safe speed possible.

Safety has steadily advanced — for passengers and railroad employes — and the magnificent safety record of the railroads has won universal recognition.

Everyone is familiar with the streamlined trains, air conditioning, and all the other improvements pioneered for passenger comfort.

And the American railroads pay a tax bill of close to a million dollars a day.

When you sum up the record of American

THE BRAKES!

railroad progress in the face of all obstacles, it packs into this:

They deliver the finest railroad service in the world—so fine that delegations from foreign countries regularly visit America to study their methods.

They haul freight at the lowest railroad rates in the world—moving a ton a mile for an average revenue of less than one cent. Today's average freight revenue is 23½% lower than the peak of 1921, shortly after government operation ended.

And with all this, *they pay the highest railroad wages in the world.*

MEANWHILE the mountain of regulation has piled steadily higher—under state law as well as federal.

An immediate threat is the TRAIN-LIMIT-BILL in Congress—a bill to put an arbitrary limit on the length of freight trains and so to force the railroads to run more trains than are needed to handle the nation's business. This "make-work" bill is proposed under the pretext of safety.

In face of the fact that the American railroads have reduced accidents to employes by three-fourths in the past fifteen years, the same years in which the railroads developed longer and faster trains for better service—

In face of the fact that the more trains you run the *greater* the chances of accident, especially at grade crossings—

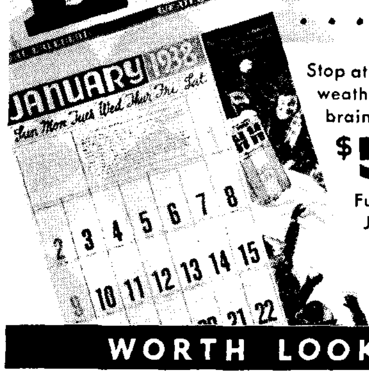
In face of the fact that this one law would add more per year to the cost of railroad operation than the *total* cost of all air conditioning to date—*this bill has already passed the Senate.*

The harm of this legislation is measured in more than money-cost, great as that will be. It wipes out the major benefits of the fine new equipment, tracks and terminals the railroads have developed for handling freight today—*but more important still it stymies progress, and hamstrings future initiative, enterprise and invention.*

Do you want the advancement of the nation's basic transportation system brought to a standstill? If not—it's up to you!

Don't set the brakes on railroad progress!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.



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The Crowell Publishing Company
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LAVORIS

Sore throats like Lavoris—it's so very soothing and healing

There's genuine satisfaction in using the genuine article

cause the disease makes a double attack upon the sufferer. The characteristic high fever which marks the body's battle to throw off the infection speeds up metabolism. This means that more oxygen than normal is needed, much more. At the same time the disease has burdened and obstructed the lungs so that they cannot pass into the blood anything like the normal quantity. The added strain of labored breathing dangerously taxes the already-shaken body mechanism.

Proper administration of oxygen helps relieve this strain. Every good hospital has facilities for giving it. The only catch hitherto has been the cost. Only the rich—and the very poor in the charity wards—could afford it. Now, however, there are devices which make it possible to do away with the expensive oxygen chamber or tent and provide the life-giving gas at a cost of only a few dollars a day.

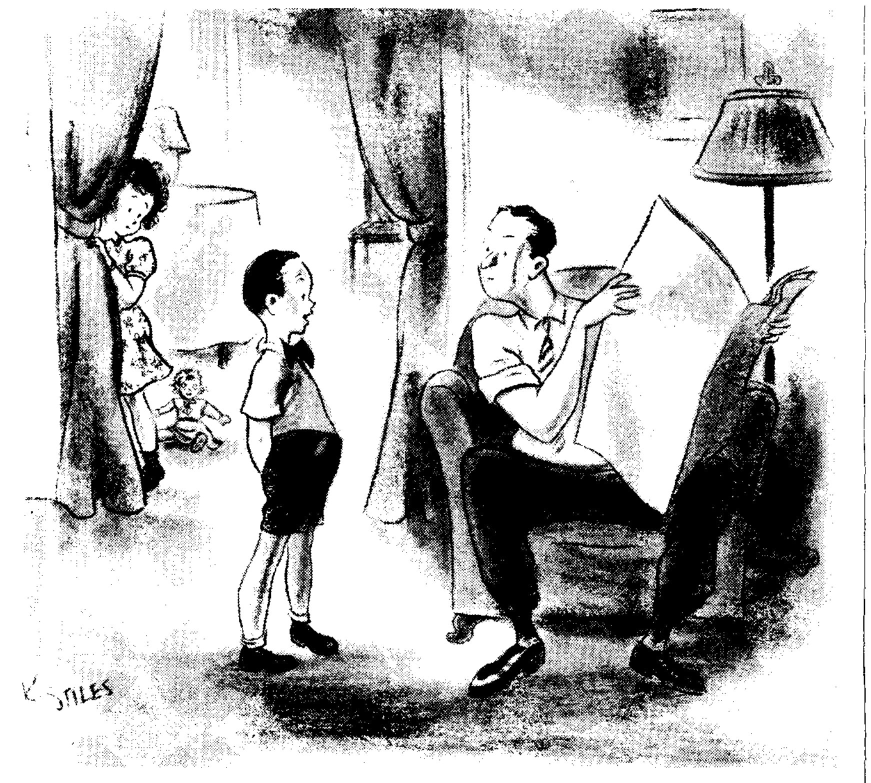
Your Role in This War

As for nursing, there is probably no disease in which it is more important. It not only does much to insure a happy outcome for the patient, but in addition protects the rest of the community. Pneumonia is an infectious disease; therefore the first duty of the nurse is to see that the patient is properly isolated. All bed linens, dishes and anything else he touches must be thoroughly disinfected. Visitors and family should be kept out of the room—especially children. The patient must be carefully protected from exposure and exertion; rest is essential and everything should be done to encourage sleep. In short, this is too serious a disease to be left to the unskilled care of the family. The place for the patient is in a hospital. Failing that, a trained nurse should be in attendance. She will provide for the patient, protect the family and be on the lookout for changes in the patient's condition. The various state campaigns that we have mentioned have stressed the need for nursing care and a determined effort has been made to have a public health nurse pay at least two visits a day during the critical period.

In addition to the methods of treatment already mentioned there is promise of help from the use of certain drugs. Some of these have already given encouraging results. They may prove valuable in types of the disease for which at present no serum exists. They are also being used successfully to supplement the serum treatment. There is a good possibility, too, that we may ultimately be able to prevent a great many cases of pneumonia through some form of vaccination. Experiments along these lines are being tried out by expert research men in a number of places. They are likely to add their part to the brilliant page of medical history now being written.

Perhaps the greatest field for prevention, however, lies open to the layman. Pneumonia, as we have said, is an infectious disease; its organisms can be spread from the sick to the well. Most cases, however, occur in patients who have not been in recent contact with a case of pneumonia. That means that the victim in question has been infected at some earlier time and has been carrying the pneumococcus around in his nose and throat while it waited for a good chance to pounce. But many people carry these germs all their lives without ever getting pneumonia. If the disease develops it is because the individual's resistance has been lowered. A common cold can do the trick. So can exposure to sudden changes of temperature. So can a wetting or a chilling.

Against these hazards the field is wide open for the use of ordinary common sense. The thing to watch out for particularly is the common cold, or what appears to be the common cold, for it not only may lead to pneumonia but may itself be the initial symptom of the disease. The rules are simple enough. No respiratory disorder, however slight, should be neglected. At the first signs of a cold, a doctor should be consulted. It pays to dispose of the pygmy before he can open the door for the giant. Experience has shown again and again that the thing to do for a cold is to go to bed and rest. In that way no further lowering of resistance can take place—incidentally, it helps prevent further spread of the infection. If these precautions were taken more seriously, many a case of pneumonia would never develop and many a life would be saved. It is here that you and I as laymen can do our share in the great work of bringing pneumonia under control.



"Mr. Culley, I'd like to speak to you about your daughter—in about fifteen years" KIRK STILES

Christmas Every Day

Continued from page 19

Co-ordinating Councils, a system of neighborhood organizations for the prevention of delinquency, sponsored by the county probation department.

That was three years ago. People have almost forgotten that first response. A popular local radio commentator asked for toys. School children helped collect other toys. The theaters held toy-loan matinees to which the price of admission was any broken toy. And skates and marbles and doll buggies and balls and Teddy bears—every conceivable sort of toy, some shiny and new from the nurseries of blasé children of movie stars, some broken and battered by the energetic families of the almost-poor, came streaming in. Presently there were about 20,000 toys in various states of repair—and disrepair.

Toys Re-Made

The councils then got some WPA workers, and a shop where they could make old toys into new ones. Because they lacked materials, the councils went begging. They begged buckets of paint from the paint companies. They panhandled scraps of wood from the lumber companies. They begged so much and so often that they wore out their welcome. Ultimately they formed a Toy Loan Board; made up a budget (which was pared down by the astute chief probation officer, Kenyon Scudder, who knew from experience just how to proceed in these matters); went to the County Board of Supervisors and asked for $8,500 for rent, trucks, gasoline, and materials. They got it within fifteen minutes. It was as easy as that!

You understand the idea? They take toys and reconstruct them. Assemble roller skates, perhaps two complete pairs from seven skates. Re-tire wheels and match them. Solder small kitchen utensils. Make a wonderful mechanical merry-go-round whirl again. There are only three big pieces of machinery in this shop, but they are effective. The workmen keep them whirring, not only remodeling and repairing old toys but even making new ones. From odds and ends of lumber they make balls, blocks, ping-pong games, ring-toss gadgets, whole roomfuls of doll furniture, little pianos, even bright beads for the smallest borrowers at the toy loans.

The most appealing department is, of course, the doll section. There are rows and rows of dolls, from the most sumptuous European imports to those tiny staring china objects that delighted our grandmothers' small hearts.

These dolls constituted a problem.

Do you remember that branch Jimmie and his gang raided? All those dolls? Did you notice that a good many of them had slips of paper pinned onto them saying, for instance, "Ethel Nolan is working for this doll."

Soon after the toy loans began to operate, they had trouble with small girls. They became attached to their borrowed dolls. They didn't want to return them after a fortnight. They came in, usually with tear-stained faces, clinging to the dolls as to life itself. So the Toy Loan Board decided to give them the dolls for keeps. But not just casually, as one might give an all-day sucker. They thought it proper that the youngsters "work" for their dolls.

Consequently, Ethel Nolan selected her doll—a delectable duplicate of Shirley Temple's dimpled self. Ethel's name was written on it. She was told she must be satisfied with other toys for a little while. When she has brought a required number of them back in good condition, she may take home her doll "on probation." Every week for perhaps a month—it's up to the branch manager—she must come in with her doll to show she's being a good mother to it. The doll must be clean, nicely dressed, and in good condition. When Ethel has proved to Miss May that she is fit to be a parent, she will be allowed to adopt that doll. She will be given adoption papers, just like those used by the county for real squalling babies, and the doll will be forever Ethel's.

There is a great deal of behind-the-scenes organization to these toy loans. The toys are numbered, classified and indexed before they leave the shop. They are all disinfected before they are loaned, and after they are returned.

The branch manager works much as a librarian does, with the added responsibility of discretion in letting the toys out. When Jimmie's gang first become qualified (by their parents' permission) to draw toys, they will be allowed only the use of small and relatively indestructible ones—if there is any such thing. Gradually they will work up to the big, elaborate toys.

They may borrow more than one toy at a time. Dicky Cook, now four years old, was the first child to take toys from Miss May's branch. He has taken 507 toys out, and what's more, brought them all back!

This branch is located in a community center and playground in one of the poorer neighborhoods. It's remarkable, Miss May tells us, how little damage the children do to their borrowed playthings. There are 492 games and boats and tricycles and wagons, etc., in this one center. During an average month there has been a turnover of 1,500 toys. Each toy went to more than three children. And surely four or five children played with each one. Yet only 22 are stacked up to return to the shop for repairs.

When a youngster comes in with a broken toy, he is penalized. Not that he is fined, or refused a toy for any period. No, but he must be content with lesser ones for a brief time until he has shown he's a really responsible character, and it's not likely to happen again.

A Shifting Array

Any child between the ages of two and sixteen may draw toys. The older ones usually want athletic equipment. We need no diagram to see the value of this. Many a lad has got into the juvenile courts for stealing simply because he didn't own a ball and bat and glove for the corner-lot ball team. Or because somebody else's bicycle was irresistible.

All toys in all branches are changed every two weeks, so the young borrowers have a shifting array to choose from. And the stock of toys is constantly being replenished by donations.

And how they love to change them! Into this same branch, while we're still hanging around, comes an excited little Italian boy. "Why, Tony," says the manager, "you back already? You were here just a few minutes ago."

"Yeh, Miss May, but now I wanta change deesa skate fora da marble. A buncha keeds am playing da marble out in-a da playgrounds an' I tink maybe I getta da marble for to playa wid da keeds. Den I come back an' getta da skate again."

Miss May laughs. That much extra work! But she doesn't mind. If she did, she'd have left the toy loan long ago. Probably it's the Christmas spirit that animates her—Christmas in March, and July, and in September too!

KOOL
Mild Menthol
Cigarettes
Cork Tipped
Season's Greetings
Gift List
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THOSE HOLIDAY THROATS NEED A CARTON OF KOOLS!

Throats get hot and dry after late nights and big parties. Your friends and family will appreciate KOOLS, the mildly mentholated smoke that's soothing to your throat. Mind you, KOOLS have just a *touch* of menthol in them . . . merely enough to add a refreshing flavor . . . not enough to spoil the fine rich taste of the tobacco. Coupons come with KOOLS, too . . . coupons good in the U. S. A. for a wide choice of beautiful premiums. Give KOOLS this Christmas! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P.O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

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Save this valuable B&W coupon
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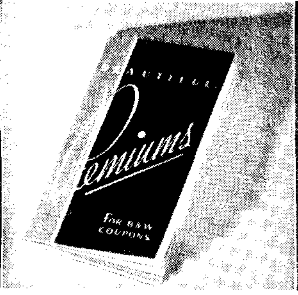

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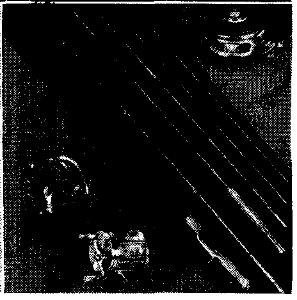

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Last Days of Shanghai

Continued from page 12

caught out after that without a pass, you go to prison and stay there until morning—when, legend says, the Chinese cops wake you with streams from a hose. A few lordly beings, with curfew, emergency, Japanese, Chinese, French and other passes, linger on. There is a sharp burst of fire from the destroyers, firing ten thousand dollars' worth of shells at a hidden sniper. Then silence again.

After a while, dawn begins to come up over Pootung. A British liner, a huge flag painted on her black plates amidships, slides up the river past the destroyers and the Izumo to tie up alongside the Bund. French, British, Italian, Dutch and Japanese merchant lines land their passengers in Shanghai, as usual. Only the American merchant flag has been swept from the North China Sea.

A Chinese sniper on the foreshore whangs a bullet at a picket boat. He is hidden from the ships, but from the Bund you can just see him, crouched behind a shattered wall. The guns open up in a frenzy. Shrapnel churns the water's edge and kicks up clouds of dust just inland. No fires start. There is nothing left to burn on Pootung Point. The guns shut down. Through the glasses you can see the sniper stroll away, cigarette in lips, rifle in the crook of his arm.

Where Death is a Casual Thing

In Nantao, the native city south of the French concession, a million refugees are awakening. They lie, packed like sardines, in ten-foot alleys, two hundred and more to the block. In the maze of winding streets and passages the ragged, dirty thousands cook and eat and live and love—and die like animals. Here and there on the main streets are crude bombproofs. Sandbag redoubts dot the place.

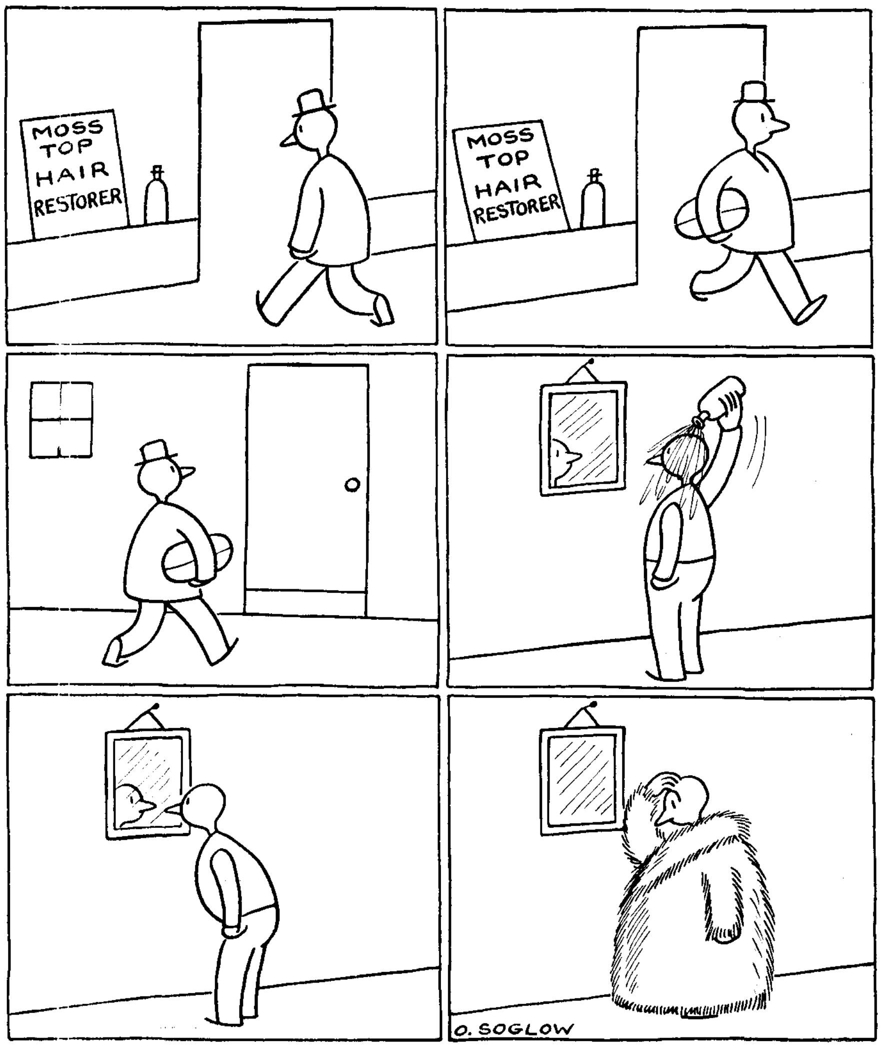
Back along the Bund the boys are sing-songing the morning paper. Results of the night's warfare are listed as casually as any American paper's listing of highway deaths and maimings after a summer Sunday:

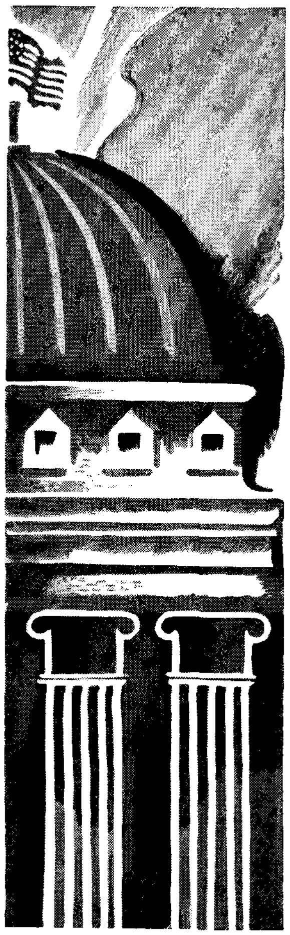
"Shell fell at Bank of China; no casualties. Shell exploded at 975 Honan Road, nine injured. Shell exploded at 343 Soochow Road, five dead, five injured. Japanese bomb hit trackless trolley at Markham Road, seven killed, twenty-nine injured."

There is a picture of what is left of the trolley. On the dark-stained roadway lies the body of a tiny Chinese mother clasping her baby in her arms. Blasted to death. . . . At the press conference, later this morning, the silken-voiced Japanese spokesman will express "sincere regrets"—and would the correspondents like another highball?

The sun comes up and the wind blows keenly—blows out the flags of the white nations. Tokens of pathetic optimism on the part of their owners. Every sampan has a flag. Every tug and lighter flies the French tricolor or the Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes or the red, white and green of Italy. Cars have national flags painted on their roofs. The flags of the foreigners are all over everything, hovel and hotel, factory and godown—and they don't mean a thing; they never stop a shot. During any bombardment you may see Chinese and Japanese firing impartially on all the flags of two continents. Most of the flags have been flying so long they are dingy and tattered, frayed by the fall typhoons into shreds of color.

The town gets about its daily rumoring. The Japanese army mutinies on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The Chinese surrender in hordes, expressing coarse moral thoughts about Chiang Kai-shek, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and





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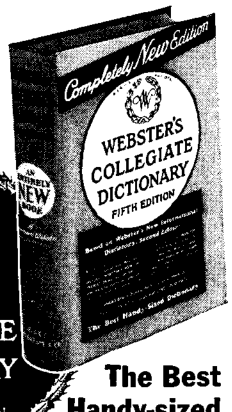
1933	11,131,000
1934	12,938,000
1935	13,750,000
1936	15,135,000
1937*	16,965,000

*12 months ended June

ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC SYSTEM



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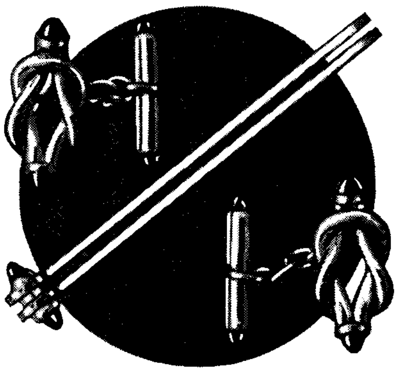

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The only cough drop medicated with the throat soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub

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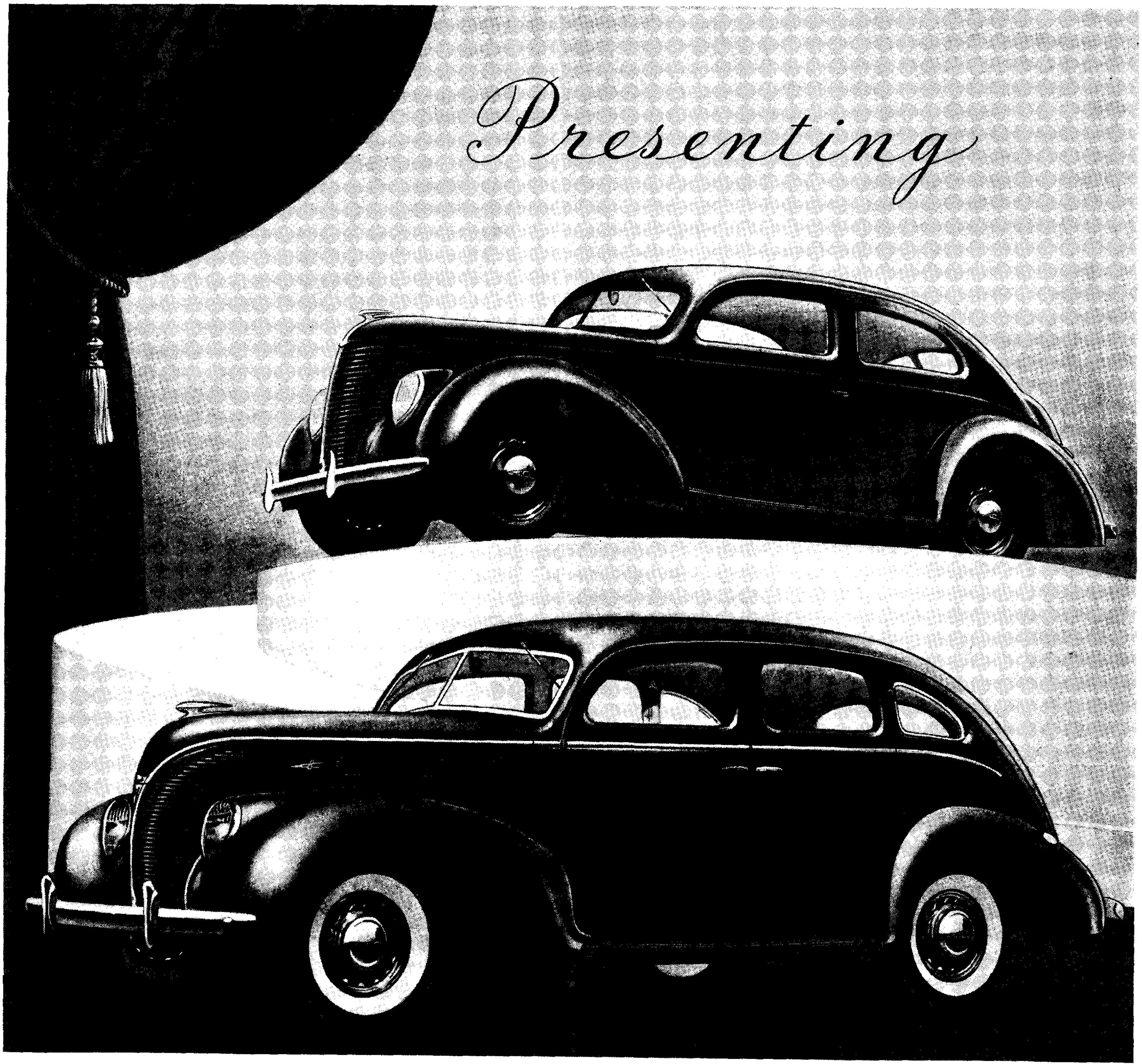

Above, the Standard Ford V-8 Tudor . . . *Below*, the De Luxe Ford V-8 Fordor

THE TWO NEW FORD V·8 CARS FOR 1938

We're building two new cars for 1938—the Standard Ford V-8 and the De Luxe Ford V-8. They are different in appearance, but they have the same mechanical excellence—the same 112-inch wheelbase.

People liked our 1937 car so well that they bought more of them than of any other make. We have improved on that car in the newly styled Standard Ford V-8 for 1938.

But some folks asked also for a bigger, finer car with the same Ford advantages in it. For them, we designed the new De Luxe Ford V-8.

It has a longer body, more room, larger luggage space and finer appointments. It is equipped with the 85-horsepower engine. It gives a generous measure of motoring satisfaction at traditionally low Ford prices.

The Standard is even lower priced than the De Luxe. It has pleasant new lines and well-tailored interiors. It offers again a choice of V-8 engine sizes; the powerful "85" or the thrifty "60."

Two cars, two engines, two price ranges. Whichever you choose, you get the same basic Ford features. Whatever you pay, you get a car built soundly to serve well.

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SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED EX-LAX

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TASTES BETTER THAN EVER
Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate flavor—tastes like a choice confection! You'll like it *even better* than you did before.

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Ex-Lax is now even more effective than it used to be. Empties the bowels *more thoroughly, more smoothly,* in less time than before.

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Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle in action that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

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Attached
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Coffee Routes paying up to $60.00 in a week. 350 more men needed throughout U.S. on local routes. Operate on credit. Ford Sedans or $500 cash given producers as bonus. Rush postcard for **free facts. Albert Mills, 8504 Monmouth, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

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Take modern-formula Piso's - - with its local and internal action.

LOCALLY, Piso's clings to your throat, soothes and relaxes irritated membranes that bring on coughing.

INTERNALLY, Piso's stimulates flow of normal throat secretions - - loosens phlegm. For coughs due to colds, ask your druggist for a bottle of Piso's (p i e-s o's). PISO'S 35¢ 60¢

Saturdays. On Sundays, the Formosan regiments of the Japanese lay down their arms and go over to the Chinese en masse. The Japanese announce Chiang's suicide every week or two. The Chinese get word of impending revolution in Japan almost daily. Russian planes and aviators arrive by the score—fourteen, seventy-nine, one hundred and sixty of them. Italy and Germany are going to send troops to help Japan. Japanese rage that Chinese use dumdum bullets; Chinese gabble that Japanese use poison gas.

The daily press conferences are used, to some extent, in attempts to trick the foe. Each side gives out misinformation, hoping the correspondents will trot around with it to the rival conference. It doesn't work, but it doesn't stop either side from trying. The Chinese offer tea and sandwiches and cake at their conferences in Mayor O. K. Yui's home. Saturday nights they have a cocktail party. The more austere Japanese stick to an occasional highball and hold their conferences in a downtown hotel. . . .

And within a mile or two, Japanese peasants and Chinese coolies, who don't know what it's all about, are dying and lying mutilated in the mud because a slight little man in a palace in the midst of Tokyo has decided to "make China reflect upon its attitude." Or, rather, the slight little man's militaristic statesmen have decided for him.

To interpret the Japanese cause to the world, millions of words are poured out. The Chinese say little, print less.

The Japanese are bound, by the heavenly dictum of Hirohito, their emperor-god, to the notion that "China, having failed utterly to understand the true intentions of our empire, indulged in willful acts of provocation. This," says Hirohito, "is indeed a source of regret to us."

It is also a source of regret to the Chinese, whose simple position is that their country has been ruthlessly invaded, their open cities bombed, their fishing fleets sunk, their trade-routes blockaded, because they preferred to operate their own form of government and exploit their own country without guidance from the Japanese empire.

Japan Speaks Plainly

While most Japanese apologists strike a high moral note and talk affrightedly about the red menace in China, the realistic and official Foreign Policy Association of Japan is franker:

"The Japanese are destined to extend their sphere of activity on the mainland of Asia, since it has been proved impossible for them to confine their surplus energy to a chain of islands whose limited area has been exploited to the utmost both agriculturally and industrially. Hence it is up to the statesmen of Japan and China to find ways and means to enable such development to take place.

"Such ways and means should be constructive, not destructive. The present situation is the result not so much of the failure of the governments of both countries to find them, as the refusal on the part of China to recognize the inevitability of Japan's unfortunate dilemma—that of either suffocating in the Island Empire or else expanding on the continent.

"Japan," says the manifesto, "was dragged unprepared into hostile combat . . ."

Around the perimeter of the settlement—or such part of the settlement as the Japanese still allow foreigners to use—are stationed American, French, British and Italian troops, facing outward. The rim of the foreign colony is dotted with sandbag redoubts and machine-gun emplacements. At downtown intersections are more sandbag redoubts. Every building along the Bund is sandbagged, every corner has its bombproof. Along the walks are piled wooden frames carrying barbed-wire entanglements, ready for instant throwing across streets.

In a sense, the Chinese warriors around the settlement have their backs against this foreign defense line. They cannot retreat through it save by force. To get into the settlement they must fight either one of the foreign legions or the all-nation troops of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, the town's private army.

If you ask a foreign trooper along the defense line what his orders are, he will tell you: "If the Chinese try to cross, shoot them; if the Japanese try to break through argue with them . . ." This is brutal but legal. The Japanese, being foreigners, have a legal right in the settlement; the Chinese have not.

A couple of million Chinese normally live in the settlement and the French concession, but merely by unwritten permission of the white powers. On every road leading into China are barbed-wire barricades or great iron gates, and you must have a pass to get through.

The settlements fear Japanese invasion—but they fear panic-stricken Chinese mobs even more.

For years, Shanghai has been a city of fear—a hard-drinking, fast-living, quick-thinking town where you had to keep your wits about you. In wartime, the battles of wits go on amid the battles of steel and flame. . . .

There is, for instance, the American airplane agent who, when the war started, remembered he had a nice new fighting ship in a huge crate on a wharf held by the Japanese downriver. The plane was consigned to the Chinese. The Japanese had a signal station on the wharf and a picket boat was tied up there.

After some days of trying to figure out various schemes to get the plane, the American suddenly decided the only way to get it was to go get it. So he hired a tug and a lighter and a gang of coolies and chugged bravely downriver, flying a dozen flags. He tied his lighter to the wharf, gave the Japanese guards some cigarettes and put his coolies to work. It took them an hour to get the heavy crate onto the lighter, and every second of the hour was loaded with dynamite—if the Japanese found out what was in the box. But they didn't.

The American finally bowed himself off the wharf, chugged back upstream and handed the plane over to the Chinese, who flew it up to Nanking to take its place in the aerial defense of the capital.

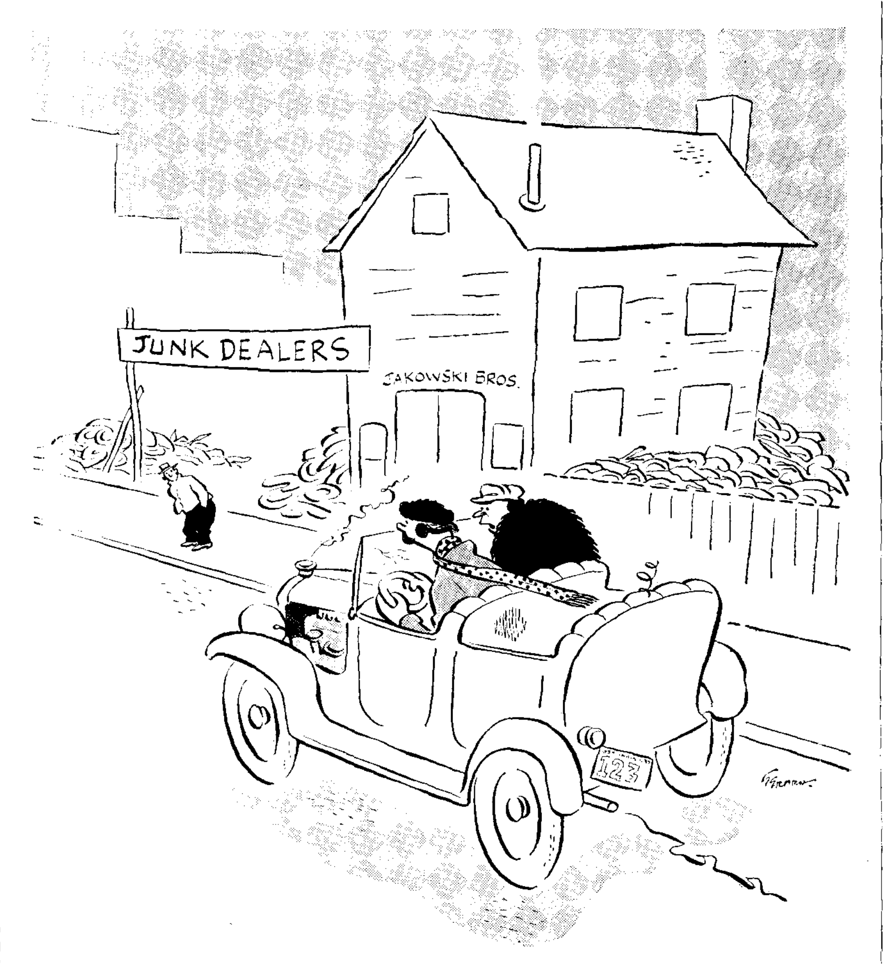
At Nanking, by the way, you may see what continuous intensive bombing does—and doesn't—to a city built with an eye to foiling such warfare. It will take you from fifteen to twenty hours to drive the 250 miles to Nanking from Shanghai, and you'd better keep a hand on the door handles, because when a plane dives at you, machine gunning, you take to the fields.

When Bombs Fall on Nanking

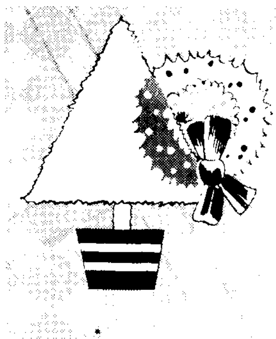
You crawl along, through ruined villages, over scores of canals, past thousands of bloody, wounded men, through crowded, walled cities and past batteries of thundering 18-pounders. And so at last into Nanking and down the broad Chungshan Avenue that runs from the river to the massive Sun Yat-sen Memorial on the hillside. Most of modern Nanking is new—and since the war started in mid-autumn it has been bombed more than one hundred times, with very little result from a military or any other standpoint.

This is because each of the government buildings is constructed of steel and concrete and set apart from its neighbors. A direct hit by a bomb does little damage. The heaviest bomb won't penetrate more than a couple of floors. Usually, a cornice or two get chipped off, a few more windows broken.

Nanking is a city of dugouts. They are in every roadway—just simple cellars with a few steps leading down. Walls and roof are timbered. From this type of hideaway, dugouts range up to



"Step on it past here. He nearly got me yesterday" DAVID GERARD



WHAT TO GIVE HIM FOR Christmas?

Here you have it—a "Stitchless" Billfold for his money and papers . . . a Buxton Key-Tainer with the patented Locked Loops.

$2.50
$3.50
$1.00
$12.50
$5.00
$15.00

(From lower left) Buxton's Auto Zip-Tainer with 4 patented *Locked Loops*, $1.00—keeps keys and driving credentials safely together in one compact case. Buxton's popular dollar Billfold (stitched—but only at sides). Chameleon Goat "Stitchless," $2.50; in Mandalay Goat with popular slide fastener and patented Golden Guard, $3.50; smart durable Alligator, $12.50; English Pin Morocco, $5.00; real Ostrich, $15.00. Others from $2.00.

AND BUXTON GIFTS ARE PRICED FROM 50¢ TO $50.00

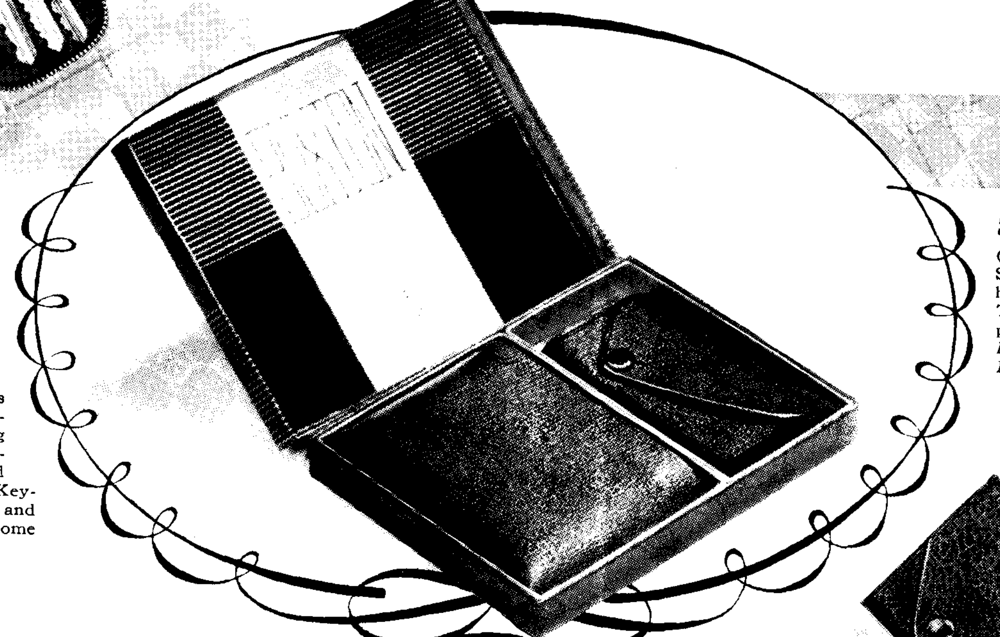
LIKE and admire it—yes, of course! And he'll get years and years of service from any one of these gifts. For *plus* good-looking, durable leather—only Buxton offers these practical features.

"STITCHLESS" BILLFOLDS made from just one piece of leather ingeniously interlocked. Sturdy and slim—yet they expand to meet the heaviest load without bulging. And never a stitch to rip or fray!

KEY-TAINERS with the patented *Locked Loop.* Slide key on loop, slip loop into Key-Tainer, and key is locked—there to stay. Yet just press the automatic latch, and *both* loop and key are instantly detached.

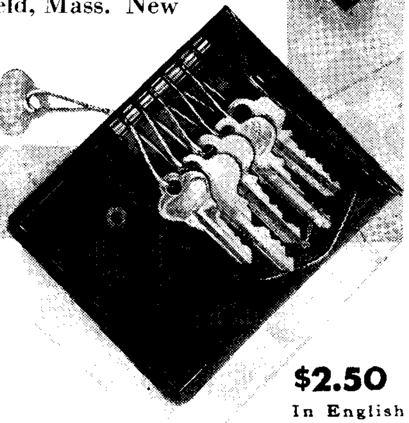
And on all Buxton gifts with slide fasteners—the patented GOLDEN GUARD . . . a narrow strip of leather ingeniously placed to protect contents from the teeth of slide mechanism. Buxton, Inc., Springfield, Mass. New York Office, 47 West 34th Street.

$1.00



$5.00

A Buxton Gift Set that combines a "Stitchless" Billfold with a 6-loop Key-Tainer of matching India Goat. Other Buxton Combination Gift Sets are priced from $2 to $50 . . . Billfolds, Key-Tainers, Pocket Cases, in duos and trios, and a wide choice of handsome matching leathers.

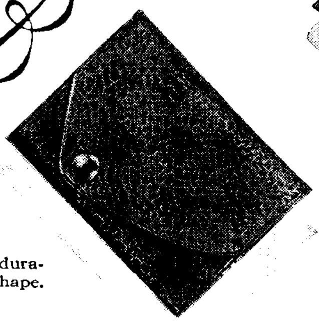


50¢

(Upper right) Smooth Cowhide Key-Tainer with 2 patented *Locked Loops.*

$2.50

In English Pin Morocco with 6 loops.



$2.00

8-loop Key-Tainer in Mandalay Grain Goat. Opens with a flick of the thumb . . . sturdy, durable—it will always keep its shape.

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In Chameleon Grain Goat with 4 loops . . . not old-style hooks that tend to spread and tangle. The smart cutaway flap keeps your keys in place—prevents ugly "dog ears."

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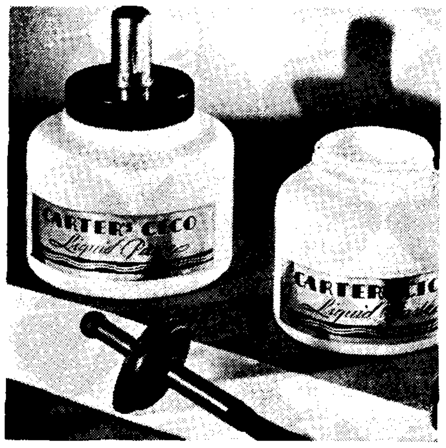
KEY-TAINERS • BILLFOLDS • POCKET CASES



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■ Whether pasting is part of your job or if you are just an occasional "paster," you'll find this unique Liquid Paste a joy.

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Without Risk get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for one week, then if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it—NR Tonight—Tomorrow Alright.

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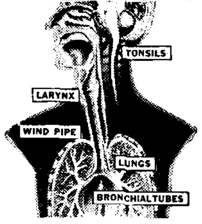
FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1938 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Tums. Send stamp for packing and postage to Lewis-Howe Co., Desk 104-T, St. Louis, Mo.

Respiratory System

What makes you COUGH?



WHEN YOU catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

A cough should not be neglected. It should have your immediate attention. Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

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the luxurious apartment of the Russian embassy, sixty feet underground, provisioned for a siege, safe from direct hits by the heaviest shells or bombs.

The Nanking technique sets off sirens all over the place when a raid is expected. This is the signal to take cover. The streets empty in a few minutes; cars disappear; only a few policemen are left above ground. No one hurries. There is plenty of time to get to a shelter, and it is curious how nonchalant people get about raids, after the first dozen or so. Sooner or later the second alarm goes off, indicating the raiders are near. Everybody stays put, listening to the pop-pop-popping of the "Archies" and the low drone of motors in the blue sky above.

The bomb blasts make low, rumbling sounds. The ground shakes. You may take a chance and peek out, perhaps to see a fight in the sky, or a plane shooting to destruction in a funnel of black smoke. But you stay in the dugout until the "All Clear!" sounds, which may be half an hour or two hours and a half later.

The total result of all the bombing at Nanking is the death of a few hundred civilians, the breaking of windows, the shattering of a few score roofs. As much damage apparently is done by falling defense shrapnel as by enemy bombs.

As you squint out of your bombproof into the blue sky you may see the tiny shapes of attacking planes. The crash of antiaircraft shells and the white puffs of the explosions fill the air. The ships are seven thousand feet up—they learned their lesson early.

In the first days, there was dive bombing. In this, the plane shoots downward in a steep slant, with the motor full out. Pointing for its objective, it launches the bomb, zooms upward in a shrill, whining drone. Sometimes, instead of zooming, it wobbles crazily, comes crashing down. Too many Japanese planes ended thus.

So now the planes fly along just out of reach of the antiaircraft batteries and let go their loads more or less haphazardly. Theoretically, the pilot may calculate his speed, distance, drift and the long curve of the bomb earthward. That's simple—in practice. It's something else again to do it a few feet above a hail of steel, with the ship rocking in the explosions and perhaps a wasplike pursuit plane spitting death at you from still higher. . . .

The "All Clear!" has sounded, and you can drive back to Shanghai, past the same wreckage of war, the same streams of wounded men, the same little huddles of homeless humanity.

But Americans Take It Seriously

With half a dozen passes, you visit the troops around the perimeter of the settlement. Along Soochow Creek the United States Marines are unhappy. Shrapnel has been falling so fast the midday chow wagon couldn't get up. Tiffin is an hour later, brought in by hand.

The British troops—Welsh and North Irish—take the thing as a game. Their billets and bombproofs are plastered with signs about home and mother. They rename all the streets in their sector. Elgin Road is replaced by "Hell Gin Road—Where's the Gin?" Shansi Road is relettered "Chancy Road." Any intersection becomes Piccadilly Circus or Leicester Square. Any sandbag post is chalked with "If you knows a better 'ole . . ."

The Americans and French, the Italians and the Volunteers are more businesslike—war to them is real and earnest. The French are the most realistic of the lot. They say little and write few notes to anyone. But their guns speak sharply whenever there seems need to remind either Chinese or Japanese that the French concession is as much France as the Bois de Boulogne or the Arc de Triomphe.

The out-of-town papers, which arrive infrequently, contain gaudy accounts of what is going on. According to them, Australia and India must believe the Bund is a mass of fire-seared ruins.

It's not as bad as that, but it is none too healthy in the foreign settlement. Not a day passes without its tragedies—a misdirected bomb, a vagrant shell, a sudden burst of machine-gun fire the wrong way. It is these "accidents" that make white military and naval commanders grow sarcastic about "a war fought by irresponsible amateurs who ought not to be trusted with modern weapons."

City of Constant Fear

Allowing for jagged nerves and the usual white feeling of superiority, there seems little doubt that both Chinese and Japanese are much less efficient in handling delicate instruments like bomb sights, or in the aiming and firing of big guns, or in aircraft operation, than Americans or British. Neither side invented a single weapon it uses or worked out a single method of warfare it employs. So whenever the boys get going, steel gets sprayed around without much regard for direction and with a very low percentage of accuracy.

Still, that never worries either side. The incident that topped off all incidents came one morning after the Augusta had been hit by shrapnel intended by the Japanese for Pootung, quarter of a mile away. At this moment, a Japanese launch came up to the Augusta's ladder and a naval officer walked aboard. His request was simple: Would Admiral "Fighting Harry" Yarnell let the Japanese use the American flagship's crow's nest for an observation post?

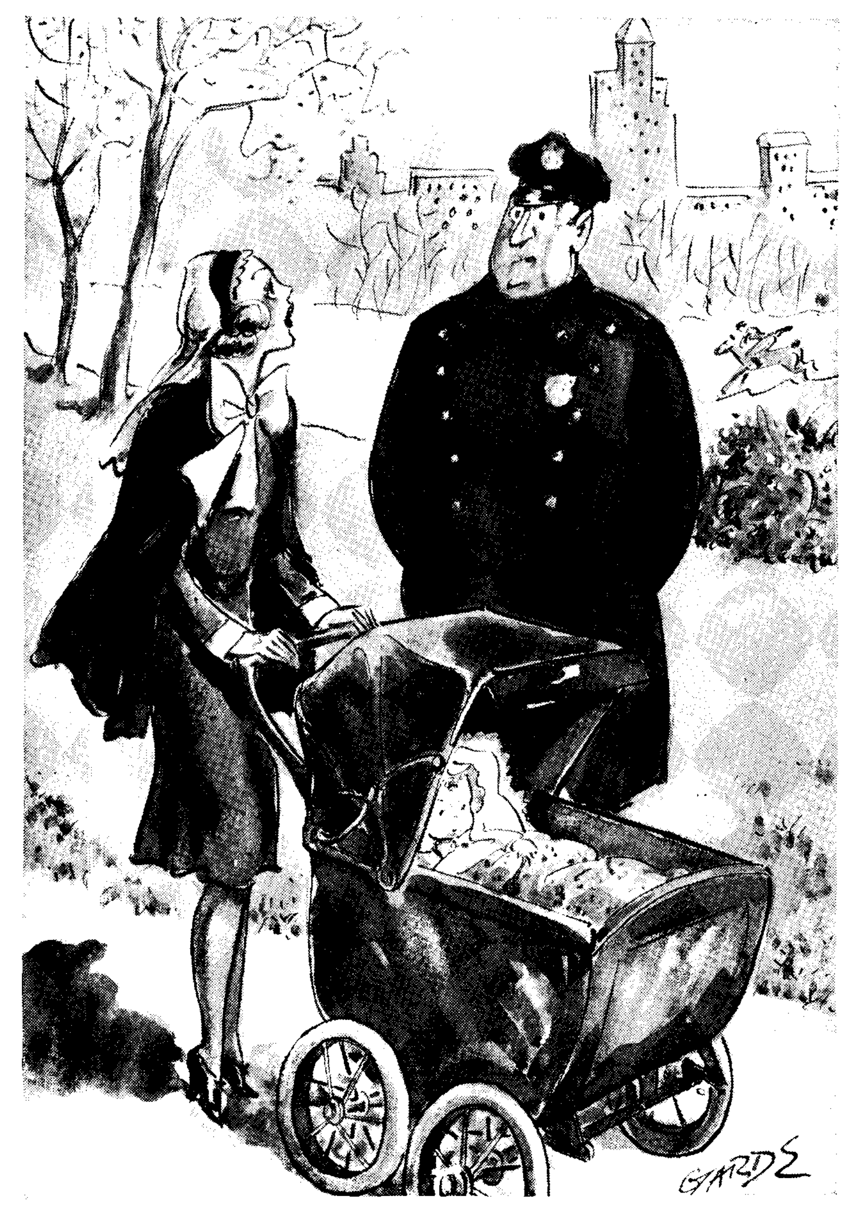
The answer was a two-letter word.

All through the day the guns crash and boom, but life goes on, somehow or other. Men are dying by the hundreds, out there just beyond the perimeter of the settlement, torn apart by steel, squashed to bloody pulp against walls. Whole villages disappear in a drifting cloud of white dust, and down the roads, frantic-eyed and carrying what they can save of their trifling possessions, come the refugees, headed anywhere, nowhere, somewhere out of range of the bombs—the "accidental" bombs that cause such sincere regrets from their original owners.

Sunset paints the Whangpoo red and through the twilight comes the dull glow of a burning warehouse on the farther shore. Four huge Japanese bombers circle slowly through the sky. Thud, thud, thud, thud go the bombs and the smoke and dust of another village rise slowly on the still air.

Out there, north and south and east and west, Chinese coolie and Japanese peasant are dying horribly. And in the city the fear runs through the streets and the vagrant shells drop and explode and the streets and sidewalks grow bloody in the half light.

The sun god in the quiet palace in Tokyo is still urging the Chinese to reflect upon their attitude.



"I can't see you any more—the kid is starting to talk"

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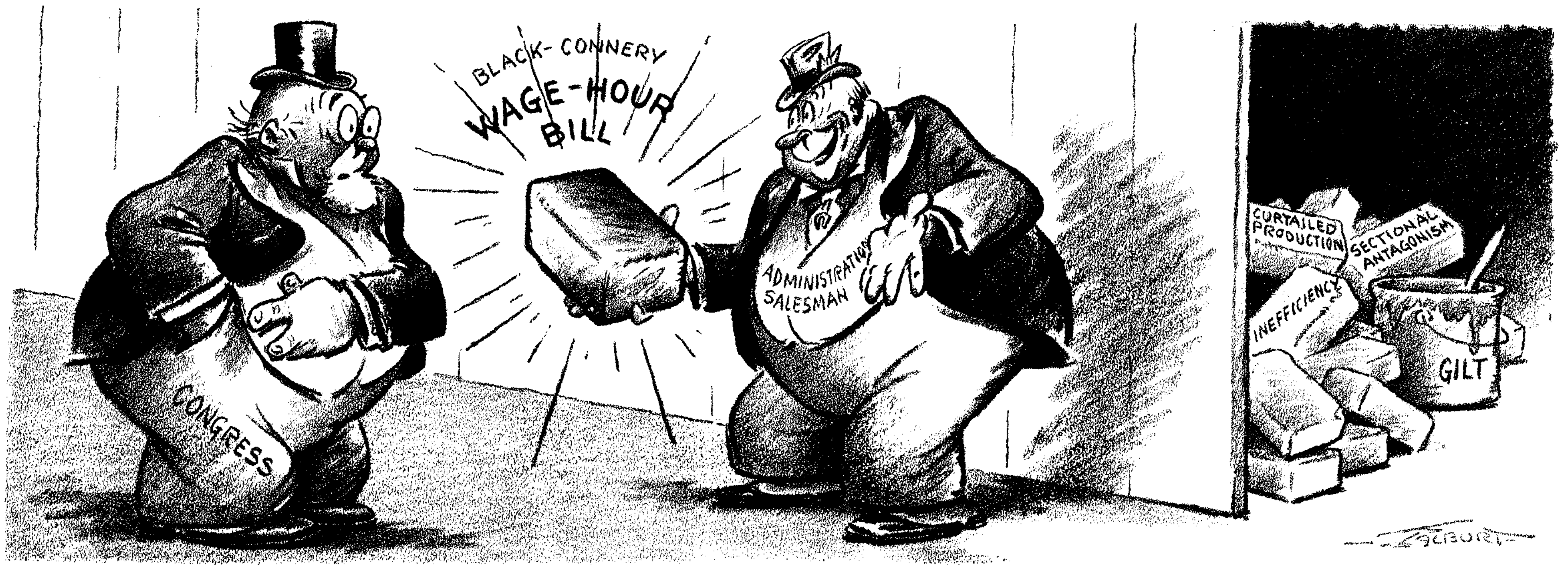
Nearly every man needs—and definitely wants—an extra Gillette Razor set for home, office, locker room or traveling bag. And you can rest assured that hardly any man on your Christmas list is already the proud possessor of a new Gillette one-piece razor. Be sure to examine the Gillette Aristocrat and Sheraton sets that contain these remarkable new-type holders. They have no loose parts to fumble. Blades can be changed in three seconds.

Make Your Selections Now!

Gillette Gift Sets in colorful Christmas packages are on display at dealers almost everywhere. See them now. Make your selections while assortments are still complete. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston.



Thoughtless Act

THE shockingly low wages paid in some of the factories of the South inevitably suggest such proposals as the ill-conceived Wages and Hours bill now before Congress.

That the wages offered by the worst of these establishments are pitifully low is amply proved. Information obtained during extensive travels by members of our own staff and published in Collier's vividly illustrated the existing evils.

Low wages are bad for those who receive them, bad for the communities in which they live and bad for the nation as a whole. Low wages are not, however, peculiarly a Southern institution. Some of the best of American industry is located in the South and some of the worst is in the North and West. Connecticut, until very recently at least, was the refuge for some of the least scrupulous of the garment factories to be found anywhere.

North or South, East or West, low wages are a source of evil. The employment of men and women and young people at less than living wages cannot be justified by any reasonable consideration of the public interest.

Natural solicitude for the unfortunate as well as a reasonable concern for the general welfare should stimulate industrial leaders as well as governmental authority promptly to seek remedies for the obvious wrongs. The low wages paid by the unscrupulous minority make inevitable a cutthroat competition. The tendency of low wages is to drag down the general standard of living. Prices are cut to meet the competition. There is no obvious end to a vicious downward spiral of wages and prices.

It is impossible especially to justify the wage scale paid in some of the factories which have lately moved to the South. In their eagerness to attract more manufacturers and to diversify their agriculture with industry some Southern politicians have proved to be poor traders. They gave land, buildings and even exemption from certain taxes to industrial adventurers without asking for any guarantee concerning wages or any other safeguard for the workers. It is a sorry spectacle of greedy exploitation.

But the pending Wages and Hours bill is no effective cure for these or any other economic wrongs. The bill proposes the creation of a Labor Standards Board. This board will fix wages and hours in all manufacturing industries. The wages it fixes may not be more than 40 cents an hour. The hours it approves may not be fewer than 40 a week—unless a labor union can wangle a better contract.

But the Labor Standards Board must not curtail earning power. It must not reduce production. It must not diminish jobs.

Yet it is perfectly obvious that the factories which pay the lowest wages might be closed if they were compelled to pay decent wages. If they were closed, earning power would certainly be curtailed and so would production. Congress says, "Don't do that."

Very plainly the Wages and Hours bill could not accomplish the very proper purpose for which it was designed. At the same time it would necessarily produce new evils.

It would revive the ancient quarrel between North and South. Unquestionably the bill favors the richer industrial section as against the poorer. National minimum wages would act as tariff walls between states—a thing, incidentally, forbidden by the Constitution. Because of this tariff aspect of the bill young Senator Henry Cabot Lodge voted for it to "help Massachusetts." To revive ancient antagonism between North and South does not help America or Americans.

Hardly less serious would be the stimulation of the quarrel between big business and the small independents. The NRA codes proved amply that large corporations were able to absorb the high costs involved in increased wages of the codes. Smaller businesses experienced greater difficulty.

That was the reason small business turned so violently against the NRA. Congress did not intend to favor large corporations when the National Recovery Act was passed. Congress has not been very friendly to large corporations since 1929. But actually small businessmen convinced themselves that the NRA was a weapon being used against them.

So Congress determined to kill the NRA. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the Supreme Court should have had to announce its opinion of the NRA's unconstitutionality before Congress killed it.

The Wages and Hours bill repeats the provisions of the NRA, so far as it affected labor, most unpopular with independent business.

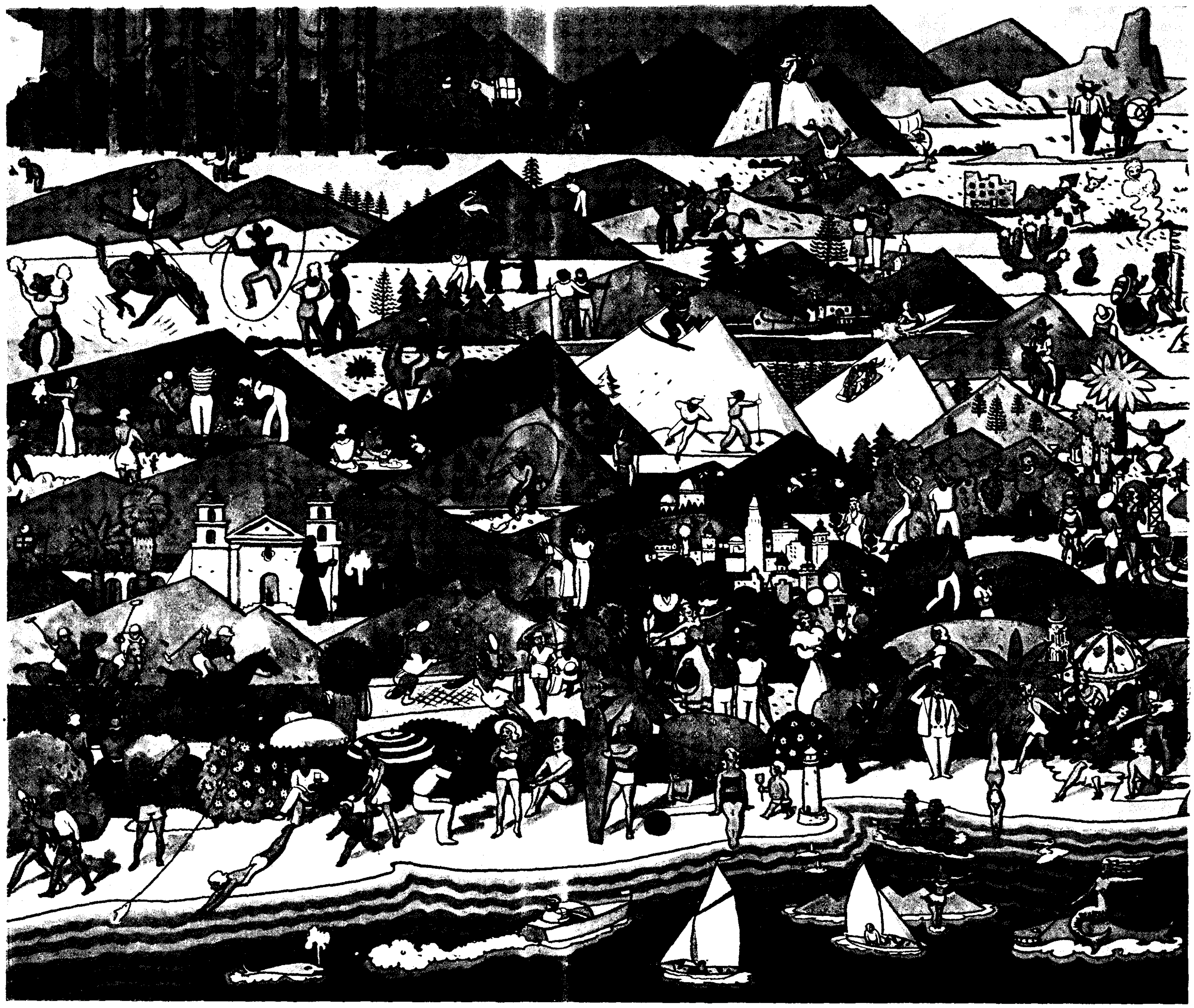
It is just too bad that the Wages and Hours bill cannot, by its very terms, raise wages and improve working conditions. It can, however, make endless trouble. If any serious effort is made to enforce such a measure, unemployment will be increased, production lowered and fresh irritations will be aroused.

A Congress which cares honestly about improving the condition of the poorest factory workers and about increasing national purchasing power in the general interest ought to be willing to give better thinking to the problem than is evidenced by the Wages and Hours bill.

There are no easy and obvious answers to any major problem despite the claims of the vendors of political patent medicines. Any solutions worth much are the result of serious study and inventive thinking. The Wages and Hours bill is the hurried impressions of some very busy men.

Congress ought not to put its trust in quack remedies but, by the same token, it should not pretend that there is no wrong to be righted or no problem to be solved. The plight of people compelled to live in abject poverty is not a situation which a liberal Congress can decently ignore.

Meantime, of course, the way is open to the states to enact minimum wage laws and to undertake other measures for the protection of those least able to defend themselves. Industry, too, can help by supporting those reasonable measures designed to prevent the least scrupulous adventurers from dragging honest business down to their own base level.



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THE MAP shows one Southern California that you've heard about for years. But there are other Southern Californias just as interesting...the gay world of stage and screen celebrities you see at night clubs...*the movie industry* where next year's styles are set...the Hollywood that produces most of the networks' leading programs...the great agricultural and industrial empire of oil wells, orange groves, harbors full of foreign craft... the world of science that discovered the cosmic ray, that looks through the world's largest telescope...the foreign flavor of nearby Mexico, the festive world of musicians, artists, writers...the famous communities of Los Angeles County and its neighbors...Pomona, Pasadena, Long Beach, Beverly Hills, Glendale, Santa Monica and scores of others.

Every day turns up some new facet of fun and adventure. And all this is going on just overnight, even from New York, by plane; 2½ to 3 days by train, 5 to 7 by auto or bus, 2 weeks via Panama. And vacation costs here, by the way, average 22.8% under those of 20 other leading U. S. resorts.

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